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EMINENT PERSONS:

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PREFACE.

This Volume is a republication of the Biographies of Eminent Persons which have appeared in *The Times* during the last ten years, with the Editorial comments accompanying them. It is hoped that a Reprint of the kind may prove acceptable to the public.

The following is a list of the notices in consecutive order :—

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MARSHAL ESPARTERO
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SIR ROWLAND HILL
MR. J. T. DELANE
MR. ROEBUCK
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COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

(Obituary Notice, Monday, March 14, 1870.)

The generation of men who illustrated the literary and political history of France for no inconsiderable portion of the present century is fast disappearing. Not long since Berryer, full of years, but with mental powers hardly impaired, was taken away; soon after Lamartine, who had, however, long survived himself, was laid in his grave; and now we have to record the loss of another gifted person, younger than either, but who for nearly 30 years filled a high place in the public eye as a writer and an orator.

Charles, Count de Montalembert, whose long sufferings have just terminated in death, sprang from an ancient family of provincial nobility for centuries settled in Poitou. One of his ancestors, André de Montalembert, Sire d'Essé, the companion in arms of Francis I., fought at Landrecy, on the Sambre, against Charles V., and fell before Therouanne. His great uncle, Marc René, Marquis de Montalembert, had served with much distinction in the Seven Years' War, and, in spite of the opposition of the military engineers of the period, succeeded in introducing important improvements in the art of fortification. He died in 1800, senior General in the French Army.

Count René de Montalembert quitted France, with so many others of his order, in 1792, and joined the corps of emigrants commanded by his father. When the army of Condé was broken up, after Haguenau and Bentheim, he entered the English service, and took part in the campaigns of Egypt, India, and Spain, where he obtained the rank of Colonel. He returned to France on the second Restoration; was raised to the peerage in 1819; and was sent in 1826 as Ambassador to Sweden, where he remained till the overthrow of Charles X. He survived the July Revolution but one year. His son Charles was born in England in 1810, his mother being a Scotch lady, named Forbes. When quite a young man he formed an intimate acquaintance with the Abbé Lamennais, then the ardent advocate of an alliance between Catholicism and Democracy, and started a journal, the *Avenir*, as their organ. They entered upon a fierce contest with the University of Paris, denounced its monopoly of education, and, to prove the superiority of their system, Montalembert, in conjunction with Lacordaire, opened a "free school" without the licence of the authorities. Lacordaire, who had given up the Bar and taken orders four years previously—the Council of Advocates not having acceded to his request to be allowed to act at once as a priest and a barrister—was then chaplain to the College of Henri IV. The *Avenir*, which the three friends conducted, had for its device "God and Liberty, the Pope and Liberty," and defended not only religious, but civil and political freedom, as perfectly compatible with Catholicism. The paper was not destined to a long existence. The vehemence of its animadversions brought it into trouble. It was prosecuted, and the principal editor, Lamennais, then Ultramontane, had to appear before the Assize Court of Paris, where he defended himself. On the other hand, Montalembert had to answer in the Correctional Police Court for the heinous offence of setting up a school without the Minister's permission. Before the proceedings commenced his father died, and Montalembert succeeded to the peerage. He claimed his right to be tried by the Chamber of which he was a member, and pleaded his own cause in a speech giving promise of future excellence. The law, however, was precise; he was guilty of having taught children their letters without official permission, and was condemned to pay the *minimum* fine of 100f. On attaining the legal age he took his seat as a Peer of France (1835), and the first speech he made in the Chamber brought him into collision with the Ministry; it was against the laws restricting the liberty of the Press, known as the Laws of September, introduced by the Cabinet of which M. Thiers was a member immediately after the Fieschi attempt, as the "exceptional laws" were by the Imperial Government after the crime of Orsini.

The doctrines which Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert defended with so much energy and eloquence in the *Avenir*—the union of Catholicism and Democracy—found but *little favour* at

Rome in those times of revolution, and the friends resolved to proceed thither and plead their cause in person. After some delay the doctrines which Lamennais exaggerated were reprobated by Gregory XVI. in the Encyclical of June, 1835, as they had been three years before. Lacordaire and Montalembert submitted to the judgment of the Pope ; but Lamennais revolted, and from that day all intercourse ceased between him and his two friends. Montalembert—the first of his race, as he has more than once said, whose weapon was the pen—betook himself with characteristic ardour and perseverance to study the ideas and manners of the Middle Ages, which always had a great charm for him. In 1836 he published his first important work, " The Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," and, with reference to the animated debate in the Chamber of Peers on the relations between Church and State, produced an elaborate pamphlet, the " Manifesto Catholique." The following year he made his three famous speeches in the Chamber of Peers against a Bill introduced by M. Villemain, then a member of the Cabinet, on the liberty of the Church, the liberty of instruction, and the liberty of the monastic orders. It was on this occasion that he declared himself the defender of the Society of Jesus ; and in his last speech on that occasion he uttered the words which have been since so often quoted by adversaries as well as friends as indicative of his aristocratic and religious predilections,—"We are the sons of the Crusaders ; and the sons of the Crusaders will never, never give way before the sons of Voltaire."

In 1845 he founded the " Committee of Religious Associates " with a view to the elections, and exerted himself to the utmost to procure the return of candidates of his own way of thinking. Long before the easy subversion of the Orleans Monarchy he predicted the triumph of Radicalism as the result of the contest between the Government and the nation, and, as its inevitable consequence, the loss of French liberty. The catastrophe of February completely justified his warnings. Montalembert, who, with all his family traditions, was not, strictly speaking, a Legitimist any more than an Orleanist or a Republican, but a lover of liberty, had no alternative but to accept the new Government as the only one which at that moment had a chance of restoring order. In the General Elections of 1848 he presented himself as candidate in the department of the Doubs, where his family possessed considerable property. He was returned the last on a list of eight, by 23,000 ; and, as every one expected, took his place with the Conservative majority. Generally supporting the majority, he yet voted against the decree banishing the Orleans family. On the other hand, he voted with the Left against the re-establishment of the money guarantee exacted by the Republican Government from the journals ; against martial law while the Constitution was under discussion ; against the impeachment of Louis Blanc ; and, finally, he refused his approbation to the elaborate Constitution of 1848. Among his happiest efforts at that time was his speech on the despatch of the Duke d'Harcourt, then Envoy to Rome, giving an account of the murder of the Pope's Minister, Rossi, on the steps of the Roman Assembly while that Assembly continued its deliberations and affected not to notice it in its Minutes, as if it were an unimportant and ordinary incident. It is hardly necessary to say that he gave his hearty approbation to French intervention in favour of the Pope, and to the military expedition to Rome.

When the elections for the Legislature which succeeded the Constitutional Assembly came on, Montalembert was returned at once in two departments, the Doubs and the Côtes du Nord. In the Legislature he often came into collision with Victor Hugo, who had just been elected the tenth representative on a roll of 28, from the Seine, and who, after being made a Peer of France by Louis Philippe, had taken up Democratic and Socialistic doctrines. The contest was unequal ; Montalembert, who had his resources always at hand, was ever ready for either attack or defence, whereas his antagonist required a long time for preparation. One of the most brilliant speeches made by Montalembert in those days was on the *motu proprio* of the Pope. It was while a member of the Commission charged with preparing the law of the 31st of May, which placed certain restrictions on the exercise of universal suffrage, that he used the words of which he was so often reminded afterwards, that " a Roman expedition " was indispensable to the interests of France. In the beginning of 1851 the hostility which had long existed in a latent state against the President of the Republic became aggravated. Montalembert, whose nature revolted against what he thought injustice, from whatever quarter it came, voted frequently against his own party in defence of Louis

Napoleon, disclaiming at the same time all ideas of being either his adviser or his confidant. He was simply, he said, an impartial witness in his behalf, and he strongly denounced the conduct of those who were undermining his legitimate authority as a "stupid and inexcusable ingratitude." He was one of the promoters of the plan for revising the Constitution, and was named on the Commission charged with preparing it. M. de Tocqueville was the reporter.

It is certain that a *Coup d'Etat* had been expected by Montalembert. When it did come, however, he protested against the arrest and imprisonment of the representatives. He was named by the President member of the Consulting Commission preliminary to the Council of State, and at once elected Deputy for the Doubs to the new Legislative Chamber. He was, however, grieved and indignant at the decree confiscating the property of the Orleans Princes; and that act, and perhaps also the influence of his political friends, soon detached him from the Government and drove him into opposition. The same year he was elected to the French Academy in place of M. Droz. His address, which was replied to by M. Guizot, was an eloquent eulogy on his predecessor, and as eloquent an invective against the revolution. In 1854 a confidential letter which he wrote to M. Dupin, commenting severely on the subserviency of the Chamber, was by some strange indiscretion published in the Belgian papers. It gave great offence to the Chambers; authority to prosecute him was demanded and granted, but it came to nothing. In the General Elections of 1857 Montalembert, who was now looked upon as the declared adversary of the Empire, was defeated in his own department. This defeat closed his Parliamentary career. His exclusion from an arena for which he was so eminently fitted, and the tame submission of men who, not long before, were reckless agitators, aroused in him a bitterness of feeling which he rarely restrained. The laws of the Newspaper Press prevented him from openly criticizing the Government, but his feelings found vent in an article on the Indian debates in the English Parliament, published in the *Correspondant*, a monthly periodical, the organ of the Liberal Catholic party, and through the thin veil of insinuation the praises of English institutions were in reality a satire on those of France. He was prosecuted on the usual ground of having used language tending to excite hatred against the Imperial institutions, bringing the laws into contempt, and attacking the rights which the Constitution had conferred upon the Sovereign. He was convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000f. An appeal was lodged in the Superior Court; but the judgment was confirmed as regarded the first two counts, the fine was maintained, and the term of imprisonment was reduced to three months. No one believed that either for six or for three months the Emperor would allow such a man to be sent to prison for such an offence. Immediately after the first Court pronounced judgment, a few lines in the *Moniteur* announced that His Majesty had remitted all the penalties. Montalembert was just the man to be deeply mortified at what he considered a design to "dishonour" him; and it was not without difficulty that he was dissuaded from declaring publicly that he would accept no favour of the sort. Not long afterwards he was again prosecuted for an article in the same periodical on the Imperial policy towards the Pope.

Montalembert's first work, "La Vie de Sainte Elisabeth de Hongrie," published in 1830, has gone through eight or ten editions, has been abridged, and illustrated several times. A work on Art (1829), a pamphlet on the duties of Catholics and on the liberty of instruction, three speeches delivered in the Chamber of Peers, a pamphlet on questions relating to Catholics, and on Catholic interests in the 19th century, comprise, it is believed, what had appeared from his pen before his admission to the Academy. Since then we have had his volume on "The Political Future of England" (1855); "Pie IX. et Lord Palmerston" (1856); a pamphlet on Poland, "Une Nation en Deuil" (1861); a biographical sketch of Lacordaire; the pamphlet "L'Eglise Libre dans l'Etat Libre, le Pape et la Pologne," besides divers articles in the *Encyclopédie Catholique* and the *Correspondant*, to which he was, when his health permitted, an assiduous contributor. But the work to which he devoted all his energy, for which he had laid up large stores of erudition, and which he hoped would take a prominent place in the literature of his country, is his history, "Les Moines de l'Occident depuis Saint Benoit jusqu'à Saint Bernard," of which five volumes have already appeared. The two countries for which he ever felt deep sympathy and affection were Poland and Ireland. The

cause of Poland he had pleaded from the first moments of his appearance as a public character. He visited Warsaw a short time before the last insurrection, and recorded his impressions of what he witnessed in the *Correspondant*. Ireland he had visited many times. The first was when quite a young man, and a mind like his could not fail to be struck by the desperate fidelity of the Irish people to the faith of their fathers. He was touched, too, by the reception he met with during his lengthened tours, wherever he presented himself.

With some passing outbreaks of irritation at certain acts of her foreign policy, Montalembert felt the highest admiration for England and English institutions. Edmund Burke he looked upon as the greatest philosophical statesman of ancient or modern times, and as a giant in intellect. Indeed, the feeling he cherished towards the great Irishman was one of enthusiastic veneration. Those who visited him in the Rue de Bac may have remarked the engraving of Burke which hung in his study, and from which he seemed to draw inspiration. In some parts of his own speeches one is occasionally reminded of the compass, copiousness, flexibility, and fire which he so admired in the author of "Reflections on the French Revolution."

The first symptoms of the malady which has ended fatally he attributed to the anxiety of mind and the worry and fatigue he was exposed to in his efforts to stem the revolutionary torrent of 1848. A few years ago he contemplated a visit to the United States, but he was compelled to forego that pleasure. For more than five years he was, with some intervals, a sufferer; but during these intervals he received the visits of his friends, and conversed with his usual animation. He had lately lost all hope of a permanent cure, but he bore his long illness with fortitude, and he contemplated the result with quiet submission to the will of Providence. All the consolation that the tender affection of his family, the sympathy of numerous friends, and even of political adversaries, could give, he had.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

(LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1870.)

One whom young and old, wherever the English language is spoken, have been accustomed to regard as a personal friend is suddenly taken away from among us. CHARLES DICKENS is no more. The loss of such a man is an event which makes ordinary expressions of regret seem cold and conventional. It will be felt by millions as nothing less than a personal bereavement. Statesmen, men of science, philanthropists, the acknowledged benefactors of their race might pass away, and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of DICKENS. They may have earned the esteem of mankind; their days may have been passed in power, honour, and prosperity; they may have been surrounded by troops of friends, but, however pre-eminent in station, ability, or public services, they will not have been, like our great and genial novelist, the intimate of every household. Indeed, such a position is attained not even by one man in an age. It needs an extraordinary combination of intellectual and moral qualities to gain the hearts of the public as DICKENS has gained them. Extraordinary and very original genius must be united with good sense, consummate skill, a well-balanced mind, and the proofs of a noble and affectionate disposition before the world will consent to enthrone a man as their unassailable and enduring favourite. This is the position which Mr. DICKENS has occupied with the English and also with the American public for the third of a century. If we compare his reputation with that of the number of eminent men and women who have been his contemporaries, we have irresistible evidence of his surpassing merits. His is a department of literature in which ability in our time has been abundant to overflowing. As the genius of the Elizabethan age turned to the drama, so that of the reign of VICTORIA seeks expression in the novel. There is no more extraordinary phenomenon than the number, the variety, and the general high excellence of the works of fiction in our own day. Their inspirations are as many as the phases of thought and social life. They treat not only of love and marriage, but of things political and ecclesiastical, of social yearnings and sceptical disquietudes; they give us re-

velations from the empyrean of fashion and from the abysses of crime. Their authors have their admirers, their party, their public, but not the public of DICKENS. It has been his peculiar fortune to appeal to that which is common to all sorts and conditions of men, to excite the interest of the young and the uninstructed, without shocking the more refined taste of a higher class and a more mature age. Thus the news of his death will hardly meet the eye of an educated man or woman who has not read his works and who has not been accustomed to think of him with admiration and friendly regard.

To the survivors, at least, there is something terrible in sudden death, and when we hear that DICKENS is gone we cannot but recall how THACKERAY died before him, also in the vigour of age, and apparently in the fulness of health. DICKENS has lived longer than his great rival, for he was born only a year after, and he has survived him several years. But he has been cut off while still in what may be called middle age. He was born in February, 1812, and has consequently not long attained his fifty-eighth year. As men live and work now, this is an age which would give the hope of many years of successful exertion, to be succeeded by a period of honoured repose. But we have this consolation, that the life of DICKENS has been long enough to allow full scope for his genius, and to enable him not only to earn, but to enjoy his fame. In this respect his career has been extraordinary. He was one whose marvellous powers were developed early, and he attained the highest eminence in the first years of his literary career. It is certainly a wonderful phenomenon that a book like "Pickwick," the pages of which overflow with humour, and are marked in every sentence with the keenest observation of men and things, should have been produced by a young man of 24. After the light but clever "Sketches by Boz," DICKENS began "Pickwick" in 1836, and finished it in the course of the succeeding year. We are inclined to think that this, the first considerable work of the author, is his masterpiece; but, whatever may be the world's decision on this point, it can hardly be doubted that the prize must be given to one of the group of fictions which he produced within the first ten or twelve years of his literary life. "Nicholas Nickleby" teems with wit, and the characters, with one or two exceptions, are life-like in the extreme. "Oliver Twist" everybody knows; "Martin Chuzzlewit" is excellent, and the American portions are not only the most amusing satire that has been published in the present age, but fill us with wonder that the peculiarities of thought, manner, and diction of a people should be so surely seized and so inimitably expressed by a young writer who had been only a few months in the country.

In this marvellous precocity of genius DICKENS formed a contrast to some of those with whom a comparison naturally suggests itself. SCOTT was 34 years old before he published his first great poem, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and it was nearly ten years afterwards, in 1814, that he made his experiment as a novelist with "Waverley." So, too, THACKERAY, though known for some time in the field of literature, made his first great success with "Vanity Fair" when no longer a young man. Of DICKENS it may be said, also, that his early books show no signs of juvenility. When young in years he showed the mental balance of an experienced writer. And yet what freshness and vigour there were in those wonderful serials which, about the time the present QUEEN came to the throne, changed the popular literature of the day! When that young, unknown author appeared on the field he was at once hailed as the new chief of popular fiction. It is a long time ago, but our older readers will remember the excitement caused by the "Pickwick Papers." The shilling numbers of "Boz" carried everything before them. They were read here by tens of thousands, though the reading public 30 years ago was not what it is now; and they were reprinted in every possible form in America. In fact, half the newspapers in the States transferred them to their columns bodily the day after their arrival. This popularity they fully deserved. They are among the few books of the kind that one can return to again and again, or, having opened at any page, can read straight on, carried forward by a sense of real enjoyment. The best characters stand out in real flesh and blood, and in this respect are superior to those of THACKERAY, which, though excellently designed, show too much the art of an able sketcher from artificial types. For this reason, THACKERAY, though he has always maintained his hold on the London world in which his personages figure, has never come near to DICKENS in popularity with the great mass of the people. The characters of DICKENS have been accepted by all men's

discernment as the true reflection of human nature ; not merely of manners or costumes. SQUEERS is to everybody the low, tyrannical schoolmaster ; BUMBLE the representative of parochial pomposity ; Mrs. GAMP is the type of her vulgar, hard-hearted sisterhood. Perhaps a more signal proof of the genius of DICKENS is the manner in which his style and diction have penetrated into the ordinary literature of the country. So much has become naturalized and is used quite unconsciously that it is only by re-reading those earlier works which most impressed his contemporaries that one becomes aware how great has been their influence.

We cannot conclude these remarks without paying a tribute to the moral influence of the writings of which we have spoken. Mr. DICKENS was a man of an eminently kindly nature, and full of sympathy for all around him. This, without being paraded, makes itself manifest in his works, and we have no doubt whatever that much of the active benevolence of the present day, the interest in humble persons and humble things, and the desire to seek out and relieve every form of misery is due to the influence of his works. We feel that we have lost one of the foremost Englishmen of the age. There are clever writers enough, but no one who will take the place, literary and social, that belonged to him. It was but the other day that at the Royal Academy banquet he made the best speech of the evening, in matter, language, and manner. His powers as an actor are well known, though, of late years, they have been only exhibited in the narrower field of public readings. He was made to be popular, and, even irrespective of his literary genius, was an able and strong-minded man, who would have succeeded in almost any profession to which he devoted himself. We can but condole with the public on his sudden and premature loss.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.)

The mere announcement that Charles Dickens is dead repeats the common sentence passed on all humanity. Death has once again demanded its own, and made a claim which all men must sooner or later meet. We forget how many mortals breathe their last in every minute according to the calculations of statistical authorities. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and Thursday, the 9th day of June, 1870, will be an evil day in the memories of all who can appreciate true genius and admire its matchless works. We have had greater writers both in poetry and prose, but they were not of our day and generation. For us just now this loss is our greatest. It would have been great at any time from the moment when he turned with aversion from the drudgery of a solicitor's office, amid the forebodings of his friends, and thenceforward rose in the clear light of literature, until he soared in the sunshine of success far above all his fellows. There are minds of such jealous fibre that the very merits of an author, his mightiest gifts and his most special talents, only serve as food on which to nourish their prejudices. Such are they who, while forced to admit the wit, humour, and power of Charles Dickens, always added, "but he was vulgar." Yes, in one sense he was vulgar ; he delighted in sketching the characters not of dukes and duchesses, but of the poor and lowly. He had listened to their wants and sorrows, seen them in their alleys and garrets, had learnt their accents and dialect by heart, and then, with a truth and liveliness all his own, he photographed them in his immortal works. In that sense alone was Charles Dickens "vulgar." He was of the people, and lived among them. His was not the close atmosphere of a saloon or of a forcing house. In the open air of the streets, and woods, and fields, he lived and had his being, and so he came into closer union with common men, and caught with an intuitive force and fulness of feature every detail of their daily life. His creations have become naturalized, so to speak, among all classes of the community, and are familiar to every man, high or low. How many fine gentlemen and ladies, who never saw Pickwick or Sam Weller in the flesh, have laughed at their portraits by Charles Dickens. How many have been heartbroken at the sufferings of Oliver, been indignant at the brutality of Bill Sykes, wept over the fallen Nancy's cruel fate, and even sympathized with the terrible agony of Fagin in the condemned cell, who but for Charles Dickens would never have known that such sorrows and crimes, such cruel wrongs, and such intensity of feeling existed in those lower depths of London life, far above which, like the golden

gods of Epicurus, they lived in careless ease till this great apostle of the people touched their hearts and taught them that those inferior beings had hearts and souls of their own, and could be objects of sympathy as well as victims of neglect.

We have heard it objected also by gentlemen that Charles Dickens could never describe "a lady," and by ladies that he could never sketch the character of "a gentleman"; but we have always observed that when put to the proof these male and female critics failed lamentably to establish their case. We are not sure that Charles Dickens's gentlemen were all as well dressed as those who resort to Poole's temple of fashion, or that his ladies were always attired in the very last fancy of Worth. Dress is no doubt what may be called in the catechism of gentility the "outward and visible sign" of a gentleman, just as the outward fashion of a lady is shown by her dress; but even these are nothing if that "inward and spiritual grace" which is characteristic of the true gentleman and real lady be wanting, and in that grace, however negligent they may be in their attire, the ladies and gentlemen in Charles Dickens's works are never deficient. We are not denying that the true type of gentle life is to be found in the upper classes. Far from it. We only insist, when we are told that Charles Dickens could not describe either a lady or a gentleman, that there are ladies and gentlemen in all ranks and classes of life, and that the inward delicacy and gentle feeling which we acknowledge as the only true criterion of the class may be found under the smockfrock of the ploughboy as well as beneath the mantle of an earl.

When a great writer, on his deathbed, was with his last breath instructing his children in the secret of his success, he said,—"Be natural, my children, for the writer that is natural has fulfilled all the rules of art." And this was pre-eminently the case with Charles Dickens. His great characters have struck fast root in the hearts of his countrymen, for this, above all other reasons, that they are natural—natural both relatively to the writer who created them and to the station in life in which they are supposed to live. Like the giant who revived as soon as he touched his mother earth, Charles Dickens was never so strong as when he threw himself back on the native soil of the social class among which he had been born and bred, whose virtues, faults, and foibles he could portray with a truth and vigour denied to any other man. That he was eminently successful may be proved by his works. He is gone, indeed, but they remain behind and will long speak for him. Every day will only add to the universal feeling that he wrote not for this age alone, but for all time, and that this generation, in losing sight of him, will hardly look upon his like again.

That he was eminently truthful, trustworthy, and self-denying can be gainsaid by none. But of the man himself, apart from the writer, it is as yet too soon to speak. We live too close to the man to be able to discriminate his excellence, which will live for ever, from his faults, which will be forgotten ere the year is out. In this the world is very charitable. It has no memory for small errors; they wane and perish while the pearl which they encrust and perhaps conceal grows day by day more truly orient, and increases with value as generation after generation vanishes away.

Nor do we know why we should repine at the manner of his death. It was said of old that those whom the gods love die young. If it cannot be said that Charles Dickens died young, he has departed from among us at least at an earlier age than many who were at least not more than his equals in fame. Happy, no doubt, he was in that he was snatched away in a moment of time. He died without a pang, and the victim to no lingering disease. That still and solemn voice to which we must all one day listen whispered to him "Come," and he went. His work was done on earth; and in the fulness of his labours, though not of his years, he obeyed the summons, and departed from among us without a murmur. In this working country, and especially in this working age, which incessantly proclaims the worth of labour as its watchword, it is something to mark the career of one who still toiled on, and not the less patiently and earnestly for his triumphs, till, when the shout of victory was ringing in his ears, he was cut off in an instant, like a flower of the field, so that when people rose up and looked to see the news of the morning, a sudden affliction fell upon them as they read that a great master of English had passed away from them at nightfall, and that the magic pen of Charles Dickens would write no more.

During the whole of Wednesday Mr. Dickens had manifested signs of illness, saying that he felt dull, and that the work on which he was engaged was burdensome to him. He came to the dinner table at

6 o'clock, and his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, observed that his eyes were full of tears. She did not like to mention this to him, but watched him anxiously, until, alarmed by the expression of his face, she proposed sending for medical assistance. He said, "No," but said it with imperfect articulation. The next moment he complained of toothache, put his hand to the side of his head, and desired that the window might be shut. It was shut immediately, and Miss Hogarth went to him, and took his arm, intending to lead him from the room. After one or two steps he suddenly fell heavily on his left side, and remained unconscious and speechless until his death, which came at ten minutes past 6 on Thursday, just 24 hours after the attack. As soon as he fell a telegram was despatched to his old friend and constant medical attendant, Mr. F. Carr Beard, of Welbeck-street, who went to Gad's-hill immediately, but found the condition of his patient to be past hope. Mr. Steele, of Strood, was already in attendance ; and Dr. Russell Reynolds went down on Thursday, Mr. Beard himself remaining until the last. The pupil of the right eye was much dilated, that of the left contracted, the breathing stertorous, the limbs flaccid until half an hour before death, when some convulsion occurred. The symptoms point conclusively to the giving way of a blood-vessel in the brain, and to consequent large hemorrhage, or, in other words, to what is called apoplexy.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1870.)

With the single exception of Mr. Gladstone himself, there is not a member of the great Liberal party whose loss will be more keenly felt than that of Lord Clarendon, who died somewhat suddenly at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and who has been for more than 30 years one of the most influential of our public men, both at home and abroad, where his name is regarded with more than ordinary respect. Though he never had a seat in the House of Commons, he held a variety of offices in the Government, from almost the lowest to almost the highest ; in all of which he displayed abilities of a very high order.

The Right Hon. George William Frederick Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, of Clarendon, near Salisbury, and Baron Hyde, of Hindon, in the county of Wilts, K.G., G.C.B., &c., was born in London, on the 26th of January, 1800. He was the eldest son of the late Hon. George Villiers (who died in March, 1827), by the Hon. Teresa Parker, daughter of John, first Lord Boringdon, and sister of the first Earl of Morley. He succeeded to the family honours, as fourth Earl, in December, 1838, upon the death of his uncle, John Charles, third Earl. He entered the diplomatic service at an early age, and was attached to the Embassy at St. Petersburg as far back as the year 1820. Three years later he was appointed a Commissioner of Excise, and was employed in Ireland for two or three years —we believe in 1827-29—in arranging the union of the English and Irish Excise Boards. In 1831 he was sent to France for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty. In discharging the duties of these, comparatively speaking, subordinate posts, he showed so much judgment, discretion, and energy that, in September, 1833, he was accredited by Lord Grey's Administration as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid. His residence in Spain in that capacity was coincident with the warfare which raged in that unfortunate country between the Queen's party, or Constitutionalists—known also as Christinos—and the adherents of the Pretender, Don Carlos. It would be impossible to give here a history of that sanguinary war ; but it may safely be said that, placed in a post which required the greatest tact, firmness, and discretion, our Minister acquitted himself with the greatest honour, not only to his own personal character, but to the country which he represented. He was largely instrumental in procuring, in April, 1834, the signature of the Treaty concluded in London, which was known as the "Quadruple Alliance," on account of the four contracting parties, England, France, Spain, and Portugal. The object of this Treaty was the pacification of the two kingdoms of the Peninsula ; under its articles Spain and Portugal mutually engaged to assist each other in the task of

expelling from their respective territories Don Carlos and Dom Miguel. France bound herself to second their efforts in any way she could, and England undertook to co-operate by employing a naval force on the Portuguese and Spanish coasts. Such being the case, the position of the British Envoy at Madrid became one of extreme difficulty and delicacy, the more so as France showed herself, if not lukewarm in the matter, at least far less disposed than England to take active measures in support of the objects of the Alliance. The advice of Mr. Villiers, therefore, was eagerly sought, and received with corresponding deference by the Spanish Government. Indeed, it is asserted by one biographer that "for the fact that the war did not become one of actual extermination, the Spanish and Portuguese nations were indebted to his unceasing exertions to enforce, upon the Christinos more especially, the impolicy of carrying out the *lex talionis*, and the necessity of conducting their military operations according to the practice of civilized nations." It was also mainly through his efforts that England was successful in negotiating with Spain a treaty for the more effectual abolition of the slave trade in the Spanish Colonies, a measure to which that most Christian Government up to that time had refused to listen, but which, as soon as it was ratified, was hailed with delight by the philanthropists of this country.

The services of Mr. Villiers in his diplomatic capacity were cordially approved by Lord Melbourne, then at the head of the Government at home, who conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, while Lord Palmerston, at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his place in the House of Commons, on the 19th of April, 1837, bore personal witness to the fact "that the respect Spain entertained for this country was very much owing to the able and judicious conduct of the British Minister at Madrid; and that the high character which that Minister had personally established, joined with the good faith which the British Government had observed in its dealings, had indeed rendered the character of an Englishman a passport through Spain." A higher testimony to personal worth could scarcely have been given, or a higher compliment paid to official ability.

At the beginning of the year 1839, having recently succeeded to his uncle's title, Lord Clarendon resigned his post at Madrid, and came to London to take his seat in the House of Lords. In the month of July following, the conduct of the British Government and their representative in Spain having been severely commented upon by the late Lord Londonderry, a speech was elicited from Lord Clarendon, which proved that, though not, of course, an accomplished debater, he could state a case so clearly and effectively as to command the attention and the sympathy of his audience. On this occasion his speech contained a masterly exposition of the policy which had been followed in dealing with the tangled web of Spanish affairs, in which he declared that no greater mistake could be made than to suppose the people of the Peninsula unfit for freedom or radically opposed to a Liberal and enlightened form of Government, and that whatever changes had lately been made had produced, at all events, some measure of free discussion, public opinion, popular representation, and a free Press. He added that, in spite of the desolation caused by war, Spain was at that moment laying the foundation of a future prosperity such as she had never seen before; that life and property were more secure; that the revenues of the Crown were greater by a half than previously; that a new and numerous class of proprietors had been created by the sale of national property; that capital was beginning to flow in wholesome and useful channels; that education and agriculture were both steadily advancing; and that under a Sovereign who would rule constitutionally and allow the people free and Liberal institutions, Spain would become a most serviceable ally to England. How far these vaticinations have been realized and how far they have been falsified by the course of subsequent events our readers are pretty well able to judge for themselves. But, be this as it may, Lord Clarendon's popularity did not cease with the termination of his diplomatic career at Madrid. As soon as the speech of which we have given the substance reached the Peninsula, a gold medal was struck in his honour, and in recognition of his services to the cause of constitutional freedom in that country. A meeting, too, was held at which it was resolved that the speech should be forthwith translated into the Spanish language, and circulated as widely as possible throughout Spain. It was also subsequently resolved to present Lord Clarendon with a handsome work of art *in perpetuam rei memoriam*.

In the following January, upon some

changes being effected in Lord Melbourne's Cabinet, Lord Clarendon was appointed to succeed Lord Duncannon in the office of Lord Privy Seal, and in the October of the same year he succeeded Lord Holland in the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. There is not, however, much to say about him in either of those not very laborious or very responsible posts, except that as a Cabinet Minister he rendered good service to the feeble Administration of which he had become a member so shortly before its fall. In little more than a year and a half after his joining the Cabinet came the General Election of July, 1841 ; the resignation of the Whig Government followed only a few weeks later, and the accession of Sir Robert Peel and the Conservatives to power with a majority of nearly a hundred votes in the House of Commons.

Having been at all times favourable to the principles of Free Trade, as soon as he saw that Sir Robert Peel was becoming convinced of their truth, Lord Clarendon, though firmly adhering to his own party, gave a hearty support to the commercial policy which that statesman inaugurated. Of the repeal, the total repeal, of the Corn Laws there had never been a more stanch and persistent advocate than his brother, Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers, the member for Wolverhampton ; and when that crowning act of legislation was brought forward for discussion in the House of Peers, Lord Clarendon accompanied his vote for the measure by a speech of great ability. It was but natural, therefore, on the return of the Liberals to office in 1846, with Lord John Russell at their head, that Lord Clarendon was appointed President of the Board of Trade, and in the following year he was intrusted with the important post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In spite of the famine, caused by the failure of the potato crop, which, having begun in 1846, in 1847 was almost universal, he entered on his Viceroyalty under the most favourable auspices. His nomination was considered as one of the most popular appointments made by the new Premier ; and we have Lord Brougham as our authority for saying that the feeling of the Irish towards their new Lord-Lieutenant was one not of "eulogy or praise," but of "veneration and almost worship." He at once exerted himself to mitigate the sufferings of the people by organizing machinery for their relief and for administering that relief in such a way as to give the full effect at once to the contributions of private charity and to the beneficent intentions of the Legislature. His popularity, it is true, was to some extent diminished by the agitation of the "Young Ireland" party, who were tempted to the very verge of treason by the success of the Paris Revolution, in February, 1848 ; and the "veneration" and "worship" of the Celtic part of the population gave way to another set of feelings towards him, both personally and officially, when Mr. Smith O'Brien, having risen in arms against the Queen, was ignominiously defeated in a cabbage garden, arrested, tried for high treason, and condemned to death. The sentence, however, as our readers will remember, was subsequently commuted to transportation for life,—a punishment to which O'Brien's fellow-conspirators, Messrs. Meagher and Mitchell, were also sentenced. It is much to Lord Clarendon's credit that he was able in such troubled times to vindicate the law without appealing to the Legislature for any extraordinary coercive powers. It will be remembered also that, in suppressing these seditious outbreaks among the misguided Celtic peasantry, Lord Clarendon most wisely declined the proffered services of the Orange Lodges. With similar firmness and impartiality, shortly afterwards, he superseded Lord Roden and two other members of Orange Lodges in the Commission of the Peace, on account of the "untoward" affair in the pass of Dolly's Brae. His conduct as Lord-Lieutenant in this transaction was severely questioned at the time in the House of Peers, not only by Lord Roden's friends, but by the late Lord Derby ; but Lord Clarendon's reply was a masterly vindication of the impartial policy pursued by the Irish Executive. It cannot, however, be said that when he laid down his viceregal office he was the idol of the multitude or the object of its unreasoning "veneration and worship," as he had been four or five years before. It is, perhaps, the necessary penalty for every Irish Viceroy, however popular his administration may have been at first starting, to find that the public favour is of but very brief duration, and that as soon as ever duty brings him into conflict with either the Orange interest on the one hand, or that of Rome or Ribandism on the other, he is denounced and held up to the opprobrium of a fickle and excitable mob ; and Lord Clarendon's Irish experiences differed little from those of every other Viceroy during the present century who has endeavoured to do his duty to

the country honestly and impartially,—to the country itself, and not to a party or a faction.

That, in spite of his supersession of Lord Roden as a magistrate, Lord Clarendon did not lose the respect even of Lord Roden's champion, Lord Derby himself, was very markedly shown, as we shall see, on a subsequent occasion. In February, 1853, he was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, that post being vacated by Lord John Russell, after he had held it scarcely two months; and it fell to his lot in this capacity to direct the several intricate and difficult negotiations of the British Government with France, Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, and Turkey, which the Russian war entailed. When the Aberdeen Ministry fell, in the spring of 1855, Lord Derby was commanded by Her Majesty to construct a Cabinet; and on this occasion the Tory chief expressed a strong desire to leave the direction of Foreign Affairs in the hands of Lord Clarendon. Lord Derby was unable to form a Cabinet, and Lord Palmerston, who then succeeded to the helm, in reforming the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen very naturally handed back the portfolio of Foreign Affairs to Lord Clarendon, who in that capacity and as British Plenipotentiary signed the Treaty of Peace which was negotiated in Paris at the commencement of the following year. His services on that occasion elicited the highest praise both in Parliament and from the Press, and it was said that he was offered, but declined, the coronet of a Marquis. He continued to hold the direction of Foreign Affairs until the retirement of his chief in 1858. In 1864 he rejoined Lord Palmerston's third Ministry as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; but resumed his former post as Foreign Secretary in the following year, under the Administration of Lord Russell. Remaining out of office with his party during Lord Derby's last Ministry and that of Mr. Disraeli, he returned in December, 1868, on the formation of the Gladstone Cabinet, to the office which he held to the last, and with which his name will hereafter be chiefly identified.

The retrospect of so long a public and official life as that of Lord Clarendon is full of instruction and interest. Four times in succession did he fill the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Gladstone's is the sixth Liberal Cabinet in which he held a prominent post. For nearly half a century he has taken a part more or less direct in the diplomatic service of the country; and his name, therefore, is well known in every Court and capital of the world. His principal qualification for the posts he filled was, perhaps, his unwearied industry. Probably there never was a harder worker. He wrote with extraordinary facility as well as felicity, and his correspondence embraced all sorts and conditions of men, and included in its range every variety of subject. He was an admirable talker, and, what is possibly equally rare, a most patient listener. If anything were to be learnt from the most tedious visitor, he suppressed all sign of weariness, followed him through every irrelevant excursion, brought him back dexterously to the point, and elicited the one grain of worth from whole bushels of chaff. But we should do him injustice if we enlarged only on his rare power of listening. He was a master of the art of conversation. No man was more gay, more "light in hand," none more full of happy illustrations, of pleasant anecdote collected in a wide experience of society, no one could put a whole argument into an epigram more neatly, or, where the occasion required, could deliver himself with greater weight of authority. Lord Chesterfield described the great Duke of Marlborough as secure of victory whenever he could meet his opponent, either in the field or the Cabinet, and Lord Clarendon was equally persuasive. Many a difficult question, with Sovereigns as well as Ministers, was debated over a cigar, and the advantage generally rested with Lord Clarendon. It was his misfortune that he was never in the House of Commons. In that great school of eloquence he would have learnt the power of making the keen wit and exquisite facility of illustration which shone so brightly in private influence a large assembly and command the sympathies of his countrymen. In the Lords there is not much scope for eloquence; and though he was never deficient when a course of policy had to be explained or defended, and could hold his own on such occasions even against such giants as Lord Derby or Lord Ellenborough, he seldom intruded upon that apathetic audience, which, much as it relishes intellectual attainments in private, seems always to discourage the display of them in its debates. But by those who so good fortune it has been to know Lord Clarendon in the unrestrained intercourse of private life he will ever be remembered,

not only as the great Minister, the intimate friend of Sovereigns, and the depositary of their confidences, but as the most genial of companions and the stanchest of friends, ever ready to cheer by his sympathy or to assist by advice derived from an almost unexampled experience and a most intimate knowledge of mankind and of affairs. By them his memory will be long cherished, and they will not fail to hand down to a succeeding generation the record of the qualities which in their time have won such high distinction for him whom the elders among them preferred to call "George Villiers."

Sprung from the brother of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Clarendon traced his descent in the female line from Edward Hyde, the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon of the time of Charles II. (who was the grandfather of two Queens Consort of England), through the granddaughter of Henry, last Earl of Clarendon of that line, who married the Hon. Thomas Villiers, a younger son of William, second Earl of Jersey. This Thomas Villiers was in 1776 created Earl of Clarendon, and he was grandfather of the Minister now deceased. His Lordship, who was sworn a Privy Councillor in 1840, and nominated a Knight of the Garter in 1849, married on the 3d of June, 1839, the Lady Catherine Grimston, eldest daughter of James, first Earl of Verulam, and widow of Mr. John Foster Barham. By this marriage he had several children, of whom three sons and three daughters survive.

(Leading Article, Tuesday, June 28, 1870.)

Only last week Lord Clarendon, though yielding somewhat to the infirmities of age, was before the world, an able, active, and vigorous Minister, and to-day men will be discussing his acts as those of an historical character. He has passed away suddenly, with the reins of office in his hands, with his faculties undecayed and his reputation undiminished. It is better to end so—to be a political personage up to the hour of dissolution, and not one whose deeds have to be gathered from Annual Registers or the conversation of older men. To a quick and proud genius there is something unutterably painful in the reflection that some day it may be said of him, "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." Lord Clarendon probably thought as little of fame as is possible with a man who knows that his name must be long before the world. But, if we may venture to divine his sentiments, he would have wished to die, as he has died, in harness, and to be to the last a Minister of England.

Lord Clarendon had reached the term which in ancient days was assigned as the limit of man's active and useful life. But many a man in our generation keeps his health and his faculties to those fourscore years which were said of old to be but labour and sorrow, and when we hear that a statesman or a lawyer is 70 years of age, we do not at all figure to our minds a decrepit body or a failing mind. This was eminently exemplified in Lord Clarendon. He was born in the year 1800, an epoch distinguished by the birth of a band of gifted men, of whom some have passed away, while others, whose names will readily occur to our readers, remain behind to add to the dignity and reputation of Parliament. But from his despatches, his conversation, or his method of conducting business, no one would have supposed that he had exceeded the age at which all mental functions are most powerful. As a general rule, the sphere of a man's activity is fixed by the time he is forty. Rarely does it happen that the most energetic spirit enters on an entirely new career when once middle life is attained. But in the path which has once been chosen a man works more energetically, more systematically, and more successfully in late middle age than in any former period of life. This is the age in which a really able man acquires a love of work, which overmasters every other sense of enjoyment. The passions are passing away; pleasure, in the sense of amusement and distraction, ceases to attract; curiosity has been satisfied, and the concentrated energies of the soul are thrown into the employment which has become the ruling passion. Experience and acuteness derived from the past unite with this obstinate assiduity in enabling the worker to master his business with a quickness that seems like intuition, and thus it continually occurs that we find old men who, by the number of hours they work and the results they attain, shame their younger colleagues. Lord Palmerston had this devotion to work, and so had Lord

CLARENDON. To the last he was as large in principles, as accurate in details, as prompt in action, as if he had been 50 instead of 70. Take, for instance, the matter of the Greek Brigands. It is well known that Lord CLARENDON felt acutely the murder of our countrymen. He was anxious lest it should be thought he had left any means unemployed to save them. But, if there were any misgivings, they must have been dispelled by the papers published on the subject. Whoever else was apathetic, there was one who was zeal incarnate, and that was Lord CLARENDON. Whoever else might endeavour to evade action, Lord CLARENDON was urging despatch and tearing to shreds the excuses put forth for leaving things alone.

Lord CLARENDON was a man such as the highest type of official life in England produces. He was one who was trained in public employments; not one of those who rise irregularly to greatness by success in Parliament. He was never in the House of Commons, and it is impossible to deny that this was a disadvantage to him. But he received an education which in its own line was not inferior to that of Parliament. He was bred to diplomacy, and while quite a boy was an *attaché* at St. Petersburg. On his return we find him at work in the Excise, then, as now, an important part of our financial system. In neither of these departments could the young Mr. VILLIERS make much show, but in either he could obtain appreciation. The merits of a young and attentive diplomatist are not widely rumoured, but they may be discovered by those whose good word is fortune. Mr. VILLIERS was content to be known as an able public servant in his own sphere, and he does not appear to have sought Parliamentary life. The Whig Cabinet understood his merits, and at the early age of 33 he was sent to Spain as Minister Plenipotentiary. From that time he was sufficiently before the country to be associated with the chief political names of the day; his advance in employment and in fame was steady, and without retrogression. One of his greatest achievements was the government of Ireland at the time of the troubles of 1848. At that conjuncture there may not have been more danger than during the late Fenian conspiracy, but there was undoubtedly more alarm. This was caused by the crash of thrones all over the Continent, the outburst of Socialist passion in the great cities of Europe, and also by the attitude of our own English democracy, which was then very bitter, vicious, and destructive. It was imagined by many who were by no means alarmists that the State would have at once two hostile classes on its hands, one in each island, and that these would be supported by foreign sympathy, if not by something more. Lord CLARENDON never lost his head in Ireland. He was never frightened, and consequently he was never cruel. He brought the offenders one after another to justice, and amid all the menaces of the time the juries duly convicted them, and they were removed from the place where they were dangerous. In the Russian War, again, he worthily supported the honour and interests of this country, and though the chief State papers of the time proceeded from the lucid pen of M. THOUVENEL, he sat in the Congress which closed the war as the chief British representative, and may thus be said to have reached the height of his own political fortunes. Since that time—that is, during the last twelve years—he has been the ruling mind in our relations with foreign Powers. Since Lord ABERDEEN no Minister had been so intimate with so many Sovereigns, and thus he was more than once enabled to smooth over dissensions which were tending to become dangerous. A notable instance of this occurred of late, when he acted as intermediary between the King of PRUSSIA and the Emperor NAPOLEON, and was enabled to convey personal assurances which assuaged the jealousy of the French and the corresponding suspicion of the Prussians. In fact, he had become, if not the NESTOR of diplomacy, at any rate one old enough and respected enough to take a high personal position in dealing with men both at home and abroad. An ordinary man could never have attained this position, nor could even a mere politician, however clever. There is a class of men who will get up any subject, and who probably might know the geography of Europe or Asia better than all the school of PALMERSTON and CLARENDON. But, without the brilliancy, the geniality, the working power which such men as he we to-day lament possessed, these attainments are useless, and the world soon perceives how feeble is the devourer of Blue-books in comparison with large-hearted and truly statesmanlike men.

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1870.)

In the career of the ex-Chief Baron Pollock, who was taken from among us yesterday, as in the careers of Lord Tenterden, Lord Eldon, and Lord St. Leonard's, we see an illustration of the fact that the highest honours of the legal profession lie open in this country, not to a privileged few, but to the sons of that middle class which forms the sinews and strength of the nation.

Some 80 years ago a certain Mr. David Pollock, of Scottish extraction, kept a saddler's shop in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross. He was a worthy and successful man of business, and he married a Miss Sarah Parsons, a lady of remarkable energy and force of character. By her he became the father of a young family, three of whom in succession rose to distinction in the world—they were, first, the late Sir David Pollock, Chief Justice of Bombay, who died many years ago; the third, Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, is best known as the hero of the Khyber Pass and of Cabul; and the second was the Chief Baron who died yesterday.

The Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, late Lord Chief Baron of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, was born at his father's house, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, on the 23d of September, 1783. Having received his early education under private instructors, he was sent, at the age of 15 or 16, to complete it at St. Paul's School, over which the late Rev. Dr. Roberts then presided as "High Master." Here he distinguished himself above his fellows both in classics and mathematics; and when, in 1802, he exchanged St. Paul's School for the wider theatre of Trinity College, Cambridge, he found that his high reputation for hard work, and for learning, too, had preceded him to the banks of the Cam. Here he came out first in every successive College examination; and in 1806 he closed a very brilliant Undergraduate career by "going out" as Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman. In the following year he was elected to a Fellowship in his College, and he proceeded M.A. in due course.

He had already apparently made choice of the law as his future profession, for we find him called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1807, at the Middle Temple, the working-man's Inn of Court, as it has been happily called. Bringing to his aid great mental powers and a capacity for work which was as untiring as it was characteristic of the man, he soon found he had an extensive and very lucrative practice both in London and in the provinces. He went the Northern Circuit, on which he occupied a prominent place at a time when it boasted such brilliant leaders as Scarlett, Campbell, and Brougham, who were all his seniors. Here his success was owing not so much to any showy qualities or attractive powers as a speaker, for these he never possessed, as to the extraordinary reputation for industry and general ability which had followed him from Cambridge to London, and from London to the great cities of the north, supported and confirmed as it was by the accurate and extensive legal knowledge which he displayed on every occasion on which his services were called for. Hence he had many clients from the very outset, and never knew what it was to sit waiting for a brief. His business in the courts of Westminster, always select and lucrative, grew more and more extensive, and after a successful practice of some 20 years he obtained the well-earned dignity of a silk gown, being made a King's Counsel in 1827. From this time forward his progress was still more rapid than before; for many years he engrossed the leading business of his circuit, and found himself retained in nearly every cause of importance. "Attorneys and suitors," says one who knew him well at this period "alike thought themselves safe when they had secured his services, and not unfrequently were left lamenting when they were told that their adversaries had forestalled them."

From the legal to the senatorial side of Westminster Hall is only a natural transition with most able and ambitious lawyers, who, as a rule, seldom reach the highest honours of their profession until they have gone through an apprenticeship, shorter or longer, in St. Stephen's.

Accordingly, in 1831, Mr. Pollock offered himself as a candidate in the Tory interest for the borough of Huntingdon, and had the good luck to be elected.

He was again chosen at the dissolution which followed on the passing of the first Reform Bill in the following year, and continued to be rechosen by his steady admirers and faithful friends, the burgesses of that quiet borough, and almost invariably without a contest, until his retirement from Parliamentary life on his promotion to the judicial bench.

The accession to power of Sir R. Peel, towards the close of the year 1834, was the signal for the promotion of Mr. Pollock, to whom was offered the post of Attorney-General under the new Administration. It is needless to add that he accepted the offer, and was honoured with the customary knighthood. He did not, however, long enjoy his post; Sir Robert Peel found it impossible to carry on the Government in the face of an adverse majority, and resigned with his party. Sir Frederick Pollock now returned to his former practice in the courts, holding meantime his seat as M.P. for Huntingdon; and when his chief returned to Downing-street, at the head of a majority of 90, in 1841, it followed as a matter of course that Sir F. Pollock should be reinstated in his former position. He accordingly resumed his functions as Attorney-General, and continued to hold that office until the year 1844, when he succeeded his old friend and companion on circuit, the late Lord Abinger,—better known, perhaps, now by his old name of Sir James Scarlett,—as Chief Baron of the Exchequer. At the same time, in conformity with precedent, he was sworn a member of the Privy Council.

As Chief Baron he showed himself an excellent judge—sound, safe, sensible, able, and indefatigable, ever ready at his post, and inflexible in the discharge of his judicial duties. His legal merits were enhanced by his personal worth, his scrupulously honourable character, and his uniform courtesy and kindness to all with whom he was brought into contact, from the highest to the lowest. During his career of Chief Baron he presided at several criminal trials of more than ordinary importance, including those of the Mannings for murder, of Muller for the murder of Mr. Briggs at Hackney, of Kohl for murder in the following year, and of Mullins for the murder of Mrs. Elmsley. On all these occasions he exhibited the highest qualities of a judge, firmness, patience, clearness in his explanation of the points of law which arose, and a lucidity in his summings up which was beyond all praise.

It was owing to the weight of 83 years and the natural desire to rest which is incident to all men, after a long life of labour, and one in which mental and bodily activity were combined, that in July, 1866, on the return of the late Lord Derby to office, Sir Frederick Pollock resigned his office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and retired upon the judicial pension to which he had long before been entitled. At the same time he accepted a baronetcy. Perfectly versed in all the antiquated refinements of old-fashioned special pleading, he saw with contentment a new and improved system take its place in 1852, and recognized in the latter the natural corollary of the changes introduced into the process of the courts by the County Courts Act of 1847. But, Tory as he was, he never allowed either the one measure or the other to interfere with the discharge of his duty, or to shock his personal and professional preference for the system to which he had so long been accustomed. His leaning was ever to the side of substantial justice rather than to mere technical accuracy; and, while sensible of the scientific value of the latter object, he never allowed it to interfere with the higher claims of the former. To this desire of securing the triumph of right and the punishment of wrong must be attributed that apparent readiness to take a side which has sometimes been brought against the departed judge by captious critics; but even in this failing, if such it was, he ever "leant to virtue's side;" and if, in his anxiety to place the salient points of a case well before a jury, he was sometimes led to sink in a measure the Judge in the Advocate, it must be owned that his Charges were for the most part as solemn and impressive as they were clear and effective. For instance, during Müller's trial, it will be remembered by all who were present how his emphatic eloquence moved the deepest feelings of the audience, among whom every sound was hushed and every nerve was painfully strained as the full force of some apparently trivial point of evidence was pointed out and its bearing explained to the jury, on whose verdict hung the life of the criminal. In a different way his dealing with the Alexandra case was equally noticeable. Though repeatedly pressed to do so, he refused to sign a bill of exceptions to what he had

not said, or to certify that he had directed the jury in words which he had never used. The result was that the Crown lawyers were defeated and the prosecution failed.

The name of Sir Frederick Pollock may not go down to distant posterity as one of the great original lawyers of the 19th century, but his memory, as a man and as a Judge, will long be cherished with affection and respect by the legal profession. His name is linked with no one great legal measure, no important judicial change; but it will long furnish an incentive to the diligent study of the law, the upright and honourable practice of legal labour, and the persevering and successful pursuit of its rewards.

Sir Frederick Pollock in the later years of his life applied practically to more than one branch of scientific pursuit the mathematical principles which he had imbibed at Cambridge. Thus, for instance, he took the greatest interest and delight in the pursuit of photography, and was one of the very best amateur photographers of our time. He was an active member of the Council of the London Photographic Society, over the meetings of which at King's College he would frequently preside down to a very recent date. He also contributed several papers upon his favourite study to the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society."

Like his old personal friend but political antagonist, "plain John Campbell," he was verging on 50 when he first entered Parliament, and was actually far gone into the "sere and yellow leaf" of ordinary men when he took his seat upon the judicial bench; but there was no "sereness" or "yellowness" in him. He rejoiced in an old age of "ever green" health and strength, and at upwards of 80 years of age could boast, if any man could, of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. To the very last he retained his kindliness of heart, untainted and uncorroded by all that he must have seen in his long and active life of the weak and warped side of human nature; and his genial and lively humour was as playful during the last Guildhall sittings at which he presided as when he first made his appearance at the Bar, or took his seat upon the Bench in the Court of Exchequer.

The late Chief Baron was twice married—firstly, in 1813, to Frances, daughter of Mr. F. Rivers, of Spring-gardens, who died in 1827; and secondly, in 1835, to Sarah Ann, daughter of Captain Richard Lanslow, of Hatton, near Hounslow, Middlesex. He had a large family by each marriage; we believe upwards of 20 by both wives.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871.)

European Science has lost one of her illustrious members in the person of Sir John Herschel, whose death we recorded briefly in our columns yesterday, at the age of 79.

Sir John Frederick William Herschel, F.R.S., &c., was the son of that eminent astronomer, Sir William Herschel, who just 90 years since discovered the Georgium Sidus, or Uranus, as it was called at first, but which is now known by the name of its discoverer—the planet Herschel. His mother was Mary, daughter of Mr. Adee Baldwin, and he was himself born at Slough, Buckinghamshire, on the 7th of March, 1792. He received his early education privately, under a Scotch mathematician named Rogers, from whose hands he passed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1813, coming out as Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman. In the same year he published his first work, "A Collection of Examples of the Application of the Calculus to Finite Differences." In 1819 he commenced a series of papers in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* on miscellaneous subjects in physical science, and in 1822 communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh a paper on the absorption of light by coloured media, which will be found in the ninth volume of the "Transactions" of that Society. He spent a great part of the years of 1821-1823, in conjunction with the late Sir James South, in making a number of observations on the distances and positions of numerous stars, a full account of which is to be seen in Part III. of the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1824. In the following year he began to re-examine the numerous nebulæ and

clusters of stars which had been discovered by his father. On this work he was employed for eight years, and its results will be found in the volume of the above-mentioned work for 1832. The catalogue includes upwards of 2,300 nebulæ, of which 525 were discovered by Sir John himself. It may be added that while engaged upon this work he also discovered between three and four thousand double stars, which are described in the "Memoirs of the Astronomical Society." These observations were made with an excellent Newtonian telescope, 20 feet in focal length and 18½ inches aperture; and "having obtained," to use his own words, "a sufficient mastery over the instrument," he conceived the idea of employing it in the survey of the southern heavens.

Accordingly, he left England in November, 1833, and reaching the Cape in January, 1834, fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Table Bay. He there set up his instruments, and was shortly able to commence a regular course of "sweepings" of the southern heavens. His observations were continued till May, 1838, the whole of the expense attending them being borne by Herschel himself. The interest felt by the scientific world of Europe and America in the progress of his labours was very great, and from time to time curiosity was gratified by accounts of some of the observations conveyed to friends by letter; but it was not until 1847, some years after his return to England, that the collected digested results of his four years' residence at the Cape were published in regular form, when he published his volume entitled "Results of Astronomical Observations made during 1834-38 at the Cape of Good Hope, being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the Whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825." Although the astronomer's main object in the southern hemisphere, as in the northern, had been the detection of new and the re-examination of old nebulæ, his observations extended themselves so as to include all the objects for which his position was favourable. Indeed, not only was a mass of new observations appertaining to the southern heavens added to astronomical science by the survey, but many of the extreme speculations of the elder Herschel and others relative to the highest problems of astronomy were reviewed afresh in the light of the new observations. The substance of these has since been incorporated in all the more recent works of general astronomy. Besides his astronomical labours at the Cape, he was always ready to give the colonial authorities his advice and aid on scientific and educational matters. It is to him that the Cape colonists are mainly indebted for the very perfect system of national education and public schools which they now enjoy, and which he was enabled to carry out through the sagacity and liberality of the late Sir George Napier, at that time Governor, and of his Colonial Secretary, Mr. Henry Montagu.

It is worthy of remark, says a writer in the "English Cyclopædia," that Herschel's residence at the Cape was productive of benefits not only to astronomy but also to meteorology. While occupied there, he suggested a plan of having meteorological observations made simultaneously at different places—a plan subsequently developed at greater length in his "Instructions for Making and Registering Meteorological Observations at Various Stations in Southern Africa," published under official military authority in 1844. He had already received from the hands of King William IV. the Hanoverian Guelphic Order of Knighthood, and on his return to England in 1838 he was received with every possible public honour. During his absence in the southern hemisphere the Astronomical Society had voted to him their Gold Medal in 1836. Two years later, on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Victoria, he was created a baronet. In 1839 he was made an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford University, and there was a proposal, which he declined, to elect him to succeed the late Duke of Sussex in the presidential chair of the Royal Society. In 1842 he was elected Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1848 he was President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and in the same year the society voted him a testimonial for his work on the southern hemisphere. Having by that time completed the digest and publication of his observations at the Cape, during the preparation of which, however, he had published various incidental papers in the "Transactions of the Astronomical Society"—he was free to pass to other labours. Of these the most important of a literary kind was his work entitled "Outlines of Astronomy" (enlarged from his former treatise in "Lardner's Cyclopædia"), which he published in 1849. In the same year he edited a collection of papers by various authors, published by authority, and entitled "A Manual

Scientific Inquiry, prepared for the use of Her Majesty's Navy, and adapted for Travellers in General." In December, 1850, when the Mastership of the Mint was converted from a Ministerial into a permanent office, it was conferred upon Sir John Herschel, and this post was retained by him till 1855, when he resigned it on account of ill-health, and Professor Graham, the eminent chymist, was appointed his successor.

Sir John Herschel was the author of the articles on "Isoperimetrical Problems" and "Mathematics" in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and of "Meteorology" and "Physical Geography" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (the last two of which have been republished separately), and also of several articles on scientific subjects in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, which were collected and published in a separate form in 1857, together with some of his lectures and addresses delivered on public occasions. He besides occasionally contributed to *Good Words* some popular papers on the wonders of the Universe; and some two or three years ago he gave to the world, in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, a poetical version of part of the "Inferno" of Dante. He was also one of the too numerous translators of "Homer."

Sir John Herschel was an honorary or corresponding member of the Academies of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Göttingen, Turin, Bologna, Brussels, Naples, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and of almost all other scientific associations in England and America. To his other honours was added that of Chevalier of the Prussian Order of Merit, founded by Frederick the Great, and given at the recommendation of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin. We regret that the limited space at our disposal prevents us from giving a more detailed account of the scientific labours of Sir John Herschel. Few philosophers of an age which has produced a Faraday and Brewster have attained distinction equal to that which he earnt for himself. His mathematical acquirements and his discoveries in astronomy, in optics, in chymistry, and in photography were all of a very high order, and such as, aided by an admirable style, secured for him the widest reputation among men of science, both at home and abroad; while his numerous popular writings have contributed largely to the diffusion of a taste for science and an acquaintance with its principles among our countrymen.

Sir John Herschel married in 1829 Margaret Brodie, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart, by whom he had a family of nine daughters and three sons.

MR. GROTE.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, JUNE 19, 1871.)

Death has robbed the country of one of its chief literary ornaments, and the spirit of a great historian has departed from among us. George Grote died yesterday morning, after a lingering illness. He was descended from a family of German extraction, and was grandson of a London banker, who, in conjunction with George Prescott, founded the house which was well known as Prescott, Grote, and Co. He was born in 1794, at Beckenham, in Kent, and having been educated at the Charter-house, entered his father's counting-house in the 16th year of his age. But the young Grote had a soul above banking, respectable and useful as that pursuit undoubtedly is. He devoted his leisure hours to the study of the classics, became a profound Greek scholar, and when quite a young man made it one of the objects of his life to write a history of Greece. It was already known in 1823 that the young banker had begun the preparations for his work, which lasted till the period of the first Reform Bill, when they were interrupted for a time. That interruption was caused by the triumph of Whig principles in Lord Grey's Government, for Mr. Grote was a Whig and something more. He was the Philosophic Radical of those days. Before the triumph of Reform he had combated the views of Sir James Macintosh in a pamphlet, had written an Essay on the Essentials of Parliamentary Reform, and was in all respects and on all questions a very advanced Liberal. After the passing of the Reform Bill Mr. Grote was returned for the City of London in 1832, a seat which he retained till 1841. Those who can remember the debates and Sessions of those days will not fail to recall Mr. Grote's annual motion on the Ballot, which he brought forward year after year with a perseverance which,

when he left the House, he bequeathed to the late Mr. Henry Berkeley, on whom the mantle of his tenacity, though not perhaps of his genius, descended. Now that the Ballot has been made a Cabinet question, and we are all so advanced as to see that, after all, there is not so much harm in it, though it is so "un-English," it is difficult to realize the acrimony with which the Ballot was attacked in the first days of Reform. Great political capital was made out of the impracticable Mr. Grote and his Ballot-box, for the young banker not only advocated the Ballot but had invented a Ballot-box on philosophic principles, in which a needle played a great part. How many laughs were raised by able writers against Mr. Grote and his plan of secret voting by "acupuncturation" it is now needless to inquire. Like many a man who has been first in the field in any subject, he met with ridicule instead of respect; but it is not a little remarkable that just as he is dying, full of honours won in other studies, the system of voting which he advocated with such waste, as it then seemed, of energy and logic, should be on the eve of passing as a Cabinet measure by a Liberal Government.

In 1841, Mr. Grote, wearied with the want of sympathy which the Reformed Parliament showed for his Philosophic Radicalism, retired from the representation of the City of London, and thenceforth lived for literature alone. His political and religious principles remained the same, but they were tempered and softened by a genial, classical spirit, so that we of this new generation have known him only as a most accomplished scholar, and as a thoroughly just and generous man. As soon as he left Parliament Mr. Grote returned to his Greek history with renewed energy. His friends were sure that his great work would be a masterpiece; they were only afraid, so deeply were the foundations laid, and so vast was his store of accumulated material, that they should never see the first story emerge from the ground, much less behold the whole fabric a finished structure. So it was that in the interval between 1833 and 1841, while Mr. Grote was in Parliament, Dr. Thirlwall's "History of Greece" appeared, an excellent work in itself, and no mere stopgap, but of which we believe its author said at the time that he would never have written it had he thought that Grote's "History" would ever appear. But at last, in 1846, the first volume of the promised "History" did appear, and it was finished in 1855. It was received with universal applause, which was all, perhaps, the greater because those who were wont to scoff at the "Philosophic Radical" were forced, to confess that he had ripened into a consummate historian, and that his great work was one of which all parties and sections of English life might be proud. Of course, there were some who did not agree with it, or rather with whom it disagreed—men of the old absolute Mitford stamp, who had been disgusted with Thirlwall, and were naturally still more disgusted with Grote. Then there were scholars like Shilleto, who attacked Grote's scholarship, and others who thought him too gentle towards Cleon, too hard upon Socrates, and too lenient towards the Sophists. But where are all these objectors now? Lost in the universal esteem in which Grote's "History of Greece" is held. All that can be said of these mutterers is that they have protested and passed away. Nor is it out of place to remark that the work was as well received abroad as at home. In Germany we might even say better, for there were more minds in Germany capable of appreciating the breadth and depth and length of the plan on which the book was written and the stupendous learning and labour with which it was executed. Mr. Grote's "History" was speedily translated into German, and so great was his reputation abroad that long before a volume of it appeared we find the great Niebuhr recommending a friend, to whom he had given a letter of introduction to Grote, to secure, if possible, proof sheets in advance of the work, in order that he might translate it into his own language.

But it is not our purpose to write a review of Mr. Grote's "History." It is towards the man rather than his works that our thoughts turn. We pass on with the wish that Mr. Grote had continued his "History" to the Successors of Alexander, and traced the fortunes of their dynasties—a dark period sadly in want of a philosophic historian to enlighten it. On that "History" many would have been content to rest, but the motto of Mr. Grote's life was "Work." No sooner was the "History" finished than the indefatigable author turned to another branch of Greek literature. By nature rather, we believe, an Aristotelian than a Platonist, Philosophy, and, before all, Greek Philosophy, was his darling subject. He threw himself on Plato first, and his work, "Plato and the Other Companions,

of Socrates," was completed and published in 1865 to show the mastery which its author had acquired over the thoughts as well as the deeds of Greece. With parts of it, indeed, as with his appreciation and apology for the Sophists, in which he has lately met with an able adversary in Professor Jowett, it is an open question whether we can agree. But it is not so much agreement, as ability and an ingenious method which we seek in philosophic discussion. That method, coupled with a laborious learning which leaves no authority unsifted or untried that can throw any light on the subject, we find in Mr. Grote's "Plato," and it must always be a matter of regret that his "Aristotle," on which he had bestowed equal pains, and of which one volume, we believe, is ready for the press, must remain an unfinished work.

But it is not only as a laborious student, a learned historian, and a profound philosopher that Grote lived and died. He did other work in his generation, and he did it well. It was his privilege to outlive ridicule in other matters besides the Ballot. Those who can remember his Parliamentary career can also recall the vigour with which he advocated the interests of University College and the University of London, when the one was branded by an opprobrious nickname, and the other was but a nursling compared with the vigorous manhood to which it has now attained. It is very easy to praise the University of London now, when it is a recognized institution of the land, when it is famous for the searching nature of its examinations, is represented in Parliament, and has a large and powerful body of graduates. But Mr. Grote was its champion when it had none of these advantages to boast of and was ridiculed as the Godless University. From first to last he has been the presiding genius over both those liberal places of education, which contrast favourably with other places of liberal education which affected to despise them. Over the University of London Mr. Grote perpetually watched. He was its Vice-Chancellor, and on him devolved most of the labour of managing its affairs. He was always ready to draw up its reports with his own hand, to consider new propositions as to its examinations, and to support and strengthen it with his countenance and advice. In him the University has lost a Vice-Chancellor whose loss will only be truly appreciated when the duty of finding a fitting man to fill his place has to be discharged. Nor was he less indefatigable in the responsible position of a Trustee of the British Museum, never sparing himself, even when his health failed, and always sacrificing his ease and comfort for the sake of that noble institution. To these three objects, together with his "Aristotle," the last years of his laborious life were devoted, and when, two years ago, Mr. Gladstone, in the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown, offered Mr. Grote a peerage, the answer of the veteran historian and philosopher was that, however flattered he might feel at the offer of the Premier, he felt bound to spend all the time at his disposal in the discharge of his duties as Trustee of the British Museum and Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. That was his fitting sphere of action. As to the House of Lords, he had no inclination to enter it as an idle member of the Senate.

In private life Mr. Grote was one of the most amiable and charming of men. His intellect, indeed, to the last, was strong as a giant, but his manner was as modest as a child. He was singularly unselfish and simple-minded. There was an exquisite courtesy in his address, a stately politeness in his mien, which reminded one of Sir Charles Grandison and the days of the hoop and minuet. You saw at once that you had before you not only a profound philosopher, but also a most perfect gentleman. Caring much for others and little for himself, always ready to listen to those to whom it was worth while to listen, he lived among us the very pattern and model of modest merit. Shrinking from no duty for which he felt himself fit, and seeking no honour or applause from men, he has departed full of years and fame, an example to all students, whether of history or philosophy, to seek the truth, and when they have found it to tell it boldly, without fear or favour. The loss of such a man at any period of our history would be a grievous blow to literature, but it seems irreparable at a time when real learning is at so low an ebb in England, and when the pursuit of any study for its own sake, and not for any base and ulterior object, is an exception so rare as to be scarcely credible to a short-sighted and time-serving generation.

Mr. Grote was a member of the French Institute, and also of many Foreign Academies and learned societies. In 1820 he was married to Miss Harriet Lewin, the second daughter of a Kentish gentleman. By this lady, who is well known by her "Life of Ary Scheffer" and other

excellent works, and who survives him, he has left no issue. But of such a man the best progeny are his works, and by them the name of George Grote will be kept famous so long as the English language lasts.

SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1871.)

If the venerable and gallant officer whose name stands prefixed to this memoir was not at his death the senior officer in our military service, at least, since the decease of Lord Gough and Sir de Lacy Evans, he had seen more years of hard work and of active service, both military and civil, and had lived a life of more uninterrupted labour, than any other member of the profession. He died on Saturday last, and happily not before he had attained to all the honours which are open to the army, with the single exception of a peerage. When he retired from active employment he had already held a commission for just 70 years, and he lived long enough to enjoy for some time the repose which, as a *miles emeritus et rude donatus*, he was so well entitled to claim.

John Fox Burgoyne was the son of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne, whose name was well known to the public nearly a century ago, not only as a public man, a member of Parliament, and a dramatic writer, but also as the "best-abused" man of his day. He commanded the forces in America in 1777, and led an expedition into Canada which was intended as a bold movement against the insurgents; but, in consequence of a misadventure, and from not being supported by General Howe, as intended, was forced to surrender to the Americans. He was also severely assailed by "Junius" as a political adherent of the Duke of Grafton. We believe that there is some uncertainty as to who was the mother of the future Field-Marshal, for he was born in 1782, and his father's wife, Lady Charlotte Burgoyne, a daughter of the noble house of Stanley, had died several years before that date. Little, therefore, is known about his early years, save and except the fact that he received his second name after the celebrated Charles James Fox, who was his godfather and one of the most intimate personal and political friends of his father. To Eton he was sent at an early age; but all that is known of him at Eton is that he did not care much for Latin verses, his constructive genius taking quite a different turn from his very childhood; and that he was "fag" to the historian Hallam, with whom he kept up an acquaintance which lasted until the death of the latter. Possibly, too, he cared less for his father's dramas than for his military achievements; for before long he was transplanted to the Military Academy at Woolwich, where he went through the usual course of mathematics and fortification. On the 29th of August, 1798, he was gazetted to a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Engineers.

In April, 1800, Burgoyne sailed in the memorable expedition sent to the Mediterranean under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, to counteract the designs of the great Napoleon. Proceeding to the Mediterranean, he took an active part in the blockade of Malta and the capture of Valetta, which, after a stubborn resistance on the part of the French, placed the citadel of the Mediterranean in the hands of England. In 1806 we find him actively employed in Sicily; in the same year he embarked as Commanding Engineer with the expedition to Egypt, under Major-General Mackenzie Fraser, and was present at the capture of Alexandria and the siege of Rosetta. His spirited conduct on these occasions attracted the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, won especial mention in the despatches sent home to the Horse Guards, and still further increased the already high opinion which was entertained at home of the ability, zeal, and professional skill of the young Engineer. At the close of the last-mentioned expedition Sir John Moore applied for his services, and he accordingly returned to Sicily in the autumn. We next find him employed for a short time in Sweden, whence he was transferred to Portugal; was present throughout the entire campaign, and finally shared with his lamented chiefs the memorable retreat on Corunna, where he formed one of that melancholy party which laid Sir John Moore in his hastily-dug grave. In the last-named affair Captain Burgoyne, for such was now his rank, was ordered to

blow up the bridge at Benevento, so as to stop the advance of the French ; but in order to detain them as long as possible and to give more time to the British troops, he was instructed to delay firing the mine until the very last moment. The French advanced parties held the further end of the bridge at the moment when he exploded the charge, which completely destroyed the structure. Again, in the retreat before Messana to the lines of Lisbon, he received orders to blow up Fort Conception as soon as the French advanced in force ; but, in order to check their passage as effectually as possible, he was ordered on no account to allow himself to be deceived by any detachment, but to remain steady until the main body of the French moved up. This operation, like the one before mentioned, required much coolness and nerve, as well as great professional skill ; and it is almost needless to add that it was completely successful.

After a short absence Burgoyne was ordered to join the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley in Spain, where he was actively employed until the close of the war. There was not a siege in which he did not take an active part, and there were few battles where he was not under fire. He took part in the passage of the Douro, the battle of Busaco, the two sieges of Badajoz, the siege and battle of Salamanca, the battle of Vittoria, the siege of San Sebastian, the action of the Bidassoa, the battle of Nivelle, the passage of the Adour, the blockade of Bayonne, &c. It is well known that the sieges in the Peninsula did not offer much opportunity for testing the professional merits of the corps of Engineers, as, on account of the want of Sappers and Miners, and the scarcity of every requisite for such an undertaking, they were forced to convert the sieges into what the French term *attaques brusques*, and our army paid dearly in loss of life for our neglect of the scientific branches of the service. Nevertheless, the British engineers were as abundant in readiness of resource, in zeal, and gallantry, as they were deficient in *materiel* ; and it was noted as a remarkable fact that, in spite of the total want of everything necessary for regular siege operations, the self-same fortresses in the Peninsula, when attacked by the British and garrisoned by the French, fell in a much shorter time than when attacked by the French and garrisoned by the Spaniards, and that, too, although the French engineers possessed a supply of all or most of those means in which the English were so deficient. Burgoyne, who attained the rank of Colonel during the war, was first or second in command of the Engineers at most of the sieges of the Peninsula. The Duke of Wellington frequently expressed a very high opinion of his military capacity, and more seriously than in jest used to say of him in reference to that diffidence and modesty which always marked the man and showed rather than hid his merits, "If Burgoyne only knew his own worth as an officer there would be no one in the army to equal him."

Within a few months of the close of the war in the Peninsula, Colonel Burgoyne, ever active and indefatigable, was again "in harness," being appointed Commanding Engineer of the expedition to New Orleans under General Sir Edward Pakenham. Here he found repeated opportunities of gaining distinction ; his spirited conduct at an attack on the enemy's entrenched position, and at the siege of Fort Bowyer, brought his name more prominently forward than ever, and materially advanced his professional prospects. He was highly complimented by the commander-in-chief of the expedition, and his services were more than once acknowledged and recommended to the notice of the authorities at home by General Sir John Lambert in his despatches.

It was by an accident, or rather we should say, perhaps, by a freak of fortune that Burgoyne was not present on the field of Waterloo. The gallant Sir Thomas Picton, who had learnt his value in the Peninsula and who appreciated his merits as highly as his old friend and chief, Sir John Moore, was desirous of securing the services of so able an officer for the army in Flanders, and, it is said, made a formal application to the Government with this view ; but for some reason or other, possibly because the post had already been promised to an officer with higher connexions and greater family influence, the Master-General of the Ordnance withheld his sanction from the application, and the opportunity was lost to Burgoyne of bearing his part in the crowning victory. He could well afford to lose the laurels which he might have gathered there ; for, with the single exception of Waterloo, there was not one great or important action in the entire war, from its beginning to its end, in which Burgoyne did not bear a part. Disappointed, however, as he must have been, we find him within one short month after the

battle once more serving actively under the orders of his great commander; for he joined the Army of Occupation at Paris in the middle of July, and remained there from that time until the close of the occupation.

To a soldier of less energetic disposition and less active and indefatigable habits than the late Field-Marshal, it is more than probable that the peace of 40 years which followed on the victory of Waterloo would have represented a long period of comparative ease and retirement But Colonel Burgoyne was far too active and zealous for anything of the kind; he easily and cheerfully adapted his energies to other work, and rendered good service to the country at large in a purely civil capacity. *Idem pacis erat mediusque belli.* For some 13 or 14 years between 1830 and 1845 he held the appointment of Chairman of the Board of Public Works in Ireland; and by the engineering operations which he planned and carried out during that critical period, he very considerably benefited Ireland, and especially the Irish poor. In 1845, at the suggestion, we believe, of the Duke of Wellington, he was selected by the Government to fill the responsible position of Inspector-General of Fortifications—a post for which it was generally acknowledged at the time that he was admirably qualified. And the appointment was more than justified by the result, for it was while he held this post that he addressed to the Duke of Wellington his memorable official letter upon the defenceless state of our national coasts and seaports after that long interval of peace and inactivity. The Iron Duke took the matter up with a zeal and energy proportioned to its intrinsic importance; the question was discussed in Parliament and in the Press; and large sums of money were voted by Parliament for the purpose of making good the deficiencies and omissions of bygone years.

In the year 1847 "the Famine" broke out in Ireland, with fever and other ills in its train, as usual; and Sir John Burgoyne—we so call him henceforth, as some years previously he had been invested with the riband of a Knight Commander of the Bath—was appointed to conduct and organize the Commission for the relief of the distress in that part of the United Kingdom. Of this Commission he was the life and soul; and none laboured more diligently or perseveringly to insure its efficiency. The Irish are not, at the present time at least, a very grateful people; but if they were capable of travelling back in their memories for a quarter of a century, they would feel and express, we think, some little gratitude to Sir John Burgoyne for his labours among them in mitigation of their sufferings.

But it was not in Ireland only that Sir John Burgoyne showed himself willing to employ his time in the discharge of such civil duties as "Commissions," which, after all, must have been dull and tame work for one who had commanded at a score or so of sieges. In such Commissions he rarely or never refused to bear his part, when called upon to do so; and the public call came to him pretty frequently. Indeed, it was remarked rather pithily some years ago by a contemporary that "it would be difficult to mention a public undertaking of any importance from the Commission on the Penny Postage Scheme to those on Westminster-bridge and the Great Exhibition, with which Sir John Burgoyne has not had some connexion more or less prominent." It was also well known to his friends that he was constantly employed by the Government in many confidential transactions, the nature of which at the time was never allowed to transpire. In a word, there never was a more useful civil servant of the Crown than Sir John Burgoyne, or one whose wide range of military experience could be more readily made available for the benefit of the public at large.

We now pass to another, and perhaps the most important chapter in the career of Sir John Burgoyne—we mean the part which he played in the Russian War. When in the winter of 1853-54 it became evident, not only to diplomatists, who were in the secret, but also to the world at large, that Russia "meant mischief," and was bent upon disturbing the peace of Europe, Sir John Burgoyne was sent to Constantinople to report upon the measures necessary for the defence of the Ottoman Porte, as the English and French Governments had not up to that time come to a determination to send out to the East a force sufficiently large to undertake more important operations. As soon, however, as the gallant General returned to Europe the real state of the case was made known; the Government was not long in making up its mind, and Sir John was appointed Lieutenant-General on the Staff of the Army of the East. It would be easy enough to dash off the rest of the Crimean story in a few short words, merely saying that to Sir John Burgoyne was intrusted the manage

ment of the landing of the British forces on the shores of the Crimea ; that he suggested the flank movement to the southern side of Sebastopol ; that from the first he pointed out the Malakoff as the key of the entire position ; that he conducted the siege operations before Sebastopol up to the middle or end of March, 1855, when he was recalled to England, leaving to Sir Harry Jones to complete the work which he had originated. But this, though true so far as it goes, would scarcely be an adequate account of the Crimean services of the subject of this memoir. It may safely be asserted that whatever were the shortcomings of the leaders of the British Army itself, the Engineers, under Burgoyne, from the very commencement of the campaign, may claim for themselves the credit of having given what proved to be the right advice at the critical moment with respect to the landing at Eupatoria, and it is well known that their advice was but the echo of that of Sir John Burgoyne. The French officers and a portion of the English, including Sir George Brown, were in favour of attempting a landing at the mouth of the Katcha. Sir John Burgoyne, however, objected to the spot, and at first stood almost alone in his objection ; for his keen and experienced eye detected it to be, from its configuration, a hazardous place for disembarking troops, and he suggested instead the spot which was afterwards agreed upon by both armies. Again, when the landing had been successfully accomplished, and the battle of the Alma had been won, the next step was to attack Sebastopol. An investment of the place with the forces which the Allies had at that time brought into the field was quite out of the question, and the main point for consideration was on which side the attack should be made. Here, again, the eye of our able Engineer officer discerned the true course to be followed. The French were in favour of attacking the city on the side nearest to themselves ; but Sir John Burgoyne showed that even if that side, which was the least strongly fortified, were taken, the task of besieging the city would really have to be begun *de novo*, and urged that the true base of operations in the present case was the fleet, as more easily moved than the army ; and that the dangers of a flank march such as that which brought us to the plateau above Balaklava were largely outweighed by its advantages. The disadvantage of the north side lay in the fact that the army could not have covered its base of operations, so that communication with the fleet was always liable to be cut off by works thrown up by the enemy. Although the position was only defective at this period, a few weeks later it would have been positively dangerous, for the Russians had developed such an unexpected force at the period of the battle of Inkerman that they could have thrown up entrenchments, and blocked up the Allied Army on the narrow promontory between the Belbec and Sebastopol, and the safety of the whole force would have been seriously compromised. The army was saved from this danger by the flank march to the south ; and it will be remembered that the principal reason given by Sir John for this movement was that the Allies could take up a very strong position on the south side of the harbour, which would cover all the bays from which they would derive their supplies. The correctness of this reasoning was shown by the fruitless efforts afterwards made by the enemy to force the positions at Balaklava and at Inkerman. Again, when the army had advanced thus far, the proper work of the Engineer officers commenced, for they had to determine which was the most vulnerable portion of the fortress, and against which, therefore, the chief efforts of the Allies should be directed. Here, again, the superior genius of British engineering was vindicated by Sir John Burgoyne ; for, while our Allies desired to attack the town itself, he pointed from the first to the Malakoff as when taken involving the fall of the city. We are all aware that the plan of the French was adopted at first, and we are also well aware with how little success, and how great a loss of lives and of money it cost England. But at length, though not until the gallant old General had returned home, both the English and the French commanders came round to his view, and, concentrating their whole strength on the Malakoff, took it by assault. With the Malakoff the key of Sebastopol passed into the hands of the Allies, and Sebastopol fell, thus justifying Burgoyne's prediction to the very letter, for the fall of that tower rendered the other fortifications untenable. Indeed, from first to last, whatever amount of success attended the expedition to the Crimea would appear to have been due, to say the least, as largely to Sir John Burgoyne as to any other single individual. By the landing at Eupatoria not only was the disembarcation of our troops effected in security, but a lodgment was made in

the rear of the enemy. Lord Raglan acknowledged in the noblest manner how much he was indebted to the advice and assistance of Sir John Burgoyne at the battle of the Alma; and it has been stated that he addressed a despatch to the Horse Guards requesting that he might be promoted to the rank of General, and that his promotion should date from the time of the battle itself. At the battle of Inkerman Burgoyne was again in action, and Lord Raglan in his despatch on that occasion once more acknowledged the great assistance which he received from his experience and counsel.

It was indeed unfortunate for the British Army, much more than for the Field-Marshal whose loss we are lamenting, that precisely at the time when the superiority of his judgment in engineering matters was beginning to be recognized, and his plans had come to be adopted, the authorities at home resolved on his recall, and so one of the most meritorious officers in our army was thrown over as a victim to popular discontent. Accordingly, he returned to England, leaving to others to gather the laurels which he had planted and to some extent reared.

The rest of Sir John Burgoyne's story is soon told. Not long after the fall of Sebastopol he was advanced to the rank of full General, he was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom, and appointed Colonel Commandant of the Royal Engineers. Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, the Council of the Royal Society elected him one of their Fellows, and the Emperor of the French and the Sultan of Turkey respectively nominated him a Grand Knight of the Legion of Honour and a member of the Order of the Medjidie of the First Class. These were tardy honours, but he lived long enough to rejoice in such acknowledgments of his merits, however slow they were in coming. At a subsequent date Sir John Burgoyne received from his Sovereign the *bâton* of a Field-Marshal, and from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of London the freedom of the city in a casket of gold.

On the death of Lord Combermere he was appointed to the dignified office of Constable of the Tower of London, together with that of Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Tower Hamlets. It will be remembered, too, that some years since he was selected by Her Majesty for the honour of heading a mission to Paris in charge of the funeral car of the Great Napoleon, which he presented to the Emperor in Her Majesty's name. He was one of the active members of the Committee of the National Red Cross Society for Aiding the Sick and Wounded in War; in that capacity he moved one of the resolutions on the occasion of the public meeting by which the movement was inaugurated; and this was, we believe, almost the last occasion on which he appeared in public.

The late Field-Marshal, besides his Letter to the Duke of Wellington already mentioned, was the author of a pamphlet of great value on "Army Reform," as also of a treatise on "The Blasting of Rocks," and of several important papers on military affairs in the professional papers of the Royal Engineers. He contributed, moreover, several interesting and valuable papers to the magazines of the day upon subjects connected with the army in general, and with his branch of the service in particular. He enjoyed the most perfect health and strength until he had long passed the age of four-score years; and when nearer 90 than 80 he liked to put in an appearance among the visitors at the Harrow Speeches or the Fourth of June at Eton. He married in 1821 Miss Charlotte Rose, the daughter of a Nairnshire gentleman, by whom he had a family of seven daughters and a son.

The heir to the baronetcy was the late Field-Marshal's only son, Captain Hugh T. Burgoyne, R.N., who was an Officer of the Legion of Honour and one of the first recipients of the Victoria Cross in 1857. He commanded the Wrangler gunboat at the capture of Kinburn; and was drowned in Her Majesty's ship Captain in September, 1870. His death, without issue, causes the title of his gallant father to become extinct.

Sir John, indeed, never recovered the severe shock caused by this terrible loss. He was taken seriously ill with the malady called eczema, but in the beginning of August rallied wonderfully, to the surprise of his medical attendants, and was able to leave his room for several days, remaining up for some nine or ten hours daily. On Thursday last, however, he was taken worse again, at his house in Pembridge-square, and from that time he gradually weakened until 11.30 on Saturday morning, when he passed away, without a sigh, in perfect peace.

(Leading Article, Monday, October 9, 1871.)

We lament to-day a loss which will not only be deeply felt as a public and private grief, but which deprives the nation of one of those venerable names which reflect alike the honour and the experience of the past upon a young and progressive present. In Sir John Burgoyne we lose one of the most valued among the few remaining links which unite us with the age of England's greatest fame and most splendid achievements. To most men now living the days of Nelson and Sir John Moore, of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and of General Bonaparte are marked at once with all the grandeur and with all the distance of history. In recent discussions on the English Army we have spoken and thought of those days as the times of our ancestors, and, in alternating fear and hope, have questioned whether we have suffered the traditional decay of later generations. Critics have spoken of the great Continental struggle as of a period too far removed from us to afford any indication of the present powers of the British people, and have treated its agencies as not less effaced than its results. The wonderful material and political changes effected since Waterloo deepened this depression, and rendered it difficult to avoid the feeling that we were really in a new world. But Sir John Burgoyne was a living witness to the comparative nearness of that great past, and taught us that there was in reality no gulf between its heroes and "such mortals as we are now." Born seven years before the first French Revolution, he was a student at Woolwich before Wellesley had won Assaye, before Nelson had fought the battle of the Nile, before Napoleon had shaken Europe, and while the very nature of the coming age was yet immature and incredible. It is difficult to realize the immense and varied experience which passes away with such a man. We have to strain our reflections and quicken our imaginations in order to appreciate the course of the vast drama of this century, and to realize the true meaning of its movements. It requires an immense effort to bring together under one view the gigantic upheavings of its earlier scenes and the apparently new creations of later years. But in Sir John Burgoyne's mind all these events, from the moment when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, were present as the experience of a single life, and fell naturally into their places as parts of one familiar history. Such a man is one of the most precious of national possessions, even apart from his more personal worth.

Sir John Burgoyne, however, had been no idle spectator of the memorable period of the French Revolution, and was not a mere passive reflector of their scenes. He could claim to have borne a great part in them, and few soldiers in any age or country have sustained such varied and prolonged activity. There are not a few men, indeed, still living who date their commissions from the time of the Great War; but Burgoyne had been an actor in what now seems the legend of Sir John Moore, and had been high in command in the corps of Engineers throughout the memorable operations of the Peninsular War. He was at the two sieges of Badajoz and commanded at San Sebastian, and was, in fact, the Duke's most trusted Engineer officer. He was disappointed in a share of the glories of Waterloo; but his connexion with the history of the Army was soon resumed and never again interrupted. Not a moment of his life was unemployed. During the peace he found honourable occupation in those civil services which Engineer officers have so abundantly rendered to the country; and at length, in 1845, he found the opportunity by which his career was to be chiefly illustrated. He was appointed by the Duke of Wellington Inspector-General of Fortifications, and his energy instantly roused the nation from a dangerous lethargy, and started us on a course which we have been pursuing with increased activity ever since. He called the attention of the Duke to our defenceless condition in the event of any hostilities with a foreign country. The Duke's letter, in reply, at the commencement of 1848, set in motion a military revival, which from that time has been growing in strength. At that time it was the Commander-in-Chief's complaint that we could not rely on more than 5,000 men in the gravest emergency; we were able the other day, without the least difficulty, to bring together in high efficiency a larger British force than the Duke himself ever commanded. It is impossible to say how much was due to the opportune initiative then given by Sir John Burgoyne, or in how great a degree we owe it to him that we have passed in such

security through the storms of the last quarter of a century. Within a very few years we found ourselves at war with the vastest of European empires, and had we not been awakened in time we might have found ourselves unable at the critical moment to maintain our policy and our interests. In that war Sir JOHN BURGOYNE was accorded the confidence which was due to his ability and experience. He inevitably bore in some measure the brunt of the disappointment which our first blunders occasioned ; but it is due to his memory now to acknowledge that he received at the moment but scant justice. The inefficiency of the Army at the outbreak of the Crimean War must in great measure be attributed to that very neglect from which Sir JOHN BURGOYNE had endeavoured to arouse us ; while his engineering skill and strategical judgment were, on the whole, justified by events. His services were, however, recognized at the time by his military superiors, and were soon duly acknowledged by the nation at large. For the last few years he has enjoyed not merely the veneration due to a distinguished soldier of the past, but the respectful attention accorded to the wisdom which is gained by great ability amid great deeds. No name was more honoured or beloved in the ranks of the Army, and he seemed to be ending his days surrounded with all that age and fame can desire, when his life was darkened by the terrible disaster which robbed him of a gallant and only son. The commander of the Captain promised to renew in the sister service the renown of his father, when he was suddenly snatched from our hopes. Sir JOHN BURGOYNE never recovered the shock, and before he passed away on Saturday he had outlived not merely a past generation, but the hopes of his own family.

It is much to say of a man who had reached so venerable an age that we can ill afford to lose his counsels. But it was his most honourable characteristic that he retained, almost to the last, the energy which had distinguished him throughout his career. As late as the recent Session he entered with moderation and acuteness into the controversy respecting the Abolition of Purchase, and published some valuable observations in these columns. His mind was too active to allow him ever to become a mere upholder of old traditions, or to be distrustful of the present and the future. He was capable of bringing the light of his experience to illustrate the needs of the day, and of guiding as well as of accompanying our progress. The moment at which he has left us has seen his advice of 25 years ago for the first time carried out in earnest. He leaves us with substantial fortifications, designed in great measure by himself, with an Army equal in numbers to any possible demand, fairly entered on a course of thorough training and organization, and with a fleet at all events superior to any that can be brought against it. It may be said of him, in short, in a degree which can be said of few men, that he has done his work. He did not live to continue the traditions of a past age in vain ; the spirit of the Peninsular Army has by his influence been preserved to the present, and we hope we have the right to believe that the Army of 1871 will not be found unworthy of Sir JOHN BURGOYNE.

MR. CHARLES BABBAGE.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1871.)

Our obituary column on Saturday contained the name of one of the most active and original of original thinkers, and whose name has been known through the length and breadth of the kingdom for nearly half a century as a practical mathematician—we mean Mr. Charles Babbage. He died at his residence in Dorset-street, Marylebone, at the close of last week, at an age, spite of organ-grinding persecutors, little short of 80 years.

Little is known of Mr. Babbage's parentage and early youth, except that he was born on the 26th of December, 1792, and was educated privately. During the whole of his long life, even when he had won for himself fame and reputation, he was always extremely reticent on that subject, and, in reply to questioners, he would uniformly express an opinion that the only biography of living personages was to be found, or, at all events, ought to be found, in the list of their published works. As this list, in Mr. Babbage's own case, extended to upwards of 80 productions, there ought to be no dearth of materials for the biographer ; but these materials, after all, as a matter of fact,

are scanty in spite of an autobiographical work which he gave to the world about seven years ago, entitled "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher."

At the usual age Mr. Babbage was entered at the University of Cambridge, and his name appears in the list of those who took their Bachelor's degree from Peterhouse in the year 1814. It does not, however, figure in the Mathematical Tripos, he preferring to be Captain of the Poll to any honours but the Senior Wranglership, of which he believed Herschel to be sure. While, however, at Cambridge, he was distinguished by his efforts, in conjunction with the late Sir John Herschel and Dean Peacock, to introduce into that University, and thereby among the scientific men of the country in general, a knowledge of the refined analytic methods of mathematical reasoning which had so long prevailed over the Continent, whereas we in our insular position, for the most part, were content with what has been styled "the cramped domain of the ancient synthesis." The youthful triumvirate, it must be owned, made a successful inroad on the prejudices and predilections which had prevailed up to that time. Keeping this object steadily in view, in the first place they translated and edited the smaller treatise on the Calculus by Lacroix, with notes of their own, and an Appendix (mainly, if not wholly, from the pen of Sir John Herschell) upon Finite Differences. They next published a solution of exercises on all parts of the Infinitesimal Calculus, a volume which is still of great service to the mathematical student, in spite of more recent works with a similar aim. To this publication Mr. Babbage contributed an independent essay on a subject at that time quite new, the solution of Functional Equations.

By steps and stages, of which the records at our command are scanty, these pursuits gradually led Mr. Babbage on to that practical application of mathematical studies which may justly be considered to be his crowning scientific effort—we mean, of course, the invention and partial construction of the famous calculating engine or machine which the world has associated with his name. As a writer in the "Dictionary of Universal Biography" remarks :—

"The possibility of constructing a piece of mechanism capable of performing certain operations on numbers is by no means new ; it was thought of by Pascal and geometers, and more recently it has been reduced to practice by M. Thomas, of Colmar, in France, and by the Messrs. Schütz, of Sweden ; but never before or since has any scheme so gigantic as that of Mr. Babbage been anywhere imagined."

His achievements here were twofold ; he constructed what he called a Difference Engine, and he planned and demonstrated the practicability of an Analytical Engine also. It is difficult, perhaps, to make the nature of such abstruse inventions at all clear to the popular and untechnical reader, since Dr. Lardner, no unskilful hand at mechanical description, filled no less than 25 pages of the *Edinburgh Review* with but a partial account of its action, confessing that there were many features which it was hopeless to describe effectively without the aid of a mass of diagrams. All that can here be said of the machine is that the process of addition automatically performed is at the root of it. In nearly all tables of numbers there will be a law of order in the differences between each number and the next. For instance, in a column of square numbers — say, 9, 16, 25, 36, 49, 64, 81, &c.—the successive differences will be 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, &c. These are differences of the first order. If, then, the process of differencing be repeated with those, we arrive at a remarkably simple series of numbers—to wit, 2, 2, 2, 2, &c. And into some such simple series most tables resolve themselves when they are analyzed into orders of differences ; an element—an atom, so to speak—is arrived at, from which by constant addition the numbers in the table may be formed. It was the function of Mr. Babbage's machine to perform this addition of differences by combinations of wheels acting upon each other in an order determined by a preliminary adjustment. This working by differences gave it the name of the "Difference Engine." It has been repeatedly stated that the construction of this machine was suddenly suspended, and that no reason was ever assigned for its suspension. But the writer in the "Dictionary" already quoted above thus solves the mystery in which the matter has hitherto been shrouded :—

"In spite of the favourable report of a Commission appointed to inquire into the matter, the Government were led by two circumstances to hesitate about proceeding further. Firstly, Mr. Clements, the engineer or machinist employed as his *collaborateur*, suddenly withdrew all his skilled workmen from the work, and, what was worse, removed all the valu-

able tools which had been employed upon it."

—an act which is justified as strictly legal by Mr. Weld in his "History of the Royal Society," though a plain common-sense man of the world may reasonably doubt its equity, as the tools themselves had been made at the joint expense of Mr. Babbage and the Treasury. "Secondly," says the same authority, "the idea of the Analytical Engine—one that absorbed and contained as a small part of itself the Difference Engine—arose before Mr. Babbage." Of course he could not help the fact that "Alps upon Alps should arise" in such matters, and that, when one great victory was achieved, another and still greater battle remained to be faced and fought. But no sooner did Mr. Babbage, like an honest man, communicate the fact to the Government than the then Ministers, with Sir Robert Peel and Mr. H. Goulburn at the head of the Treasury, took alarm, and, scared at the prospect of untold expenses before them, resolved to abandon the enterprise. Mr. Babbage, apart from all help from the public purse, had spent upon his machine, as a pet hobby, no small part of his private fortune—a sum which has been variously estimated between £6,000 and £17,000. And so, having resolved on not going further into the matter, they offered Mr. Babbage, by way of compensation, that the Difference Engine as constructed should remain as his own property—an offer which the inventor very naturally declined to accept. The engine, together with the drawings of the machinery constructed and not constructed, and of many other contrivances connected with it, extending, it is said, to some 400 or 500 drawings and plans, was presented in 1843 to King's College, London, where we believe they are to be seen in the museum, bearing their silent witness to great hopes dashed down to the ground, or, at all events, to the indefinite postponement of their realization.

In speaking at this length of Mr. Babbage's celebrated machine, we have a little anticipated the order of events, and must return to our record of the leading facts of his life. In the year 1828 he was nominated to the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics in his old University, occupying in that capacity a chair which had once been held by no less a man than Sir Isaac Newton. This chair he held during eleven years. It was while holding this Professorship, namely, at the General Election of November, 1832 — which followed on the passing of the first Reform Bill—that he was put forward as a candidate for the representation of the newly-formed borough of Finsbury, standing in the advanced Liberal interest, as a supporter not only of Parliamentary, financial, and fiscal reform, but also of "the Ballot, triennial Parliaments, and the abolition of all sinecure posts and offices." But the electors did not care to choose a philosopher; so he was unsuccessful, and we believe never again wooed the suffrages of either that or any other constituency.

We have mentioned the fact that Mr. Babbage was the author of published works to the extent of some 80 volumes. A full list of these, however, would not interest or edify the general reader, and those who wish to study their names can see them recorded at full length in the new library catalogue of the British Museum. Further information respecting them will be found in the 12th chapter of Mr. Weld's "History of the Royal Society," which we have already quoted. One or two of them, however, we should specify. The best known of them all, perhaps, is his "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," a work designed by him at once to refute the opinion supposed to be implied and encouraged in the first volume of that learned series, that an ardent devotion to mathematical studies is unfavourable to a real religious faith, and also to give specimens of the defensive aid which the evidences of Christianity may receive from the science of numbers, if studied in a proper spirit.

Another of his works, which has found a celebrity of its own, is a volume called "The Decline of Science," both the title and the contents of which give us reason to believe that its author looked somewhat despondingly on the scientific attainments of the present age. The same opinion was still further worked out by Mr. Babbage in a book on the first Great Exhibition, which he published just 20 years ago. Another of his works which deserves mention here is one on "The Economy of Manufactures," which was one result of a tour of inspection which he made through England and upon the Continent in search of mechanical principles for the formation of Logarithmic Tables.

It is about 40 years since Mr. Babbage produced his Tables of Logarithms from 1 to 108,000, a work upon which he bestowed a vast amount of labour, and in the publication of which he paid great attention to the convenience of calculators,

whose eyes, he well knew, must dwell for many hours at a time upon their pages. He was rewarded by the full appreciation of his work by the computers not only of his own, but of foreign countries ; for in several of those countries editions from the stereotyped plates of the tables were published, with translations of the preface. Notwithstanding the numerous logarithmic tables which have since appeared, those of Mr. Babbage are still held in high esteem by all upon whom the laborious calculations of astronomy and mathematical science devolve.

Mr. Babbage was one of the oldest members of the Royal Society at the time of his death ; he was also more than 50 years ago one of the founders of the Astronomical Society, and he and Sir John Herschel were the last survivors of that body. He was also an active and zealous member of many of the leading learned societies of London and Edinburgh, and in former years at least an extensive contributor to their published "Transactions." His last important publication was the amusing and only too characteristic autobiographical work to which we have already referred as "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher."

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1871.)

Very many of our readers will learn with deep regret the news of the death of this distinguished geologist yesterday evening, at 8.30, at his residence in Belgrave-square, at an age not far short of 80 years. Two months ago Sir Roderick was seized with loss of speech, accompanied with difficulty in swallowing. These symptoms gradually, however, abated, and his general health continued good until Thursday last, when he caught cold in taking a drive. This brought on a slight attack of bronchitis, and under it he gradually and quietly sank.

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, Bart., K.C.B., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., was the eldest son of a gentleman of ancient family, and, indeed, of noble Highland extraction—the late Mr. Kenneth Murchison, of Tarradale, in Ross-shire, North Britain. His mother was Barbara, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, of Fairburn, in the same county, and sister of the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Bart., of Fairburn. He was born at his father's home in the Highlands February 19, 1792, and received his early education as a boy at the grammar school attached to the Cathedral of Durham. Thence, in due course, having made up his mind to follow the military profession, he was removed to the Royal Military College at Great Marlow. The family traced their descent from one Murdo M'Colman, who followed one of the Irish Fitzgeralds into Scotland towards the close of the 13th century, and whose descendants, living at Achtertyre in Lochalsh, held under the Mackenzies, Lairds of Kintail (afterwards Earls of Seaforth), the castellanship of the stronghold of Eilan Donnan, a post which became hereditary in their clan. The last who held this post was the great great grandfather of the baronet, whose eldest son, John, was killed in 1715 at the Battle of Sheriff Muir, while serving as a major in the Stuart army. The uncle of this John Murchison was the Colonel Donald Murchison so celebrated for defending Kintail and Lochalsh for six years after the battle of Sheriff Muir against the forces of George I. and George II. and to whose memory, in testimony of the loyalty of his ancestors to the ancient Royal Family, Sir Roderick Murchison not long ago erected a monument in Lochalsh.

Alexander of Achtertyre, the grandfather of the late Sir Roderick, lived to upwards of 90 years of age, and his eldest son, Kenneth, the father of the Baronet, born in 1751 (the family having got into difficulties owing to the part they took in the rebellions), was educated with a view to medicine in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, went to India in the Company's service, and served under Warren Hastings. Being an excellent classical scholar, he became the great friend of Sir Elijah Impey, Sir Richard Sullivan, Governor Hornby, the Chief of the MacGregors, and many other notabilities, and having been Resident at Lucknow, he amassed what was then considered a good fortune, and returned to Europe in 1786.

After travels in Italy and France, he purchased the estate of Tarradale, in Ross-shire, from his maternal uncle, Mackenzie of Lentron, and as he married Miss Barbara Mackenzie, the eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, of Fairburn and Strathconnon, in Ross-shire, the first issue of that marriage was called Roderick, after his maternal grandfather, whose eldest son, Alexander, afterwards well known in the British army, of which he died the senior General, was a Baronet and Knight Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order.

But to return to the immediate subject of our memoir. Having pursued his studies for a few months at the University of Edinburgh, he obtained a commission in the army in 1807, and joining his regiment the following year, served in the 36th Foot with the army in Spain and Portugal under Lord Wellington, afterwards on the Staff of his uncle, General Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and lastly as captain in the 6th Dragoons. He took an active part in several of the most important battles in the war, and earned the reputation of a brave and able officer. He carried the colours of his regiment at the Battle of Vimiera, and afterwards accompanied the army in its advance to Madrid and its junction with the force under Sir John Moore, and shared in the dangers and retreat at Corunna. At the end of the war his active mind needed employment, and he began to turn his attention in earnest to the pursuit of geological studies, which had attracted his mind as a child. It is not a little singular that the life-long devotion of Sir Roderick Murchison to practical science should have arisen out of an accident—if there is such a thing as accident in the world. The late Sir Humphry Davy, meeting him as a guest at the house of the late Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, and seeing that he had a taste for physical science, suggested to him that he should attend the lectures at the Royal Institution, and follow them up by a series of practical experiments on his own account. He resolved to follow this advice, and, besides attending these lectures, he placed himself under the private instruction of the late Mr. Richard Phillips, F.R.S. In 1825 he was elected a member of the Geological Society, and in the next year added to his name the honourable letters "F.R.S." His first contribution to science was a paper read by him before the Geological Society in 1825 on "The Geological Formation of the North-West Extremity of Sussex and the adjoining parts of Hampshire and Surrey," which was published in the Society's "Transactions" (Vol. 2). Thus, after having served his country as a soldier, to use the words of a writer in the *North British Review*,—

"Murchison brought into the field of science all the ardour of his profession, and after 20 years of patient, unremitting, and unnoticed toil he placed himself in the highest ranks of modern geologists. When the more recent formations of the earth's surface had been well and patiently investigated, and it had been placed beyond a doubt that their age could be determined by the fossils embedded in them, it became a problem of the deepest interest to extend the same law to the deeper and older sedimentary deposits, to trace the later formations downward to the oldest, to describe the formations which contain the earliest traces of organic life, and to distinguish the strata which compose them from those which had been deposited at an era when no living thing moved upon the face of the waters."

As early as the year 1830 or 1831—after a long series of inductive researches, which he always verified by constant experiments—Mr. Murchison applied himself to a systematic examination of the older sedimentary deposits in England and Wales; the result was that, after five years of patient labour, he brought forward and succeeded in establishing the acknowledged truth of what geologists know as the "Silurian System." But we are anticipating.

His next researches were made in Sutherlandshire, where he examined the coal strata, and showed that it was a member of the Oolitic series; and in the following year he again visited the Highlands in company with Professor Sedgwick, when they succeeded (says a writer in the *English Cyclopædia*) in showing that the primary sandstone of M'Culloch was nothing more than the true old red sandstone, now also called "Devonian." The result of these researches was read before the Geological Society, and published in its "Transactions," Vols. 2 and 3. In 1828 he resolved to extend his researches abroad, and to study the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne and the geology of the north of Italy. A portion of the results of his tour on this occasion, in which he was accompanied by Mr. (now Sir Charles) Lyell, was the publication of a memoir on the subject, partly read before the Geological Society, and partly

published in the *New Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*. The subjects of these memoirs were the excavation of valleys, as illustrated by the volcanic rocks of Central France and the tertiary strata of Southern France.

Mr. Murchison, thus prepared by observations on various portions of the crust of the earth, resolved to devote himself again to the study of the geology of Great Britain itself. Under the advice of the late Dean Buckland, he next explored the vast and regular deposits of remote periods, which are most prominently seen in Herefordshire and on the borders of Wales, and which he afterwards called the Silurian system, after the Silures, who inhabited that part of our island. These researches he followed up by others in Pembrokeshire, to the west of Milford Haven, and the results of his generalizations respecting the antiquity of the Silurian system, as underlying the "Devonian" system, were made public at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1831, and subsequently published in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and in a large work on the Palæozoic Geology of England and Wales, which was issued from the Press in 1859.

Further geological investigations in Devonshire and Cornwall followed, in the course of which, aided by Professor Sedgwick, Murchison definitely ascertained that the stratified rocks of those two counties are the equivalents of the old red sandstone, and gave them the name of "Devonian." The writer in the *English Cyclopædia* says :—

"In 1835 and 1839 two journeys were performed by Mr. Murchison and Professor Sedgwick, for the purpose of verifying certain propositions advanced by the former, into the Rhenish Provinces, including the Hartz district and Franconia on the one side, and Belgium and the Boullonnais on the other ; in the latter of these they were accompanied by M. de Verneuil, who in 1840 was invited by Mr. Murchison to assist him in exploring the geological structure of Russia, at that period very little known. They visited the banks of the Rivers Volkoff and Siass, and the shores of Lake Onega, then proceeded to Archangel and the borders of the White Sea, and followed the River Dwina into the government of Vologda. After traversing the Volga, they returned by Moscow to St. Petersburg, examined the Valdai Hills, Lake Ilmen, and the banks of the rivers which they passed. Mr. Murchison returned to England in 1840 ; but having, together with M. Verneuil, been invited by the late Emperor Nicholas to superintend a geological survey of Russia, the two geologists returned to St. Petersburg in the spring of 1841, and, being joined by Count Keyserling and Lieutenant Kotsharof, they proceeded to explore the Ural Mountains, the southern provinces of the Empire, and the coal districts between the Dnieper and the Don. In 1842 Mr. Murchison travelled alone through several parts of Germany, Poland, and the Carpathian Mountains, and, with the same object of rendering his great work on the geology of Eastern Europe as perfect as possible, he explored in the summer of 1844 the Palæozoic formations of Sweden and Norway. After his return to England he completed, in 1845, in conjunction with M. Verneuil and Count von Keyserling, his magnificent work on the 'Geology of Russia and the Ural Mountains.' This consists of two volumes in quarto : the first relating specifically to the geological part of the subject, consisting of above 700 pages ; the second, in the French language, relating to the 'Paleontologie,' occupying more than 600 pages ; the whole copiously illustrated by geological maps and sections, and by accurate figures of organic remains. In 1846, not long after the publication of this work, Mr. Murchison was knighted by Her Majesty, the Emperor Nicholas having previously conferred upon him several Russian orders, including that of St. Stanislaus."

His work on the geology of Russia was afterwards translated into Russian, and published in 1849.

In the same year Sir Roderick received the Copley Medal from the Royal Society, in recognition of his having established the Silurian system in geology. About this time he undertook another (his sixth) visit to the Alps, and on his return published a memoir of some 300 pages in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society upon "The Geological Structure of the Alps, Apennines, and Carpathian Mountains." In this memoir he establishes the fact of a graduated transition from secondary to tertiary rocks, and "clearly separates the great Nummulite formation from the cretaceous deposits with which it has been confounded." This work has been translated and published in Italian.

The next stage in Sir Roderick's scientific researches is so purely technical that

it must be told in the words of the *Cyclopædia* already quoted above :—

"The uppermost series of the palæozoic rocks, reposing immediately upon the carboniferous system, consists of those formerly known in England as the lower new red sandstone, and the magnesian lime-stone and marl-slate. Sir R. Murchison having satisfied himself that they constituted one natural group only, which from its organic contents must be entirely separated from all formations above, proposed in 1841 that the group should receive the name of the 'Permian system,' from its extensive development in the ancient kingdom of Permia, in Russia, and this denomination has been universally adopted by geologists. In a memoir produced in 1855, in conjunction with Professor Morris, on the German palæozoic rocks, he has returned to the subject of the Permian system, and shows that there is no break between it and the lowest system of the mesozoic strata—the triassic—which succeeds it in the ascending series ; a fact which harmonizes, it has been remarked, with an hypothesis in palæontology enunciated by the late Professor Forbes that has not yet received the attention it merits."

In 1854 Sir Roderick published his best known work, "Siluria ; or the History of the Oldest Known Rocks containing Organic Remains, with a Brief Sketch of the Distribution of Gold over the Earth." This volume includes a general view of the structure of the earth's crust, and more particularly of the more ancient series of strata, of which the Silurian system is the lowest ; and a summary of the author's general views of the geological science, including the points on which, as is well known, he differed from his friend, Sir Charles Lyell, and from Professor Sedgwick. These may be seen briefly stated in an article in the *North British Review*, from which we make the following extract :—

"At the time when the term 'Silurian' was applied, it was believed that the great slaty masses of North Wales, which had been under the survey of Professor Sedgwick, but whose fossils had not been made known, were inferior in position to the formations which had been classed and whose fossils had been identified as Silurian. This belief continued to be in force when the large work entitled the 'Silurian System' was published (1839) ; the supposed lower rocks having been termed Cambrian in 1836 by their explorer, Professor Sedgwick, it being then presumed that they would prove to contain a distinct group of organic remains. When the masses, however, to which the name 'Cambrian' had been given were examined in detail by the numerous geologists of the Government Survey, and were thus for the first time placed in correlation with the previously established Silurian strata it was found that the great and apparently chaotic pile of Snowden, though full of porphyry and other igneous rocks, was nothing more than the absolute physical equivalent of the Llandeilo formation of the Lower Silurian, and hence these gentlemen, with the entire approval of (the late) Sir H. T. de la Beche . . . restricted the term 'Cambrian' to the underlying grauwacke without fossils. Silurian fossils being alone found in what were called Cambrian rocks, the opinion expressed by Sir R. Murchison after his first return from Russia—'that the so-called Cambrian rocks which contain fossils are merely geographical extensions (under those different mineral characters so admirably described by Professor Sedgwick) of the Lower Silurian deposits of the typical region . . . in Shropshire and the adjacent counties'—must be regarded to be fully verified. But it has been truly remarked that all territorial designations in geology can only be provisional, and that the dawn of an era in the science is already perceptible when the terms 'Silurian' and 'Cambrian' must both be merged in some purely philosophical appellation."

There is one other subject, however, in connexion with which the name of Sir Roderick Murchison will long be remembered in the world of science and of commerce, and that is the discovery of the gold fields of Australia. When an ancient philosopher was reproached with the fact that all his science had done him no pecuniary good, he replied, as we learn from Aristotle's "Politics," "that money-making was not that to which men of science directed their energies." But Sir Roderick could boast that his own geological researches *did* add to the wealth, if not of himself, at all events of the nation, and especially of our colonial population. The first actual discovery of tangible gold in Australia may possibly have been made by Count Strzelecki, as asserted in the *English Cyclopædia*, or by Mr. Hargreaves, or possibly by shepherds before either the one or the other name was noised abroad ; but for Sir Roderick Murchison must be claimed the credit of having inferred the

presence of gold in the Australian mountain ranges, from the analogy which their formation bore to the Ural Mountains, with the physical outlines of which he had made himself familiar, quite apart from any knowledge of the fact that gold had been picked up on the Australian continent; and not only for this discovery ought his name to be remembered, but also for having endeavoured—though, it must be owned, with very little success at the time—to awaken the attention of the Home Government to the great importance of the subject to the interests of our colonies in the Southern hemisphere.

Sir Roderick, having acted for five years as Secretary of the Geological Society, became President of that body in 1831-32, and again in 1842-43. He was one of the few scientific men who responded at once to the call of Sir David Brewster in 1830 to join in establishing the British Association for the Advancement of Science, of which for several years he acted as General Secretary, and over whose meeting at Southampton in 1846 he presided. He has from year to year taken the most active part in the business of the Geographical Section at its annual meetings, and has communicated very many important papers on these occasions. In 1844 he was elected President of the Royal Geographical Society, was re-elected in the following year, and again in 1852 and in 1856. He has held the Presidential chair of that society down almost to the present time, having been succeeded only a few months ago by Sir Henry Rawlinson; and his zeal and energy in supporting the cause of his friend and fellow-countryman, Dr. Livingstone, and the persistent faith in his safety which he has always felt and expressed when the most sanguine have been doubtful and downhearted, will long be remembered. Indeed, by his letters in our columns, and in those of our contemporaries, upon the exploration of Central Africa, he had almost come to be regarded by the public as a sort of standing counsel on the subject of Dr. Livingstone, and also upon the value of the researches of Speke, Grant, and Baker in investigating the sources of the Nile. His energy in advocating the search after Sir John Franklin, and his successful appeal for the erection of a monument to that enterprising explorer, Lieutenant Bellot, of the French Navy, are among the proofs of his entire and hearty self-devotion to such good causes.

The memoirs and other contributions of Sir Roderick Murchison to science, which have been published in the "Transactions" of the Geological and other learned Societies, are said to exceed a hundred in number.

The later years of Sir Roderick Murchison's life have been devoted, like the earlier, to labour and hard work, and the recent Blue-book upon Coal contains the results of much thoughtful study and research by him. In 1855 he succeeded the late Sir Henry de la Beche as Director of the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyn-street, which has owed its efficiency for the last 15 years very largely to his energy and constant attention. It is almost needless to add that he received recognition of his discoveries in science from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, by the bestowal on him of their Honorary Degree; and that he was a member of nearly all the learned societies upon the Continent, including the Imperial Institute of France. He was also one of the Trustees of the British Museum, and Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom.

In 1863 Sir Roderick Murchison was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath (Civil Division), and in the following year he received the prize, named after Baron Cuvier, from the French Institute, and at home the Wollaston medals, in recognition of his contributions to geology as an inductive science. To this it should be added that in 1859 he was rewarded by the Royal Society of Scotland with the first Brisbane gold medal for his scientific classification of the Highland rocks, and for the establishment of the remarkable fact that the cardinal gneiss of the north-west coasts is the oldest rock in the strata of the British Isles. He was created a baronet in January, 1866. Sir Roderick Murchison married, in 1815, Charlotte, only daughter of the late General Francis Hugonin, but was left a widower early in the year 1869. As he had no issue by his marriage, his title becomes extinct by his death; but his name will long be remembered in the world of science as the author and elaborator of the Silurian System.

(LEADING ARTICLE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1871.)

Yesterday we had to discharge the melancholy duty of summing up the achievements of two distinguished Englishmen taken from us almost simultaneously. It would be hard to find an instance of a closer parallel, combined with stronger contrasts, than the lives of MURCHISON and BABBAGE present. These men were born almost at the same time, and, after a career in each case of high renown, they died within four days of each other. Both were devoted to science, both made memorable discoveries, both carried their work up to the latest period of life, and both attained eminence and fame. On the other hand, one was successful, popular, and fortunate almost beyond example, while to the other even his scientific triumphs seemed to become occasions of disappointment. Something of this contrast may have been due to the nature of their respective studies, but more, perhaps, to their respective characters, and to the infallible action of disposition or position in social life. In the end Sir RODERICK MURCHISON departed full of honours as of years, and numbering his friends by hundreds in every capital of Europe, while his equally able and laborious contemporary died in comparative isolation and obscurity.

In truth, even if Mr. BABBAGE'S temper had been less captious, his studies were not of a kind to be easily popularized. Geology, as we all know, is the favourite science for all public discourses from an evening lecture to a congressional address. It combines easily with excursions, picnics, and holidays. Its doctrines up to a certain point are readily impressed on the mind and recognized as true. The history of our earth is essentially an attractive history, and it is not absolutely necessary to study it very deeply. The Silurian, Devonian, and Permian systems, by the discovery or establishment of which Sir RODERICK MURCHISON'S reputation was made, are the studies of a life for the learned, but everybody can understand and appreciate the demonstrations and conclusions out of which the discoveries gradually arise. It was not so with the pursuits of Mr. BABBAGE. In one of the most mysterious chapters of "Zanoni," Lord LYTTON begins to introduce the reader to the secret properties of numbers as affecting the arts of magic, but he suddenly breaks off into asterisks and leaves the tantalized reader with the fragment of a tale. The science of numbers, into whatever fields it may be carried, was the science to which Mr. BABBAGE devoted his days; but, wonderful as the results of his labours may have been, they could never, from the very nature of the case, be made popular. That they ever brought him, indeed, the distinction which was certainly his right was owing mainly to the strange shape which one of his inventions accidentally assumed. Arithmetical calculations must necessarily be uninteresting to the multitude, but when people were told that a machine had been invented for working out these calculations by means of wheels or watchwork, the idea was at once comprehensible and marvellous. In reality "BABBAGE'S Machine" scarcely admits of simple or popular description, but the mere fact that inanimate metal could be made to perform the subtle work of man's brain came home to the public mind as a thing to be remembered for ever. There was truth, too, in the story. Though Mr. BABBAGE'S instrument was repudiated by the Treasury, the idea of such a machine in a more manageable form has since been turned to account and utilized in Government offices. Mr. BABBAGE'S merit consisted in discovering that certain properties of numbers admitted of calculation or treatment by a purely mechanical process, and then in devising the machinery required. Except, however, for the miraculous aspect of this particular exploit, the name of BABBAGE would perhaps be little known beyond scientific circles. Logarithms and Insurance tables are highly useful, but not very agreeable reading, and it is hardly surprising that a man absorbed in such compilations should have become somewhat irritable under not wholly imaginary persecutions.

It must be taken, we suppose, as a characteristic of our national institutions that both BABBAGE and MURCHISON failed to interest the Government of the day in the discoveries they announced. There is really no telling what might have been the fruits of the calculating machine, as developed and perfected under the hands of its own inventor, but Sir ROBERT PEEL

—certainly no timorous or unpatriotic Minister—thought the resources of the British Empire unequal to the completion of this extraordinary engine, and so the work was stayed. Just so did Sir RODERICK MURCHISON in vain predict the gold discoveries of Australia, and urge the importance of the question on Ministerial minds. He argued, from analogies of formation and character, that the Australian mountain ranges must, like the Ural mountains, contain mines of gold; but even gold itself, it seems, may be bought too dear if purchased at the expense of State action. Sir RODERICK, however, lived to see all his speculations realized without anybody's aid, and perhaps without anybody's loss; but Mr. BABBAGE was mortified by finding the fruits of his labours sacrificed to what he naturally considered a mean spirit of economy. He had expended upon his machine no inconsiderable portion of his own patrimony, but the Government, notwithstanding, or, perhaps, in consequence of, the magnitude of the prospect, declined to become responsible for the future charge, and so the drawings of this marvellous invention now repose in the obscurity of a Metropolitan Museum to testify to after ages the ways and the wisdom of our own time.

Perhaps something of the singular difference in the fortunes of these two men may be traced to the contrasts of their early life and work. Mr. BABBAGE, as soon as he became anything, became a mathematician, and, with the exception of a hasty dash into politics, never became anything else. Sir RODERICK MURCHISON was once a soldier, coming of a good soldierly stock, and never thought of geology till he was full thirty years old. While young BABBAGE was an undergraduate at Cambridge, absorbed in what were then the only studies of the place, and occupied only with the idea of substituting analysis for synthesis in mathematical reasoning, young MURCHISON was fighting in the Peninsula under Sir JOHN MOORE and Lord WELLINGTON, learning the lessons taught by a great war and acquiring the manifold experience of a military life. Such a training gave him a wonderful advantage, if not in science, at any rate in society. He had studied men as well as books, and had seen the countries and customs of strange people while the Cambridge mathematician was intent only on the symbols of algebra. In the one case an experienced and well-connected soldier became, almost by accident, a popular geologist; in the other, a student of Numbers pursued his researches in Arithmetic with a single-minded and never-swerving application to the one subject before him. When BABBAGE was foiled in his desire to benefit his age, he made of the disappointment a personal as well as a public grievance; but the neglect of the great prediction of gold in Australia never seems to have in the least embittered the mind of MURCHISON. Above all, MURCHISON had such a genial power of sympathy that the triumphs of others became his own. No better evidence can be needed of his generous and expansive intellect than the manner in which he identified himself with the fortunes of his friend LIVINGSTONE, and clung so tenaciously to his faith in the traveller's return. That, indeed, represents the last phase of his life, and with that subject on his mind he rested from his labours. His contemporary rests also, not, perhaps, with less real right to renown, but after a career strangely inferior in what the world regards as fortune or success.

LORD MAYO.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1872.)

Yesterday afternoon the terrible news was flashed to London that the Right Hon. Richard Southwell Bourke, Earl of Mayo, Her Majesty's Viceroy in India, had been assassinated last Thursday by a Mahomedan convict at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands.

The murdered Earl, who was the eldest of the seven sons of Robert, fifth Lord Mayo (for some years one of the Representative Peers for Ireland), was born in the City of Dublin on the 21st of February, 1822, so that he was within a few days of completing the fiftieth year of his age. His mother was Anne Charlotte, only child of the late Hon. John Jocelyn, and granddaughter of Robert, first Earl of Roden. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree as Bachelor and Master of Arts in the

regular course, and was created a Doctor of Laws in 1852; he was for a short time a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the late Lord Heytesbury while that nobleman held the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, and entered Parliament at the General Election of 1847 in the Conservative interest as one of the members for the county of Kildare, in which a large portion of the estates of the Bourkes is situated. He did not, however, again contest that county in 1852, but was content to sit during the next Parliament as member for the borough of Coleraine. He continued to represent Coleraine down to the General Election of 1857, when he transferred his services to the electors of Cockermouth, in which borough the interest of the Wyndhams, with whom he was connected by marriage, was paramount. Here he enjoyed a secure seat, representing that constituency down to the year 1868, when he accepted the Governor-Generalship of India. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland under Lord Derby's first Administration from March to December, 1852, again under his second Administration in 1858, and for a third time in 1866.

Lord Mayo's accession to the family honours in the month of August, 1867, did not remove him from the House of Commons, as he was not a Peer of England or of the United Kingdom.

Lord Mayo was a popular and influential member of the Lower House, and he had shown considerable capacity for public business in his administration of Irish affairs; but his nomination by Mr. Disraeli to the important post of Viceroy of India certainly came as a surprise upon the world. It is only fair to say that Lord Mayo amply justified his nomination, and that he proved himself an able as well as a popular Governor-General. It fell to his lot to encourage the development of the railway and telegraph systems, and to preside at the opening of those very lines to which Lord Dalhousie looked forward so earnestly and so confidently as the material guarantees of our dominion in Asia; and in the encouragement of education and of commercial and mining enterprise he could not well be surpassed. He had not been many months in India when our own Correspondent at Calcutta wrote of him in the following terms; —

"Lord Mayo promises to be as popular in India as his friends at home expected. Since he landed at Bombay, and especially in his replies to addresses from the public bodies of Calcutta since he became Governor-General, he has shown great tact and *bonhommie* not unaccompanied by dignity and a due sense of responsibility. Socially his popularity is likely to be always great, whatever his administrative ability may prove to be. He has restored the old *régime* which prevailed in Government-house in Lord Dalhousie's days. Lord Canning, as you are aware, made no personal friends, and had few attached admirers till the last year of his life. Even had he not been essentially cold, almost to repulsiveness, in his disposition, the crisis with which he was called to deal would have sufficed to isolate him. All the love and admiration of the public were accordingly directed to his wife, who was looked on as the very noblest English lady who ever adorned Anglo-Indian life. Lord Elgin talked platitudes on principle, and rather outraged experienced officials by declining to discuss any Indian question with them. Sir John Lawrence was, even in Government-house, the man of the people; his triumphs were of a very different order from those of society. The very opposite of Lord Elgin in this respect, it was his habit to neglect all for the one man in the room with whom a talk would be most profitable. In utter ignorance of the fact, too, his social arrangements for two or three years were not very fortunate, and his popularity suffered. All this has been changed. The style of 'The Castle' reigns in Government-house, and many are delighted with the change. It will be Lord Mayo's own fault if he does not achieve at least an average reputation as Governor-General of India."

He married, in October, 1848, the Hon. Blanche Julia Wyndham, fourth daughter of George, first Lord Leconfield, by whom he has left a family of two daughters and four sons, all under age. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Dermot Robert Wyndham, Lord Naas, a cornet in the 10th Hussars, who was born in July 1851, and was educated at Eton.

The Bourkes, of County Kildare, whom Lord Mayo represented, have been connected by the ties of family and property with that county ever since the "troubles" of 1641, when their ancestor, John Bourke, a son of Bourke of Monycrower, county Mayo, and a descendant of the Bourkes of Ballinrobe, and having held a captaincy of Horse under Lord Ormonde, settled at Kill, County Kildare. His son became "of Palmerstown," near Naas, which is still the seat of the family; and

his grandson, the Right Hon. John Bourke, of Kill and Monycrower, was raised to the Irish Peerage as a Baron, and subsequently advanced to the Viscountcy and Earldom. The third Lord Mayo became in his day Archbishop of Tuam, and his son, the grandfather of the late Governor-General, was Bishop of Waterford and Lismore down to his decease in November, 1832.

(LEADING ARTICLE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1872:)

A great calamity has befallen the State. Lord MAYO, Governor-General of India, was assassinated on the evening of the 8th inst., at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands. The murderer is stated to be an Afghan convict named SHERE ALI, who had been convicted of murder by the Commissioner of Peshawur in 1867, and sentenced to transportation for life. He rushed upon the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in the dark, as he was about to enter a boat, and stabbed him twice; the wounds proved fatal in a few hours. Lord MAYO has fallen a victim to his own energy and zeal for the public service. After having made himself acquainted with the most important districts of India, in the course of his three years' rule, and impressed both European and Native with the conviction that he was determined to see and able to judge for himself, Lord MAYO proposed to visit British Burmah, and its flourishing capital, Rangoon. In the Bay of Bengal lie the Andaman Islands, which have for some years been used as penal settlements for Indian malefactors. It may be that the visit of Lord MAYO was connected with the complaints of a too lax discipline which had reached the Government from these settlements. The convicts were said to have far too much liberty and far too little work; they were constantly unruly, and were allowed to indulge in strong drink. Lord MAYO, according to the telegram, had inspected the several stations in the Settlement, and was returning to his ship, when the assassin attacked him. It appears to be the custom when a convict has served a certain time to release him from hard labour, to give him partial freedom, and allow him to work at a trade. If the murderer had been thus released, it would account for his being at large on the beach, and also for his possession of a deadly weapon. But, as he only came to the Settlement in 1869, and was a convicted murderer, it is scarcely credible that his punishment had been so soon remitted.

It would be useless to dissemble the painful impression this act is likely to produce in India and at home. People will at once ask whether it is the offspring of vengeance or of fanaticism. Coming close upon the murder of Mr. Justice NORMAN, it may arouse a suspicion that, though no actual conspiracy exists among the Mussulmans of India, there is a freemasonry of hatred which may at any time have dangerous consequences. On such a subject it is impossible to speak with any confidence, but it will occur to all of us, after the first shock of the intelligence is over, that there is nothing in this crime which need cause political apprehension. The murderer is a Mussulman, and comes of one of the most fanatical races with which we have to deal. But he is also a convict, a man already condemned for shedding blood, and consequently one whose particular and exceptional criminality may be presumed. It is evident that he can have had nothing to do with any late development of fanaticism, for he was convicted in 1867, and has been on the islands since 1869. His crime was probably the vengeance of a ferocious ruffian who finds that the Chief of the Government which transported him and made him work is for a moment in his power, and who can listen to nothing but the frenzy within him. We fear it will be necessary to take precautions against assassins for some time to come, for one crime of this sort produces another; but that the present murder has any political significance or indicates any common movement of Mussulman fanaticism, we see no reason to believe.

The tribute paid to Lord MAYO's merits by the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. GLADSTONE in their respective Houses last evening will receive a warm assent from every one who has followed his course in India. He has succeeded far beyond the expectations entertained of him even by his own friends. As a hearty, genial Parliamentary politician, with readiness, observation, and a taste for hard work, he served as Chief Secretary for Ireland in each of the three recent Conservative Governments. In 1867, as Lord NAAS succeeded his father as Earl of MAYO but as an Irish

Peer, he still retained his seat in the House of Commons for the English borough of Cockermouth. In 1868 he was appointed Governor-General of India, amid a good deal of hostile criticism. Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded almost immediately, but wisely confirmed the appointment, and from that time to his untimely death the India Office, under the Duke of ARGYLL, has worked in perfect harmony with Lord MAYO. To this the Duke bore witness yesterday, "I never had the honour of Lord MAYO's acquaintance," he says, "but we came into office at almost the same time, and I am happy to say that from that time our connexions have been most friendly, and I may say most cordial. I think I may go further, and say that there has not been one very serious difference of opinion between us on any question connected with the Government of India." The Duke of ARGYLL proceeded to say that, in the opinion of HER MAJESTY'S present Ministers, the conduct of Lord MAYO in his high office amply justified the choice of their predecessors. These are not words of conventional eulogy. The Duke of ARGYLL and his Council, and all interested in Indian affairs, know that Lord MAYO has proved an excellent Viceroy. His more valuable qualities have been developed by the exigencies of his great office to a higher degree than in the comparative obscurity of Parliamentary life. He set to work with extraordinary vigour to make himself master of every administrative detail, and to leave his mark on India. Conquest was over; the turn of material improvement and social progress had come. Lord MAYO saw this and acted upon it. In every department of Government his independence of thought, and his habit of examining everything for himself have begun to produce fruits. He has turned the attention of his Government to the encouragement of agriculture; he has worked at the development of a railway system which should be specially fitted for the country. His dealings with the natives, high and low, have been unexceptionable. He has received the Princes in becoming state and with the dignified courtesy which makes so deep an impression on the Asiatic. He had lately held some of the most imposing Durbars that had ever been seen in India. In these ceremonies he was as successful as the most distinguished Governors of the old school—a WELLESLEY or a HASTINGS. At the same time, he fully recognized the rights of the population in the Native States to a beneficial exercise of the tutelage we have assumed over them. In India mere non-interference will not suffice. There, at least, it is not true that the best Government is that which governs least. The initiative must come from above, and the Government is the real source of all reforms. There has never been a period more fertile than the present in schemes of social improvement, and in these enterprises Lord MAYO has taken not only formally, but actively the leading part.

And now he is cut off on the shores of a Convict Settlement by the hand of an obscure criminal! The GOVERNOR-GENERAL had just returned from the North-West Provinces, where he had been encircled with all that the world can produce of pomp and display; he had entertained a neighbouring Potentate at Calcutta with Viceregal splendour, and had embarked for the Andamans, a few years since the haunt of pirates, now the dens of ruffians still more ignoble and brutal. But, at least, he died in the service of his country. He is the first in the glorious list of Indian Viceroys who has perished by direct violence; but, to say the truth, India has been a fatal field of late for statesmen. The Marquis of DALHOUSIE, after ruling for nearly eight years with a vigour which will long be the subject of controversy, returned home in shattered health, and soon passed away. Lord CANNING came home only to die. Lord ELGIN died in a little village of Cashmere. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, who ruled thirty years ago, died the other day. Lord LAWRENCE, the immediate predecessor of Lord MAYO, now alone remains of the Indian Viceroys of our time.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1872.)

We have to announce to-day the death of a man who in his time has played a most singular part upon the theatre of European politics; one whose name has for years been regarded as a symbol of Revolution, or rather of Republicanism; one in whose personal character there were many fine and noble qualities; but still a man who was feared even more widely than he was loved, and one whose departure from the scene of action, to say the least, will be no unwelcome news to several crowned and discrowned members of the family of European Sovereigns. He was the man who ever "troubled Israel" by his ceaseless efforts in the cause of Republicanism, and now at length he is at rest. He died on Sunday, at Pisa.

Joseph—or, to give him his Italian name, Giuseppe—Mazzini, was born at Genoa, where his father was a physician of note and of good private means. The year of his birth is variously given as 1806, 1808, and 1809. Be this as it may, he was an only son, and his early education was conducted with great care and pains by his parents, who sent him to one of the public schools, and afterwards to the University of his native city. In youth, he was noted for the warmth of his friendships, the strength and determination of his will, and the susceptibility of his feelings. From childhood, it is said, sentiments of social equality were fostered in him by his parents. As a youth he was intended for the legal profession; but the strong Liberal opinions he had imbibed as a child, and his conviction that the oppressed condition of his country called for men of action and public spirit, and that a noble course lay open before anyone who would give himself up, heart and soul, to the work of reforming her, led him to devote himself to a political career. In his ardent aspirations for the national unity of Italy, it seemed to him that her deliverance from foreign tyranny was to be achieved only by a return to the Republican glories of ancient times. His patriotic enthusiasm in this direction was fostered by his early studies, which developed in him a passionate idea of the glories of a Republic, and by the success which he had achieved in literature while still little more than a youth. In 1827 appeared his maiden essay, "Dell' Amor Patrio di Dante," which was published in a Liberal journal, the *Subalpino*. This led him to contribute other historical, philosophical, and critical papers to the *Antologia* of Florence and the *Indicatore Genovese*. But the authorities, perceiving that the periodical literature of Italy was becoming far too strongly tainted with advanced Liberal opinions, suppressed these journals, and hoped, no doubt, thereby to have silenced their writers also.

This result, however, by no means followed; they were gagged for the moment, but their voice was left to find an utterance elsewhere. About the year 1830, Mazzini was affiliated to the secret society of the Carbonari, and this affiliation was the introductory step to his subsequent political life; he was active, able, bold, and impetuous, and he soon rose into a position which gave him great influence in the councils of that body. At one time it appeared as if his career was likely to be cut short, for he was betrayed by a Piedmontese spy, arrested, and detained for six months as a prisoner in the fortress of Savona. He was set free at the end of that time only on condition of quitting Italy, and he came out of captivity to begin a life of "exile and apostleship," as he termed it, by founding the association of La Giovine Italia, and starting at the same time, and under that same title, at Marseilles, a monthly journal, the chief end and aim of which was the "regeneration" of Italy. It was about this time, too, that he addressed to Charles Albert the celebrated letter which drew down on him a sentence of perpetual banishment from his native country.

It must be owned, however, that "Young Italy" was an improvement on the Carbonarism which it superseded; at all events, it was more humanitarian—more catholic in its scope. In addition to the Republican union of all Italy under one common system of law, and the extinction of all foreign rule, the general principles of this new League enforced on its members the duty of working for the common "moral regeneration" of Italy and the establishment of political equality, not in the Italian Peninsula only, but throughout Europe and the world. Its watchword was "Liberty, Equality, and Humanity;" its motto, "God and the

People ;" the white, red, and green were adopted as their tricolour ; and it was said that henceforth education and insurrection were to supersede assassination as their arms of attack.

Mazzini was the life, soul, and centre of this formidable League, which soon spread through the capitals of Europe a network of similar Associations, each modified so as to suit the requirements of the several nations. Mazzini found himself speedily banished from Marseilles, and for several months he was forced to live in concealment. Still the "Giovine Italia" was not without its effects. Its first fruit was a revolutionary expedition into Savoy, which was organized at Geneva, but defeated by the Royal troops. For his own ascertained share in the affair Mazzini was sentenced to death in the Sardinian courts, but he managed to keep his head on his shoulders, and to live to recommence his revolutionary enterprise with renewed vigour and with enlarged aims. His "Young Italy" having been suppressed—at all events for a time—he now founded in Switzerland another association, which he called "New Europe," based on the principles of European rights and the widest enfranchisement of the people. In 1837 he quitted Switzerland and took up his abode in London, which subsequently, for many a long year, he made, for the most part, his head-quarters of operations in the Italian cause. He took, it is almost needless to say, a very prominent part in the great European crisis of 1848—a crisis, which no doubt, he helped as largely as any other man to bring about. In February, 1849, he was elected a member of the Tuscan Provisional Government, and in the following month he was chosen one of the Triumvirate of Rome amid the rejoicings of Italy. His presence at Rome was the more welcome because his ideas had long preceded him thither, and, indeed, may be said to have aided in that revolution of which Rome was then the triumphant scene.

It has been the fashion to consider Mazzini as a simple destructive, as a man able and willing to pull down, but not to build up. It deserves, however, to be remembered in his favour that, true to the best part of the principles propounded in the literature of his "Young Italy," Mazzini's tenure of the supreme authority at Rome was marked by such wisdom and moderation, and attended with such consequent success, as to elicit a public tribute of admiration from the lips of so Conservative a statesman as Lord Palmerston. He was the mainspring of the defence of Rome against the French ; and on the surrender of that city Mazzini quitted Italy and took up his abode at Lausanne, in Switzerland.

At this period he made his name famous in France by addressing to M. de Tocqueville and other French statesmen some most bitter and reproachful letters on the high-handed policy pursued in that country ; and finding his Continental residence too hot to hold him, he returned to London, not, however, with any idea of abandoning his long-cherished hopes for Italian unity. It was at his instigation that the insurrections at Milan in 1853 and in Piedmont some three or four years later were attempted. In 1859, while lending the whole weight of his influence to the revolutionary movements in Italy, he opposed with vigilance and foresight the threatened predominance of France in the south of Europe, and refused to place faith in the Liberal programme of the French Emperor. The Sicilian expedition of 1860 owed perhaps as much to the subtle prudence and secret organization of Mazzini as to the personal heroism of Garibaldi, with whom at one time, shortly after the return of the Austrians to Milan, he wandered about as a volunteer. How far it is true that in the course of subsequent events he helped on the cause of Italian unity, as his friends assert, or how far, by his impracticability, he stood in the way of the realization of Italian hopes, we must leave the future historian to decide. His warm advocates, however, do not scruple to assert that, "as the price of seeing an Italy strong enough to live her own life even under a Monarchical form of Government, he willingly renounced the far dearer dream he had ever cherished of an united Italian Republic."

Of late years Mazzini's health was such as to help to keep him in comparative seclusion, although he still contrived to exercise a considerable, though silent, influence on the affairs of the Continent. Once, at least, he was elected by Messina as its representative, but he declined or neglected to take his seat, and his election, consequently, was declared informal. Early in the present year he took up his residence at Geneva, where he was recently described as very feeble, shattered in health, and able to walk about on bright sunny days only by the help of a stick.

Mazzini was a copious writer. The list of his works fills nearly ten pages of the

catalogue of the British Museum. A perfect master not only of Italian but of French and of English literature, he became years ago a commentator upon *Dante*, the author of works on philosophy, and a constant contributor to some of the most thoughtful periodical literature in Paris and in London. He could spare time from his philosophic study to provide for the relief and education of the poor Italian organ-boys who wander about the streets of London; and he would turn from the warfare of politics to write in his *Apostolato Popolare*, for the benefit of Italian workmen, sermons "on the duties of man." There is no more masterly analysis of the faults and shortcomings of the Economic and Socialist schools than that which he contributed some years ago to the columns of the *People's Journal*, or any more profound criticism on Thomas Carlyle's writings than that which is said to have proceeded from his pen in the *Westminster Review*. His works have been collected by Daelli, of Milan, into twelve volumes, which, if not already published in a complete form, are shortly to appear, with a dedication to Garibaldi.

In private life Giuseppe Mazzini was accomplished and courteous, and gifted with a genial manner, which won regard almost instantly, at least unconsciously. In London he lived in the humblest manner, occupying often only a single room, and generously bestowing the earnings of his pen on the cause which ever lay nearest to his heart. His tall, gaunt form, long face, and high, narrow forehead must be familiar to many of our readers; and, whatever we may think of his political opinions, few will be disposed to question the sincerity, even to fanaticism, of his devotion to one idea—the cause of Italian unity.

(LEADING ARTICLE, TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1872.)

A telegraphic despatch from Pisa announces the death of MAZZINI in that city on Sunday. Only a few days ago a report was in circulation that the veteran agitator was preparing for one of his insurrectionary incursions into the North of Italy. He had been for many months residing at Lugano, in the Swiss Canton Ticino, prostrated by an illness from which he was not expected to recover. It is not unlikely that, in the apprehension of his approaching end, he resolved upon one more attempt, however desperate, by which he might prove his perseverance to the last in his self-appointed mission. He, probably, set out in a sinking condition, and succumbed on the way. If such was the case, MAZZINI may be said to have died as he has lived—a conspirator to his closing day; conspiring now against Italy, as for so many years he conspired for Italy. More than forty years ago MAZZINI'S earliest essays in the Florence *Antologia* were hailed as the development of a new intellectual life in Italy. His depth of thought, his earnest, impassioned manner, his emphatic and almost mystical language, and his warm, expansive sympathy with all that was great and good, took the hearts of his young contemporaries by storm, and made of him one of the leading lights of the age before even his name was known to his readers. Had his lot fallen on quiet times, and had he limited his aspirations to such influence as the pen alone could exercise, he might have left a conspicuous mark on his age and country, and his name would now be pronounced with reverence and sorrow. But he deemed himself "a man of action," and set up as a leader and ruler of his fellow-beings; though he was a solitary man, who knew little of the world about him, and was incapable of looking out of himself.

MAZZINI grew up with a generation of Italians whom the revival of a "Kingdom of Italy" under the First NAPOLEON had taught to dream of a resurrection of their country. He has been credited with originating the idea of a united Italy, though his merit, perhaps, consisted only in his firm faith that it would eventually be realized. The idea is as old as DANTE, MACHIAVELLI, and ALFIERI; and MAZZINI was still almost in his infancy when men as high-minded as himself died for it. Nor was he a man above expedients; he was not throughout an uncompromising Republican. His very first address was to CHARLES ALBERT of SAVOY; his first schemes were how to gather Italy under the sceptre of a Constitutional King. CHARLES ALBERT was as true-hearted a patriot as MAZZINI himself. But he had at his accession in 1831 the Austrian's foot on his neck. LOUIS PHILIPPE sent him word that "he had trouble enough with his own Constitution in Paris, without making himself the champion of a constitution in Turin." CHARLES ALBERT, in MAZZINI'S estimation, lacked faith, as

well he might, considering that his alternative lay "between the dagger of the Republicans and the chocolate of the Jesuits." CHARLES ALBERT lacked faith in 1831; so did PIUS IX. in 1847, when MAZZINI appealed to him "to be a believer." MAZZINI alone had faith, and he was sure he could remove mountains; but they were mountains in labour, and the world knows what became of them. For above thirty years MAZZINI strove to "make" Italy. He bade his countrymen put no faith in Princes. He wrote on his banner "GOD and the People." He proclaimed a Republic; an Italian Republic; a Universal Republic; a Young Italy, with a whole sisterhood of Young Nations. Politics were with him of less moment than social questions; moral problems of less consequence than the Religion he had discovered for himself. Country and Humanity were with him blended in one indivisible idea. Of that idea he alone sounded the depth. He was its High Priest; he wrestled hard with himself to give it utterance both in learned and popular writings, but it has remained a riddle, if not to all, at least to the vast generality of mortals. Of one thing alone he was sure—that he could be no man's fellow-worker either in thought or action. Men might learn from him, serve under him, sacrifice themselves for him, but they could have nothing in common with him. With such a cast of mind, and with warm and generous impulses, it can be easily understood that there was nothing MAZZINI would not attempt; nothing that he could achieve. He had "the peoples" with him. What forces could France, or Austria, or the whole world muster against him? The world well knows the results of his campaigns—his attack on Savoy, the BANDIERA tragedy at Naples, that of PISACANE in Sicily, the riots at Milan, the wanton bloodshed at Genoa, the hundred plots baffled by as many treasons, the many ventures to which MAZZINI committed all who believed in him.

Yet how many were they who to the very last believed in MAZZINI? His faith forty years ago was in "Young Italy." He taught his disciples to look with contempt upon every man above thirty or forty years of age. But Young Italy with gray hair, Young Italy on the wrong side of sixty, exercised as irresistible a fascination on inexperienced youth as when he first shone among his exiled countrymen at Marseilles, and his pale, ascetic, but transcendently bright countenance, his inspired language, his loving address, made his enthusiasm irresistibly catching. No man won so many admirers as MAZZINI, and yet secured so few friends. If we except a few devoted Englishwomen, there is hardly a human being whom long familiarity had not estranged from MAZZINI. With manners consummately affable and courteous he combined an overweening conceit and a narrowness and bigotry of view which hardly tolerated independent minds. He was a lonely genius, all apart from the common ways of other mortals, spurning the suggestions of the plainest common-sense, professing to do all for his fellow-beings, yet nothing with them or by their aid. Of the different ranks of society he from the first proscribed the highest. Then he quarrelled with the middle classes. The lowest alone, the very dregs, were MAZZINI's own "people"; they alone were uncorrupted, incorruptible. Later in life, however, faith even in them died away in the heart of the Democrat, and with candid contempt he repudiated the Paris Commune. He gave up the hope of ever being a prophet in his own country in his own age; his only trust was in a coming generation, where the germ of his idea could alone attain full development.

MAZZINI was disappointed in his own Italy—the Italy of the present day—an Italy to which, indeed, he gave a mighty impulse, but which has been "made" as it is without him, "made" in spite of him. He was never very warm in his praise of living friends, and he was apt to denounce as adversaries all who were so unfortunate as to differ from him. He was sure that "CHARLES ALBERT had betrayed Italy; that VICTOR EMMANUEL would also end by betraying her." Upon the strength of these convictions he mined the ground in the rear of the Piedmontese Army in Lombardy in 1848; and, even after the formation of the Italian Kingdom, he was more indefatigable in his attacks on the KING's troops at Milan or Genoa than even on the Austrians at Venice or the French at Rome. Freely re-admitted to his country, and elected to the House of Deputies, he chose an exile's lot, in consistency with his Republican faith, regardless of the wounds his declaration inflicted on SAFFI, on FABRIZI, on a hundred of his former Republican associates, who looked upon Republicanism as a means, not as an end, and who thought they could best serve their country by aiding, not by thwarting, the Government it had chosen for itself. Even with GARI-

BALDI, who had been his right arm at Rome, and had followed his fortunes in a hundred enterprises, MAZZINI seemed determined not to die in peace. The controversy with which these two champions of Democracy and their partisans lately filled the Italian newspapers has contributed, by revealing the impracticability of their different political theories, to rally the people round the KING'S Government more efficiently than any wise or liberal measure of the Government itself. Yet there is no doubt that MAZZINI and GARIBALDI had each his own great mission to fulfil, and the valour and wisdom displayed by the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849 did almost as much to raise the Italians in their own and their neighbours' estimation as the exploits of the Piedmontese Army in the Crimea and Lombardy, or the political and diplomatic achievements of the great Piedmontese statesman. Unfortunately, few are the men "happy in the opportunity of death"; fewer still those who know when they have reached the zenith of their orbit, and when it becomes them to withdraw from the world. Who shall tell how much better it would have been for GARIBALDI and MAZZINI, as well as for Italy, if the former had never left Caprera after he took leave of the King to whom he had made a present of the Two Sicilies, and if the latter had come back from Italy to his books and his friends in London, and desisted from those insurrectionary attempts which were sometimes tragical, sometimes ridiculous, when made against Austria, but which became simply criminal when directed against Italy?

LORD DALLING AND BULWER.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1872.)

Literary and political aspirants of forty-five years ago may remember three competitors, constantly together, who attracted attention by their social position, their personal gifts, and their easy, careless, unmistakable air of latent superiority. They had hitherto done little or nothing to distinguish them from other young men of promise, although they looked and talked as if they could do anything or everything when they chose to set about it. But they had turned aside from College honours; they would hardly take the trouble of getting up a subject for a debating club; and the most admiring of their contemporaries would have been startled to be told that this sauntering, pleasure-loving, *poccuranti* trio were to become, one, Lord Chief Justice of England, the mainstay and ornament of the Judicial Bench; another, an eminent statesman and one of the most popular writers of the age; the third, the representative of Great Britain as chief of some half-dozen Embassies in succession ending with Constantinople, and a successful author to boot. We need hardly say that we are speaking of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Lytton, and his elder brother, Lord Dalling and Bulwer, familiarly known as Henry Bulwer, whose character has just been brought within the recognized domain of biography by death. If not the most distinguished, it was certainly not the least remarkable of the three careers; and proves, perhaps, more strikingly than either of the others what volition and energy can effect when ambition or the love of fame has become the master passion, and a well-defined object is in view.

His birth and parentage are well known. Although a second son, he inherited a considerable fortune from a grandmother. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, which he left without taking a degree, and became a cornet in the Life Guards. But nature never meant him for the military profession, and finding the regimental duties very little to his taste, he speedily sold out, and, after an expedition which produced his "Autumn in Greece," became a diplomatist. He was attached to the Berlin Embassy in 1827, and, taking Paris in his way, won there between six and seven thousand pounds at play. This he adroitly converted into the starting-point and foundation of his diplomatic fortunes. There was then a whist-playing set at Berlin, mustering principally at Prince Wittgenstein's, and including the leading personages of the Court. The high stakes (500 louis the rubber was not uncommon) kept the members of the English Embassy aloof, with the exception of Bulwer, who fearlessly risked his recently-acquired capital. Although by no means a first-rate whist player, he eventually came off a winner, and from the incidental gossip

of Princes and Ambassadors at the card-table he learnt a great deal about more important matters from which his official superiors were shut out. He was transferred from Berlin to Vienna, and from Vienna to the Hague, from which, in 1830, when the Belgian Revolution broke out, he was despatched to watch its progress and report on the probability of its success. In the performance of this duty he attended a public meeting, at which a well-known English Radical presented himself, and told the assembled Belgians that, come what might, they might reckon on the support of his countrymen. Bulwer rose directly afterwards to say that he himself, the member of an Embassy, was no great things, *peu de chose*—that his friend was nothing and nobody, and that the patriots whom he had the honour to address had better rely on their own patriotic efforts than on the promises of English co-operation made without the semblance of authority by this gentleman.

His reports were so far satisfactory that, when Belgium became a kingdom, he was made Secretary of Legation at Brussels, where he subsequently acted as Chargé d'Affaires. While the settlement of Belgium was still pending, he made an arrangement with the late Lord Pembroke for a seat in Parliament for the borough of Wilton, which he helped to disfranchise by his vote on the second reading of the first Reform Bill in 1831. This act of self-sacrifice was not approved by the electors, who would have nothing more to say to him at the ensuing election, whereupon he got chosen for Coventry, which he represented till the dissolution of 1832. He sat for Marylebone from 1833 to 1837, and made two or three speeches, especially one on Spanish affairs, in 1836, which rescued his irregular and intermittent Parliamentary career from the imputation of having been mute or commonplace.

Book XII. of his "Life of Lord Palmerston" is headed :—

"I go to Constantinople as Secretary of Embassy—State of Things there—Characters of Khosreo and Reschid Pashas—Position of Mehemet Ali in Egypt."

This book might pass for a chapter of his own autobiography—a characteristic and most amusing one. Nothing can be better than his account of the way in which he contrived to get a Commercial Treaty from the Porte, or the sketch of that preoccupation of the ambassadorial mind which left the field free for the operations of the Secretary :—

"A new rumour was every day in circulation. The French and English ambassadorial residences were then fixed within a stone's throw of each other, at Therchia, a small village fronting the entrance into the Black Sea ; and the two Ambassadors, Admiral Poussin and Lord Ponsonby, each went to his window on getting out of bed, the one at 6 in the morning, the other at 6 in the afternoon, prepared to see without surprise the Russian Fleet anchored under their eyes. It was, perhaps, the only point on which these representatives of the two countries agreed."

The Treaty was quietly settled and signed before the French Embassy, who had been long manœuvring for a similar one, were aware that it was in progress ; and Bulwer had the gratification of announcing it to the French Secretary, "a charming man, who sang beautifully, was very gallant, and excelled in *calembourgs*," and had declared the Treaty an impossibility :—

French Secretary.—"Is it possible, my friend, that you have played us such a trick."

Bulwer.—"What trick? We have only found possible what you believed impossible."

French Secretary.—"But what is to be done?"

Bulwer.—"Nothing more easy, my dear fellow ; here is a copy of our Treaty, do you get another copy made and signed to-day, and then let the journal at Smyrna (a journal in the French pay) say that this happy result was entirely brought about by Admiral Poussin's influence and your great knowledge of commercial affairs."

The best of the joke was that the French Secretary followed this advice to the letter, and got the entire credit of both Treaties with his countrymen.

In May, 1839, Bulwer was transferred from Constantinople to the more important place of Secretary of Embassy at Paris. Our Ambassadors have or had a knack of being absent from their posts at critical moments, and it so happened that he was Chargé d'Affaires during the Eastern complication of 1840-1841, which threatened at one time to culminate in a European war. His correspondence with Lord Palmerston (given in the Life) is full of interest. His instructions were to discover, if possible, the real intentions of the French Government. M. Thiers's game

was to avoid committing himself to anything that could be construed into an *ultimatum*, and Bulwer used to relate a curious illustration of his method of evading responsibility. The scene is a long room or gallery at Autun, in which the English Secretary and the French Premier are walking up and down, in grave and animated converse. "Well, then," said Bulwer by way of arriving at a result, "I am to tell my Government that your intentions are hostile if the four Powers adhere to their policy." "*Non, mon ami, pas précisément ; vous direz seulement que vous l'avez lu sur ma figure.*" This comes nearer to Sir Stafford Northcote's "understanding of a promise" than anything else recorded in diplomacy.

Some years before (1834) Bulwer had published his "France : Social, Literary, Political," which was followed in 1836 by his "Monarchy of the Middle Classes"—books which, besides being replete with acute observation and fine criticism, may still be consulted with advantage for the valuable information which they convey. By the time he had lived another year in France he had completed his knowledge of the country and the people ; and few Englishmen of our day knew them better, for he had not limited his intercourse to the upper or the political class. He knew both the *grand monde* and the *demi monde* ; he was on the most intimate terms with all the authors and journalists of note ; and one of the most celebrated of Georges Sand's novels ("Maupret") was currently reported to have been suggested or inspired by him. Alluding to the influence of successive male friends on this lady's writings, Madame Emile Girardin (*née* Delphine Gay) remarked that she was an illustration of Buffon's maxim, "*Le style c'est l'homme.*"

Lord Aberdeen, who had replaced Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office in September, 1841, was so pleased by his reports that he requested their continuance during the presence on duty as well as during the absence of his Chief ; and in November, 1843, he gave the best proof of appreciation and approval by naming Bulwer Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid. Here he did good service by arbitrating between Spain and Morocco, and, had his counsels been followed, it is quite conceivable that the famous Spanish marriages might never have come off ; for, acting on an erroneous estimate of the situation, Lord Palmerston (who had returned to office in 1846) backed the wrong candidate, and forwarded M. Guizot's views instead of counteracting them. "*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ.*" Who would have thought that these marriages, which threatened to set the world in arms, would turn out of no historical importance whatever, or that the dynasty they were to make all powerful by the union of the two Crowns, would be uncrowned and in exile within two years !

Bulwer's Spanish mission came to an untimely and disagreeable end in 1848, when Narvaez made him quit the country at a moment's notice on a simulated charge of complicity with the insurgent Liberals ; and his summary dismissal was first made known by his arrival to report himself at the Foreign Office. Lord Palmerston was not the man to throw over a subordinate whose only transgression consisted in carrying out his instructions with spirit by remonstrating against the high-handed and arbitrary courses of the reactionary faction at Madrid. The cause of the expelled Minister was made the cause of the country ; and England remained unrepresented at the Spanish capital till the mutual exasperation had cooled down. In the course of the diplomatic correspondence caused by this affair, the Duc de Sotomayer (the Spanish Secretary for Foreign Affairs), who had lived on terms of intimacy with Bulwer, thought proper to allude to a delicate matter, of a strictly private character, in a way which Bulwer deemed personally offensive, and, under the advice of Count D'Orsay, he had written a letter for the express purpose of provoking a challenge, when two English friends (the late Charles Greville being one), who fortunately became aware of his intention, intervened, and saved him from what might have proved a grave and (for an English public man) very damaging indiscretion. Only just before, however, two Foreign Ministers, with two colleagues for seconds, had fought a duel at Madrid.

In December, 1849, Bulwer was named Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, where he raised an enduring monument to his diplomatic ability by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. We have now before us one of his last letters, dated "Rhoda-on-the-Nile, February 17, 1872," in which he writes :—

"I do regret indeed not being in England. The prophecy I made in withdrawing my motion about America has been too closely fulfilled. Of course the time to settle the question was when

every sensible man in the United States was disgusted by Sumner's speech. By allowing it to lie on the public mind, it sank into it and has become now a semi-national theory. How, when our only inducement to make a treaty was to set this claim for indirect damages at rest we could frame one which opened it is to me miraculous. How they could introduce into such a document the term 'growing out of,' which would hardly occur to any one but a market gardener, is also a marvel. As to the confidence displayed to American statesmen—when I had to make a treaty with them, I took the trouble of going over all their own treaties, and, in important passages, I only used such words as they had used in the sense in which they had used them. Then, when they began their usual disputes about interpretation, I quoted their own authority. All their own newspapers acknowledged I was right, and that I had outwitted Clayton, who died, they said, in consequence."

It is some comfort to think that, if the Supplemental Treaty should pass, neither General Grant, nor Mr. Fish, nor General Schenck is likely to die of mortification at having been outwitted by our diplomatists.

Bulwer was Minister at Florence for about three years, beginning with 1852. In 1855 he was employed on a mission for the settlement of the Danubian Principalities; and in 1857 he was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople in succession to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who exercised an amount of influence to which no representative of a European Power has attained since, or is likely to attain again, partly owing to force of character, and partly to the state of things then, differing so greatly from the present. Turkey is now practically, if not formally, placed under the guardianship or tutelage of the Five Powers (Austria, Prussia, Russia, France, and England), and no one of them could dictate or sway the counsels of the Sublime Porte as England occasionally did prior to the Crimean War. The position of Bulwer is correctly described in the "Conversations-Lexicon," where he is termed "the prop and pillar of the Palmerstonian policy in the East."

He was intensely sensitive to cold, and an amusing story is told of a contest, nearly ending in an open rupture, between him and the French Ambassador touching an open window at his back, which he insisted on having shut. The climate of Constantinople during more than half the year was his constant subject of complaint, and his resignation in 1866 was principally owing to an intimation that the public service might suffer from the prolonged periods of absence which he required. Those who saw him for the first time during the last 10 or 15 years would have wondered how any sustained intellectual or physical exertion was possible with such a frame. Yet the projects he conceived, the literary works he executed, the journeys he undertook in his decline, might have tasked a strong man in his maturity. He vividly recalled Dryden's lines on Shaftesbury:—

"A fiery soul, which working out its way,
"Fretted the puny body to decay,
"And o'er informed the tenement of clay."

But Bulwer's soul was more restless than fiery; he could not exist without movement and agitation; fix him to a spot, forbid excitement, and he would have passed away like that Dutch Governor (mentioned by Washington Irving) who pined away so imperceptibly, that, when he died, there was nothing of him left to bury. Yet the puny invalid, who may have been seen shivering in autumn on the Bosphorus, spent a cold winter month in canvassing Tamworth, and came back the better for it, proving that, frail as he was, he had more of the *malade imaginaire* about him than he would allow. The Greek doctor who long formed part of his establishment openly protested,—"*Moi, Monsieur, lui faire de telles ordonnances! ma tâche journalière c'est de l'empêcher de prendre de la médecine.*" Richelieu signing death warrants with one foot in the grave; Pitt vomiting behind the Speaker's chair by way of preparation for the greatest of his speeches; Scott dictating romances with the cramp in the stomach which made him roll about in agony—these were nothing to Henry Bulwer going down to the House of Commons with a hectic suffocating cough to make a speech on the Irish Church, which there was no imaginable necessity for his making, and which was inaudible to more than the ten or dozen members who closed up to him. These heard enough to convince them that, given the physical requisites, his speech would have proved an undeniable success.

Our high general estimate of his writings has been expressed from time to time on the successive appearances of his works. They are incomplete in many respects, especially as regards artistic

finish, but most of them, especially the latest, derived a marked value and attraction from the circumstance that the author had been practically conversant with affairs, that he had been mixed up with the events he describes, that he had made, or assisted in making, as well as written, history.

Among his many personal gifts was one which almost exceptionally distinguished him. His temper was perfect, and it was not a temper painfully formed by habits of self-restraint It arose from genuine sweetness of disposition, from unaffected amiability, from a kind, gentle, affectionate nature. When he mingled in the polemics of diplomacy or literature he wielded the weapon of controversy like a small sword, and "never carried away a heart-stain on the blade." His grace, his tact, his refinement of tone, his high-bred manner made him a general favourite in society; and what Scott says of Rashleigh Osbaldistone's conversation may be said of Bulwer's :—

"He was never loud, never over-bearing, never so much occupied with his own thoughts as to outrun either the patience or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His ideas succeeded each other with the gentle but unremitting flow of a plentiful and bounteous spring; while I have heard those of others, who aimed at distinction in conversation, rush along like the turbid gush from the sluice of a millpond, as hurried and as easily exhausted."

Bulwer always talked his best, and always took up by preference the topics on which mind could meet mind and glowing thoughts or sparkling fancies might be struck out. He was past 68 when he died, but his vivacity was unabated, his vitality seemed unimpaired, and those who knew him best were so accustomed to see him overcoming matter by mind, that they were no less startled than saddened by the announcement that the most delightful of companions, the truest and most sympathizing of friends, was taken from them.

CHARLES LEVER.

(Obituary Notice, Friday, June 7, 1872.)

When a novel-writer drops off in the fulness of years he may find old admirers to lament him, but generally he will be scarcely missed by the public. The waning of his popularity has followed on the flagging of his powers, until the decease of the one has been even more rapid than the decay of the other. His day is gone by; his place has been filled by younger and fresher men, who are catering for the fashion of the hour and the capricious tastes of the libraries. It is rarely we have to regret a man whom exceptional gifts have saved from the common fate of his fellows, but such a man the novel-reading world has lost in Charles Lever. For some forty years Mr. Lever had been writing with slight intermission, producing book on book and scattering magazine articles broadcast. Yet the early liking of many of us has only ripened with long acquaintance, and we venture to say thousands of readers of all ages are deploring his loss as a personal misfortune. Nor are the reasons for this perennial popularity of his far to seek. Not only was he blessed with a fund of intense youthful vitality, which, after standing the drain of a lifetime, still freshened the accumulating experiences of age; not only could you trust his equal talent to turn out work far more entertaining than the average; not only could you count absolutely upon his tact and versatility to save him from the deadly sins of dulness and monotony, but he contrived to tone his subjects and his style down to his years, and so, as his admirers grew older like himself, he carried the mass of them along with him. He supplied the place of the powers which decay with youth by the use of those which strengthen and develope with maturity, and, while always remaining himself, he satisfied a more practical and critical age. Sensation, more or less pronounced or subdued, pervaded and flavoured everything he wrote. But the sensation of the social and political sketches which formed the staple of his later works differed as widely from the wild and extravagant action of his earliest novels as one of his hackneyed old diplomatists from one of his harebrained light dragoons. In each of his books there was a happy blending of something to suit itself to every taste, and so the good-humoured man of the world was read and liked to the last.

Lever was born in Dublin in 1809. He was educated for a physician, and, we believe, took medical degrees both at Trinity College, Cambridge, and Gottingen. In the cholera year of 1832 he was appointed to an extensive district in the North of Ireland, and he probably reproduced his dispensary experience later in "The Martins." Afterwards he exchanged that temporary appointment for the post of physician to the Legation at Brussels. It will be seen that he commenced his cosmopolitan education early. But being born an Irishman, with a superabundance of Irish life and humour, it was only natural his genius should first break ground where it did. Ireland, as it then was, offered a congenial field which was irresistibly tempting. It was a land of strange contrasts, to which absence doubtless lent a certain picturesqueness. It was a land where indigenous drollery seemed to flourish the more luxuriantly for the poverty of the soil and the people, and where erratic genius might run riot among the merry savages who inhabited it, to his heart's content. Above all, it was a land as much beyond the range of well-regulated English ideas as beyond the pale of English law and order. It was difficult, perhaps, to caricature the extraordinary reality, yet so long as the novelist preserved the local colouring he could take very much what liberty he pleased in his sketches. Accordingly, Lever poured out one after another what we may call his first cluster of novels—"Harry Lorrequer's Confessions," "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Tom Burke," "The O'Donoghue." His Irishmen naturally took to the Army, while the English fine gentlemen in the service were ordered or exiled to Ireland. What scope for "situations!" From the first page to the last we were swept along in a whirlwind of ceaseless action, among love-making, fighting, drinking, droll songs, rich practical jokes, racy dialogues. You had no time left you to cavil or to criticize, and it was just as well, for neither the episodes nor incidents would bear chilly analysis. Over a tissue of brilliant impossibilities and improbabilities the author contrived to throw a certain air of reality, and when you came breathless to the end, you had identified yourself as absolutely with the fortunes of the hero as ever you did with those of Sindbad and Aladdin. No man ever wrote with more sustained animation. His buoyant exuberance of spirits went on working at the same high pressure pitch without the slightest appearance of effort. No better novels of the sort were ever written, except, perhaps, the parodies which came from the pen of Thackeray.

But, after all, a little writing of that sort goes a long way. It is hard to elaborate happy variations on the rough practical jokes of the college and barrack. Duels and battles greatly resemble each other, and, thanks to Lever himself, even wild Irish scenes had come to lose their novelty. No man was quicker to perceive when he was beginning to bore his public. He shifted his ground at once, although at first he shifted it but slightly, and with "The Knight of Gwynne" and "Arthur O'Leary" he bridged the gulf between his first set of novels and his second. Mr. O'Leary carried his Irish habits of mind and thought abroad with him, and brought them to bear upon foreign people, places, and institutions. The result, in "Arthur O'Leary," was a combination of quaintness and freshness which should have made more of a success than it did. But the novel wanted what we may call the more glaring merits to which Lever had accustomed his readers, and we fancy it proved something of a failure. If action, however, jolted or lagged in "Arthur O'Leary," it was sufficiently accelerated in the books which immediately followed. Extravagance culminated in the autobiography of "Con Cregan," perhaps, on that account, the most characteristic of all Mr. Lever's works. The incident on which the plot turns was well nigh as extravagant as any instance of treasure trove in the "Arabian Nights," and yet it is scarcely more unnatural than the manner in which the self-taught hero's education keeps pace with his advancing fortunes. But all that only conspires to glorify the peculiar talent of the artist. He assists the faltering imagination with the apparent accuracy of his general information and his realistic minuteness of detail, and he interests you in his fairy tale until you accept it all as sober history. But even while hurrying with his heroes all over the world, he seldom altogether lost sight of his own special domain. As Con Cregan was born in Ireland, and returned thither when he had become a wealthy man, so did Ireland witness the fortunes and misfortunes of Roland Cashell. Having wrought the Gil Blas vein, if not exhausted it, Lever calmed down towards his final style, and thenceforth he selected his plots and personages from themes and circles that are practically inexhaustible. He took to the political and social novel

or rather, we should say, perhaps, he reverted to it once and for all, for "The Knight of Gwynne" was decidedly of that character. But "The Knight of Gwynne" was purely Hibernian, while "The Dodd Family," "The Daltons," &c., were distinctly cosmopolitan. Even in such books as "The Martins" and "Davenport Dunn" the Irish of the tale were sent on their travels abroad, and introduced to a good deal of life on the Continent. Then we were presented to that gallery of portraits of foreign princes, ambassadors, Queen's messengers, and travelling English that were to be multiplied indefinitely. From 1842 to 1845 Lever had conducted the *Dublin University Magazine*. Latterly he had lived much abroad, and particularly in Italy, where Spezzia and Florence were his home for long. Moving so much about the Continent, with keen powers of observation and a retentive memory, of course he collected all "the properties" that might serve to put his pieces effectively on the stage. If he acquired an intimate knowledge of men and things, it must be owned he hazarded extraordinary liberties with probabilities on the strength of it. With the most natural air in the world, he seemed to presume on the innocence of his readers. There was a lightness of touch that carried off his extravagance, and he frothed up his sensation so briskly that one was always ready to swallow it. More than once he made a decided failure. His "A Day's Ride" is said seriously to have depressed the circulation of the periodical it appeared in; it is certain the editor resorted to the very unusual step of advertising the day on which the novel would be completed. "That Boy of Norcott's" was decidedly below the average level of his works, bearing all the marks of extreme hurriedness of execution. But take his works as a whole, we repeat that seldom has so prolific a writer maintained to the end a popularity so slightly impaired. Even "Lord Kilgobbin," his latest work, except in its melancholy preface, shows few signs either of the author's years or of the painful rheumatic gout from which he was suffering when he wrote it.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of Lever as the literary politician, and it is the less necessary that the "O'Dowd Papers," which up to the other day were a leading feature in *Blackwood*, must be familiar to every one. Novelists of one sort or another we have in superabundance, but we cannot hope soon to replace the brilliant essayist, whose light, yet trenchant humour sparkled so brightly to the last. To both *Blackwood* and the *Cornhill Magazine* Mr. Lever was a frequent contributor, and several of his novels passed originally through the pages of these periodicals. Nor did he greatly relax his industry in consequence of the official appointments he has held latterly, having been appointed by the Derby Ministry to the Vice-Consulship of Spezzia in 1858, whence in 1867 he was transferred as Consul to Trieste. Of the voluminous library of fiction he has produced in the course of his busy life, many works will doubtless go the common way of three-volume novels. But there are also many of them which will continue to be read, if they do not precisely rank as English classics.

NAPOLEON III.

(LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1873.)

It is with regret we announce the death of the Emperor NAPOLEON yesterday. Although the state of the illustrious patient's general health and the critical nature of the operation performed on him naturally excited uneasiness as to the ultimate result, yet there was little apprehension of immediate danger. Indeed he had slept so soundly through the night, and awakened comparatively so strong in the early morning, that it had been decided to undertake a further operation at noon. He sank, however, suddenly, and in a very short time all was over.

In the singular career of the late EMPEROR, as in that of most remarkable men, there are breaks which divide it into distinct periods, without injuring the general dramatic unity. He was born seemingly to greatness. Apparently it threatened to elude him. He struggled after it in the face of adverse circumstances from the time he attained to years of discretion. He partly achieved it, partly had it thrust upon him, and after a success which should have satisfied his wildest dreams, he ended his active life an exile, as he had begun it. It would not

be enough to say that CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born in the purple. His cradle was at the Tuileries Palace, in the closest vicinity to the Throne. He was the youngest son of LOUIS, King of Holland, and of HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS, the Empress JOSEPHINE'S daughter. His father was NAPOLEON'S third brother; but the descendants of JOSEPH were excluded from the succession by their sex, and those of LUCIEN by the disfavour under which that stern Republican had fallen; so that, at the date of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S birth, the 20th of April, 1808, the heir-apparent was sought among the scions of the younger branch. Whether, in the event of the EMPEROR'S dying without a son, preference would have been given to LOUIS NAPOLEON over his elder brother NAPOLEON LOUIS, and what reasons might have determined such choice, it would now be useless to inquire. Suffice it to know, that the EMPEROR evinced a strong predilection in favour of this younger son of his step-daughter, HORTENSE. "His name," we are told, "was written down at the head of the family register of the NAPOLEON dynasty." His baptism was put off for more than two years and a half, till the 10th of November, 1810, when the EMPEROR and his newly-married Empress, MARIA LOUISA, soon to be a mother, held him at the font; and although the birth of the King OF ROME, five months later, disappointed the hopes of his immediate succession, the infant of HORTENSE still held for seven years a most important position in his uncle's household, and was treated with all the honours due to an heir presumptive. He was seven years old when he stood by his uncle's side at the great gathering on the Champ de Mai, during the Hundred Days, and, after Waterloo, he clung to his uncle's knees when the EMPEROR left La Malmaison, struggling against separation, as if instinct had told him that with the EMPEROR his own fortunes and those of the House were overshadowed.

The young Prince, reduced, with his mother, to a private station, spent eight years then at the Augsburg Gymnasium; then six more as a student under domestic tutors at the Castle of Arenenberg, in the Canton of Thurgau, on the Lake of Constance, became proficient in history and mathematics, skilful in fencing, horsemanship, and swimming, and curious about military affairs; joining the ranks of the Swiss Militia, and making the acquaintance of the Federal General DUFOUR. Next to the pale reminiscences of Court pageantries in his early childhood, nothing, perhaps, so powerfully contributed to form the character of the future EMPEROR as the influence of the mother in whose house he grew up as an only child. The marriage of HORTENSE with LOUIS BONAPARTE was, by his confession, 'forced and ill-assorted." Seven months before the birth of their third son the Royal couple parted never to be reunited. It was not without contention that the ex-King of HOLLAND, now Duke of SAINT LEU, made good his claims to his elder son, leaving the younger in the undisputed possession of the mother. Charmed as she seemed with her retirement at Arenenberg, HORTENSE, however, not unfrequently spent the winter in Italy, chiefly at Rome. It was not under the ascendency of such a mother that the aspiring youth could learn resignation to a humble lot. LOUIS NAPOLEON was taught to look for a change with as full a confidence as he would expect daylight at the close of the natural period of darkness. It little mattered when, where, or by what means the turn in his fortunes might come. Enough that an opening would be made. The man was there,—he would not have to wait long for the hour.

The July Revolution in Paris was hailed as the dawn, but it was only a momentary and deceitful twilight. The Prince's advances met with no favour from the men at the head of the movement in France, but a chance soon offered itself in Italy. The outbreak in the Roman States in February, 1831, found both the sons of HORTENSE in arms under the Italian tricolour. There was a bloodless campaign—a mere promenade under SERCOGNANI from Foligno to Otricoli; then a journey to Forli, where the elder brother died of the measles on the 17th of March. LOUIS NAPOLEON, attacked by the same complaint at Ancona, was tended by his mother, smuggled away to Marseilles and Paris, and hence, after vain endeavours to obtain a resting-place, conveyed, a convalescent, to Arenenberg. On the downfall of the Italian cause, the Prince was seized with enthusiasm for Polish independence. He travelled through Germany on his way to Warsaw, but the tidings of the final catastrophe met him in Saxony, and for four years, from 1832 to 1836, he was forced back to his life of expectant leisure on the Bodensee. While, in all probability, the future candidate for power, at this early stage of his career

sought only for distinction as a soldier and a patriot, more than one short cut to fortune seemed to present themselves to him. At Foligno and Forli he was emphatically hailed as "the Prince"; Polish generals tempted him with the proffered command of their legions; at the London Conference his name, it is said, was brought forward as a candidate for Belgian Royalty, and he was even, it would be difficult to say with what truth, put down among the suitors for the hand of MARIA DA GLORIA of Portugal. Any ambitious views of that nature he, however, invariably disclaimed. To struggling nations he would only bring a volunteer's sword; and as to France, "the hope to be able to serve her as a citizen and soldier was in his eyes worth more than all the thrones in the world."

His devotion to France, however, was stimulated by other considerations than those of disinterested patriotism. The Duke of REICHSTADT had died at Schönbrunn, and the Prince was now the acknowledged head of the NAPOLEON dynasty. Notwithstanding the greatest dissimilarity of mind and heart, his intense admiration for his uncle led him to a strange identification of himself with the great conqueror. His landing at Cannes, and "the flight of the Imperial eagle from steeple to steeple till it folded its wings on the towers of Notre Dame," were, he thought, feats only to be tried again to meet with the same success. Nor was he altogether out of his reckoning. From 1831 to 1848 Bonapartism in France had made common cause with Republicanism. The First Empire, it was argued, had been an æra of war and despotism; but it had peace and freedom in reserve. There was no limit to which "Napoleonic ideas" could not be stretched; no degree of perfectibility incompatible with their full development. Of these ideas the young enthusiast at Arenenberg made himself the high priest and interpreter with an earnestness of faith of which he was, possibly, the first dupe. Those ideas, it must be borne in mind, were not altogether peculiar to the Prince. They were the great delusion of the age. The memory of the First NAPOLEON was no sooner released from the pressure under which the senseless reaction of the Bourbons vainly attempted to hold it than it was idealized into a myth. NAPOLEON was no longer the man of the *Dix-huit Brumaire*, of the *Levée en masse*. What men remembered of him were the Code Civil, the Alpine roads, the Legion of Honour. His name was, above all things, associated with the liberal *Acte Additionnel* of 1815. He was the man with whose good intentions the courtyard of the villa at Longwood was paved. It was from this PROMETHEUS bound that the young Pretender professed to hold his commission. He came to repair and to fulfil; he stood forth as the redeemer of the great man's dying pledges, the executor of his last will and testament. LOUIS PHILIPPE, who dreaded the Pretender, and honoured him with the Crown of proscription, was all the time playing into his hands. From beginning to end the July Monarchy laboured at the apotheosis of Imperialism. Aware of the nature of the people's complaint, their rulers hoped to overcome it by administering to it homœopathically.

They inoculated the virus already creeping in the nation's veins. From the restoration of the bronze statue on the top of the Vendôme column in 1831 to the laying of the granite coffin beneath the dome of the Invalides in 1840, France was being turned into a vast Napoleonic monument. The Press teemed with little else but Napoleonic literature. The attack on the Strasburg barracks in 1836, and the landing at Boulogne in 1840, were only egregious blunders in so far that they took France by surprise. There was neither preparation nor opportunity. Nations are not easily roused in cold blood. Popular movements must be in a great measure dependent on time and place. It was not because the Prince had any reason to believe that he would be particularly welcome in Alsace or in Picardy that he made choice of a city on the Rhine or of a seaport on the Channel. It was because those places happened to be each at a different period nearest at hand—the one nearest to him as he came up from Switzerland, the other opposite to him as he steamed from the English coast. The precedent at Cannes bewildered him. He acted in obedience to that blind idolatry of his uncle, to that servility of imitation, which, as may be seen in the sequel, marred not less than it made him. Strasburg and Boulogne were in every respect poor parodies of the Return from Elba. They were also clearly a rehearsal of the *Coup d'Etat* on a small scale. In 1836 and in 1840 LOUIS NAPOLEON had forgotten all his disclaimers of 1831. He no longer aspired to the glory of a mere French citizen and soldier of France. He was already a full-grown Cæsar, not with the tricolor merely, but with the crown, sceptre, and eagle. His notions about

the sovereignty of the people were sufficiently plain and consistent. The people were to be free—free to choose him. At Strasburg and Boulogne he evidently took the nation's consent for granted. His appeal was to the soldiers; his faith was in them. Had the barracks realized his expectation, had his cry *"Vive l'Empereur!"* found an echo in the ranks, the *plébiscite* would have followed as a matter of course.

Those miserable failures at Strasburg and Boulogne darkened the prospects of Bonapartism apparently for ever. They deprived the Pretender of all initiative in revolutionary movements. Henceforth the Prince would have to watch the tide. The quarry might be his yet, but only when others had struck it down for him. Those very failures, however, were instrumental in revealing, no less than in forming his character. Placed in the power of his enemies, after Strasburg, from the 30th of October to the 21st of November, 1836, and, after Boulogne, from the 4th of August, 1840, to the 25th of May, 1846, he gave proof of fortitude and dignity. In his intercourse with his captors, judges, and gaolers, he managed to have himself treated as a Monarch, though a vanquished one. He repaid Swiss hospitality by a spontaneous departure from Arenenberg in August, 1838, when the gallant Confederacy professed its readiness to run the risk of a quarrel with France for his sake. Neither his six years' confinement in a State fortress—his "course of studies at the University of Ham," as he termed it, nor the two distinct periods of his not ungenial exile in London—1838 to 1840, and 1846 to 1848, were lost upon him. Amid the gloom of a captive's life, as among the dissipations of a small if not quite select society, the activity of his mind was uncommon. He studied England; he conceived for this country that quiet but steady attachment which seldom fails to spring up in the heart of those who spend a summer and winter among us. Among the French the Prince generally sought tools and accomplices; of the English he made friends and companions. He was stanch rather than choice in his connexions. The consciousness of the loftiness of his ends rendered him indifferent to the lowness of his means. The best instrument in the schemer's hand was the most passive, hence, if necessary, the most unscrupulous. His knowledge of men seldom failed him, and commensurate with his knowledge was his indulgence to their foibles and his sympathy with their moods. He accepted devotion with all its burdens and drawbacks. He was a friend *à toute épreuve*. A partisan might have to be disavowed, but no one was ever sacrificed; nor was the least act of kindness shown to the Pretender in adversity ever forgotten by the Sovereign in his prosperity.

Eighteen hundred and forty-eight came. The faint-heartedness of a King and the infatuation of a Minister left France to her own mastery. A handful of dreamers and schemers pulled down the whole social edifice. From February to June of that year the disorganization, though less violent and bloody, was far more thorough than during the worst period of the Reign of Terror. In an evil day France had been taken by surprise. On the morrow she was appalled at the results of her own supineness and improvidence. On the third day she was anxious for reaction, on the look-out for a man who could save society. That task was morally fulfilled by LAMARTINE with happy phrase; materially by CAVAIGNAC with an awful massacre. By biding his time LOUIS NAPOLEON reaped the benefit both of the poet's and of the soldier's work. In February he made a tender of his services; but in April and in June he still declined the seats which were offered to him in the National Assembly. On the memorable 10th of April, as the world remembers, Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON was still doing duty as special constable in King-street, St. James's. He "wished to undeceive those who charged him with ambition," but he "would know how to fulfil any duty which the people might lay upon him." He said this on the 15th of June; ten days later the revolution was crushed. On the 26th of September he crossed the Channel and made his first appearance in the Assembly. Clear as the ground was before him, actively as his friends exerted themselves in his behalf, he still felt his way cautiously, almost timidly. Republicanism was in the mouth of all; monarchic restoration in the hearts of most men. LAMARTINE, CAVAIGNAC, any of the so-called Republicans *du lendemain* would keep the seat warm for a Prince, either of the elder or of the younger BOURBON branch; but LOUIS NAPOLEON, if he took it, would be sure to keep it for himself. Hence, there was doubtless considerable mistrust of and ill-will towards him. Aware of this feeling, and with little confidence in his debating powers, the Pretender limited himself to a defen-

sive policy in the Assembly. His rare attempts to speak were neither brilliant nor successful. He sat down unmoved, in sullen, silent discomfiture, trusting to the *prestige* of his uncle's name to plead his cause among the people. Whether dictated by choice or necessity, his course was the wisest. On the 10th of December, 1848, CAVAIGNAC had a million and a half of the people's votes for the Presidency of the Republic. Prince NAPOLEON had above six millions. Upon that vote the supreme power of the Pretender could have been legally and peacefully founded for ever. Up to the close of the year 1848 no good whatever was known about the newly-elected President. Ridicule is apt to kill the most honourable names in France, and the Prince's name was only associated with the farces of Strasburg and Boulogne. The vast majority of the national representation, the whole wealth and worth of the country, were dead against him; yet the mass of the people had, with very little solicitation, and hardly any exertion on his part, pronounced for him. Henceforth the President had possession—nine-tenths of the law—on his side.

For the best part of the next two years the President and the still hostile Assembly were busy with the task of killing the dead. Republicanism had no friends, and no quarter was to be given to it. All efforts were turned to the re-establishment of that compact, centralized administration which, in normal times, constitutes the strength and pride of France. The sword of the State was being tempered; no matter who might be destined to wield it, everyone was interested in the keenness of its edge and the sharpness of its point. In the meanwhile, however, its hilt was in the President's hand, and every repressive measure tightened his grasp upon it. LOUIS NAPOLEON was sure that the "union of the two powers—legislative and executive—was indispensable to the tranquillity of the country." The Assembly perceived, too late, that the President was bringing his theory into practice. They strove to limit his powers, to circumscribe his influence; they attempted to curtail his expenditure; they set up a permanent committee; they proposed to take from him the command-in-chief of the Army, and to invest it with the President of the Assembly. Goaded into action by imminent danger, the so-called "old parties"—Bourbonists and Orleanists—were accused of a design to hasten a Restoration, which, if not absolutely impossible, was at least premature. In their visits to Claremont after LOUIS PHILIPPE'S death, and to Wiesbaden at the time of the Count DE CHAMBORD'S stay in that place, the friends of the exiled Princes were supposed to be negotiating a fusion between the two branches of the BOURBON family—a negotiation which remains unfinished to the present time. CHANGARNIER, the General in command of the Army of Paris and of the National Guard of the Seine, was pointed out as the French MONK who was to enable the legitimate dynasty to come by its own again. There may have been much or little in these surmises, but LOUIS NAPOLEON knew how to make the most of them. The President fought his battles with indifferent success in the Chamber, but his very defeats paved the way for his victories in the country. No thing could be more daring than his self-assertion; nothing more open than his plans of operation. The Bonapartist conspiracy embodied in the *Société du dix Décembre* was carried on with the cards on the table. "In extreme danger," says the President, "Providence not unfrequently trusts one man with the safety of all." At the reviews of St. Maur and Satory the soldiers hailed the President with that cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" to which the garrisons of Strasburg and Boulogne had refused to respond years before.

From the beginning of 1851 everything was being made ready for a final conflict. Early in January CHANGARNIER was removed from his command. In October and November the President laid his ultimatum—first before his Ministers, then before the Assembly. He proposed the repeal of the law of May 31, 1850, by which universal suffrage had been restricted. "That measure," said the President, "was tantamount to the disfranchisement of 3,000,000 electors." Had even the law really had such sweeping effects the President had but little to fear from an appeal to the people. Had even that law been in force in December, 1848, the balance of the votes would still have been decisive in his favour. No thing, however, but the certainty of an overwhelming majority could allay his apprehensions. To insure it he resolved on the *Coup d'Etat* of the 2d of December. He laid a violent hand on his most dreaded opponents. He dispersed the less dangerous. He dissolved the Assembly and the Council of State. He abrogated the law of May 31, and re-

established universal suffrage. He then called together the "Comitia of the nation." In the meantime he declared Paris in a state of siege; he deluged its streets with blood; he terrorized France by wholesale transportation. He finally asked for a sanction or condemnation of his deed of violence. Seven millions and a half of Frenchmen against little above half a million gave sentence in his favour.

The Second NAPOLEON had thus his *Deux Décembre*, as the First had his *Dix Huit Brumaire*. The elevation of LOUIS NAPOLEON under any circumstances appeared so certain that one is almost tempted to fancy that wanton display of uncalled-for energy to have only been prompted by the nephew's blind obligation to tread in his uncle's footsteps. Every subsequent act of his, at any rate, was sheer repetition. From the 2d of December, 1851, to the same day and month of the following year, the Imperial Revolution went through the same phases which it exhibited from the 10th of November, 1799, to the 18th of May, 1804; only the more recent catastrophe was limited within a narrower cycle. There was the same impatient stir in the Departments; the same obsequious solicitations of the Senate; the same martial pageantries on the Champ de Mars; the same triumphal progress of the Cæsar. The Constitution was a paltry copy. The history on the coins was identical. Even the fortuitous coincidence of the assassin's dagger and of the infernal machine was not wanting. It was only in the number of votes that the new generation outdid the old.

And now, at last, LOUIS NAPOLEON was back at the Tuileries. It would be to little purpose if we were to endeavour to realize his sensations, as, at the mature age of 44, the pale reminiscences of thirty-seven years since crowded upon him on the threshold of that lately desecrated Palace. Verily, the man's faith had its reward. That faith which never forsook him at the gloomiest periods of his career; that faith which, at a distance, raised a sneer at his expense, yet cast a magnetic spell over all who came within his reach —that faith proved to have been founded on unerring instincts. The Pretender's claims were admitted. He had aimed no higher than his stubborn will could lift him. That intense yearning by which the uncle had been haunted all his lifetime had certainly fallen to the nephew, whatever other parts of the rich inheritance might have been denied to him. The words by which that undefinable feeling found utterance in the strain of the Italian poet apply with equal force to the two aspiring relatives. There was in both cases "the stormy, trembling joy of a great purpose, the longing of a heart fretting as it impatiently thirsted for empire, and attaining it at last, and grasping a prize for which it had seemed madness to hope."

In the magnitude of the result people easily lost sight of the means by which it had been achieved. The cold shiver which had followed closely upon the revolutionary fever heat of 1848 had scarcely passed away three years later, and under its fit men were ready to go any length in the way of reaction. The cry was everywhere for strong Government; and, somehow, the *Coup d'Etat*, whatever might be the grounds of justice or expediency on which it was made to stand, was hailed as evidence of its author's energy, and accepted as a pledge of social security. The hand which had displayed so much vigour in seizing the reins of government might surely be relied upon to hold them with equal firmness. Even for men swayed by more rigid notions of right and wrong, the moral question how the supreme power had been obtained was absorbed in the other far more momentous problem—what uses it would be put to? The ends of PROVIDENCE are often fulfilled in inscrutable ways; and it little mattered, after all, by what means another NAPOLEON had ascended the Throne of France, if men could only ascertain how much of the good or the evil of the old Napoleonic æra would be reproduced in the new.

We have already expressed our opinion that the nephew carried the worship of the uncle's memory to the verge of superstition. He was, however, aware that there was a weak no less than a strong side to old Imperialism He announced the coming not of the Cæsarean but of the Augustan age. The Second Empire brought not a sword but peace. In the mind of the French people the mere reappearance of the Eagle, the revival of the name of NAPOLEON, constituted a victory over allied Europe. The *Deux-Decembre* had avenged Waterloo. France had broken through the dynastic arrangements of 1815, and her ancient enemies had not a word to say against her achievement. This negative homage being paid to her vanity, France had no longer an interest in the disturbance of the common tranquillity. Questions about natural

frontiers, about oppressed nationalities might, indeed, arise ; but moral ascendency could now, perhaps, accomplish more than the edge of the sword. France would be no less true to her mission because she put off its fulfilment by violent means till she was convinced of the inefficiency of all other arguments. There was, at the outset, perfect harmony between the views of the French people and those of their new Sovereign with respect to foreign politics. There was faith in the undisputed, though pacific, ascendency of the Empire over the council of nations, in the necessity for a revision of existing Treaties, for a remodelling of the map of Europe, for the emancipation of enslaved nations, for the protection of minor States, of those especially which had shown the greatest devotion to the cause of Imperial France and had been involved in its downfall ; of States like Belgium, Denmark, and Saxony ; of nations like Italy and Poland. Over and above these general French sympathies, the Emperor brought with him, as peculiar to himself, a genuine regard for England, our own estimate of the true bases of national greatness, our notions of a free commercial policy. It is not a little remarkable that the first enterprise of real magnitude in which France was engaged, after panting for so many years to avenge Waterloo, should have been planned in concert with the very country upon which vengeance for that defeat was to be mainly wreaked. Yet the Crimean War of 1854 was waged not only in obedience to what the majority of the French people were inclined to consider as English views, but also in subservience to what they regarded as English interests. It was the EMPEROR'S own war, and NAPOLEON only brought it to a sudden end when we refused to mix up with the original quarrel those French schemes about Poland and the Rhine in which he found it difficult to withstand his people's aspirations. Against the same rock were wrecked, in later times, 1864, all hopes of a cordial co-operation of the two great Western Powers in behalf of invaded Denmark. As to the immediate relations between the two nations, there is no doubt that against the half-smothered animosities of French Chauvinism nothing availed us so much as the EMPEROR'S stout determination, not only not to be driven into hostilities, but to strengthen the bonds of amity with us at any price. Neither the vapouring and blustering of the Press nor the famous address of the Colonels was able to shake the EMPEROR'S determination to maintain the cordial understanding between the two countries ; and the conclusion of the Commercial Treaty and the abolition of passports in favour of English travellers must be traced to his sole initiative.

Equally sincere and unbounded was the EMPEROR'S sympathy with the land which had witnessed his earliest exploits —Italy ; and he never, perhaps, spoke more in earnest never did greater justice to the generosity of his impulses, than when in 1859, calling upon the Italians to be men, he offered his help to free their country from the Alps to the Adriatic. The scheme of the unity of the Peninsula did not, indeed, appear practicable to him any more than to some of the wisest and noblest Italian Liberals ; and he, doubtless, conceived that the independence of Italy, although it might imply the complete severance of that country from Austria, need not, therefore, exclude some bond of alliance between the freed nation and its deliverer —a bond of alliance which might easily have been strengthened into a compact of indirect allegiance. In all this, however, the welfare of Italy, as he understood it, was the object nearest to the EMPEROR'S heart ; and, with a self-denial of which, in trying moments, he never failed to give evidence, and with respect to which his cold and deliberate nature stands forth in strong contrast with the wilful and headlong character of his uncle, he gave up his own opinions in deference to those of the Italians ; he accepted "accomplished facts," and not only never willingly opposed the spread and growth of Italian nationality, but actually screened it from the attacks to which, in its helplessness, it would repeatedly have succumbed.

True, he extinguished the Roman Republic in 1849 ; he exacted the cession of Savoy and Nice in 1860 ; he accepted from Austria the temporary gift of Venetia in 1866, and he re-occupied Rome in 1867. All these, however, were not the spontaneous acts of the EMPEROR'S own mind. He was influenced by what he considered due to French susceptibilities ; to the claims of the Great Nation to her "natural frontiers" ; to her jealousy of her immediate neighbours ; to her assumption of paramount authority as universal arbitrator ; finally, to her half chivalrous, half-selfish pretensions as Eldest Daughter of the Church. By most of these considerations he was also and much more

forcibly moved in the policy he pursued with respect to Germany. That the instinct of Union was at work across the Rhine as well as south of the Alps the EMPEROR was fully aware, and he was also convinced that what the German nation firmly and unanimously willed it was not in the power of French jealousy to gainsay. He had been somewhat awed by the attitude of Germany, both in the full tide of his success after Solferino and in the furtherance of his designs in behalf of Poland and Denmark. It was not by opposing German Union, but by taking advantage of German disunion, that the EMPEROR hoped to secure the command. When the Germans had torn each other to pieces, when the victor lay on the battle-field as exhausted as the vanquished, to snatch from their grasp that Rhenish frontier which would free France from all uneasiness in that quarter would prove, as the EMPEROR conceived, no more impracticable an undertaking than it had been to rectify the border-line on the Italian side. The conditions which were peremptorily laid down at Plombières need hardly be as much as hinted at Biarritz. In Italy it was the help of France that was solicited. In Germany all that was required of her was neutrality. Mere looking on would do as much for her in the second case as stout fighting had done in the first. In all these calculations the EMPEROR relied on "the irresistible logic of events." But events were too quick for him. Germany achieved her unity in 1866; and France came in too late to claim her share of the spoil.

Before Sadowa and Nikolsburg the EMPEROR'S European policy appeared faultless in the eyes of the vast majority of the French people. But the first check naturally prompted a review of its course from the outset, and encouraged that criticism which is always extremely easy after the event. The main difficulty for the EMPEROR lay between conceding too much or too little to the warlike and domineering spirit of the French nation. The French had hailed with satisfaction the Bordeaux announcement of October, 1852, that "the Empire was Peace"; but they were no less delighted with the subsequent assurance that "not a gun should be fired in Europe without the assent of the Tuileries." France had no objection that "the universe should be tranquil," but only on condition that "she herself should be contented." The Third NAPOLEON was called upon to exercise by mere moral ascendency that sway over the European councils which the First failed to establish by might of arms; and for many years there is no doubt that he acquitted himself of the task with unparalleled success. But he pressed that success beyond its due limits; he fretted himself about Congresses and Conferences, the only object or result of which was to be the enhancement of his own importance. There is no doubt that he suffered the notion that it was at all times necessary to busy and, so to say, to amuse the French people to gain too strong a hold upon his fancy. The scheme of diverting public attention from domestic affairs by distant expeditions to China, Japan, Syria, and, finally, to Mexico, had little to recommend it on the score of originality. The rulers who preceded NAPOLEON III. had found a vent for the superfluous activity of French enterprise in Algeria, and it was only unfortunate that the gradual pacification of that colony should have deprived the Second Empire of a convenient safety-valve so near home. Most of the EMPEROR'S Quixotic undertakings beyond sea proved, as was to be expected, barren of results, but one, as might have been feared, turned out fatal. The project of a Mexican Empire, the scheme of the exaltation of the Latin races on the American continent, would have been sheer failures, even if the EMPEROR'S belief that the breach in the United States was incurable had been correct; for a European Power has little chance of obtaining a footing anywhere across the Atlantic, except as a tool in the hands of some of the native factions, and these turn out mere quicksands under those who would build upon them. But the result of the Mexican experiment was not brought even to this test. The Americans recovered sufficient strength to make a stand for the Monroe doctrine; and France had to back out of her Mexican position with a hurry in which her very dignity was not consulted.

Independently of success, however, it may be fairly admitted that the general tendency of the EMPEROR'S foreign policy was moderate and pacific; but it would not be equally easy to clear it altogether from the charge of disingenuousness and irresolution. The EMPEROR'S diplomacy was unlike that of any other man. No Sovereign ever came to the Throne with so large a crowd of ready-made agents and advisers; none attained power by so long a series of underhand manœuvres. LOUIS NAPOLEON had been for half his life

a conspirator. Necessity, no less than habit, made him a plotter on the Throne. Bent upon bringing into his hands all legislative and executive authority, upon exacting from all and each of his subordinates the fullest responsibility to himself alone, the EMPEROR had, properly speaking, no Ministers, but simply Heads of Departments, blind and passive tools to be taken up or cast off at his own pleasure. But, behind his responsible Cabinet, behind his acknowledged Council of State, there was always a little knot of more trusted and devoted instruments, chosen chiefly among the faithful followers of the Pretender's obscure fortunes, men upon whom, in the gloomy isolation of absolute power, he must needs rely for his knowledge of that public opinion to which he denied all free utterance, and among whom he must seek such executors of his will as would rather guess than question his motives—men who would allow him all the merit of success, and take upon themselves all the blame of miscarriage; men between whom and himself there must be such a bond of freemasonry as to give them the intimate consciousness of their employer's unfailing support, even under the cloud of his affected displeasure or the storm of his formal disavowal. It was in obedience to these necessities, created no less by the origin than by the nature of his government, that the EMPEROR, in his relations with foreign States, was frequently induced to give preference to indirect and clandestine negotiation; to intrust to extra-official agents messages unmeet for the conveyance of regularly-accredited envoys; to reserve for unwitnessed interviews the transaction of affairs of which no tangible document should be allowed to remain. Not satisfied with these not very dignified acts, which for some time established his credit for consummate dexterity, the EMPEROR also seemed to stake his reputation on a suddenness of action commensurate with his maturity of deliberation. He was perpetually taking the world by surprise. A Government ushered in by a *Coup d'Etat* was carried on by a succession of *Coups de Théâtre*. Whether a declaration of war was to be conveyed in a New Year's greeting to a foreign Ambassador, or peace to be pronounced in an after-dinner speech to a Provincial Magistrate; whether the revelation of the Imperial mind was to take the shape of a mysterious pamphlet, or whether his mind was to be intimated in a familiar letter—the aim as well as the result invariably was to give the EMPEROR's policy a "sensational" character. "The EMPEROR," as his flatterers observed, "allows himself no rest." Perpetual activity and almost actual ubiquity seemed to be as indisputable attributes of an Imperial Providence as omniscience and omnipotence. Wherever the EMPEROR might go he must be in pursuit of some hidden object; his simplest act must proceed from some far-fetched motive. A morbid expectation was created to which it daily became more difficult to minister. The EMPEROR's speech and his silence were invested with an equally awful significance. Such overweening assumption must, however, be borne out by deeds of corresponding magnitude. The mere *prestige* of moral ascendency is soon brought to the test of material success. The world grew tired of all that solemn emphasis and oracular ambiguity. It looked for the results of all that profound statecraft, and saw it foiled by CAVOUR'S superior cunning; thwarted by BISMARCK'S steadier resolve; it saw it wrecked against the POPE'S passive obstinacy; it saw it everywhere frustrated by the combination of unforeseen circumstances, by a series of irresistible catastrophes. It heard *it* acknowledging the force of a fatal necessity by alluding to the presence of dark spots on the horizon. And it was, be it observed, not so much to error of judgment as to infirmity of purpose that the repeated failures of the EMPEROR were imputed. Hesitation and inconsistency were the bane of his political conduct. He would have been equally powerful to create a United or a Federal Italy. He might as easily have upheld as pulled down the Papacy. He might have checked all Germany in the Danish war of 1864. He might have backed one half of it against the other half during the seven weeks' campaign of 1866. He might have done much less in Mexico or he could have gone much greater lengths against the United States. His fault consisted in an excess of caution and circumspection. He seemed everywhere to arrive one day too late, and only to make up his mind when he had missed his opportunity. His Ministers were twitted in the Legislature by emboldened opponents, who asserted that "there was not one fault left for the Imperial Government to commit," and thus challenged them, as it were, to remain in office without a vital change in their policy. Two courses were open to the Emperor NAPOLEON after Sadowa—to make up by brute force what

he had lost by unsuccessful manœuvre, or else to acquiesce in the inevitable, to put a cheerful countenance on a losing game, and even to claim credit for a consummation which he had been unable to prevent. For nearly two years the EMPEROR wavered between the two resolutions. To rush into war before Nikolsburg or after Prague was declared to be impossible, owing to the unreadiness of the French military forces. Yet to accept and even to applaud the rise of a rival nation close on the Rhine frontier, especially after all that had been said about territorial compensations, natural boundaries, and popular aspirations, was, perhaps, to inflict too sore a wound on French susceptibilities. Hence there began that tentative, faltering, fidgeting policy; those abortive negotiations at Berlin, at the Hague, at Munich, at Vienna; those mysterious journeys and ominous interviews, which at first bewildered and dismayed, and at last half-amused, half-wearied Europe. At Paris and at Lille, the EMPEROR talked of peace. At Luxembourg, Salzburg, Copenhagen, he sought allies, and nursed pretexts for war. Unequal for single-handed action, France affected to look for confederates. The real object was, if not to win partisans, at least to gain time; but both purposes were defeated. France revealed her unprepared condition at the same time that she widened and completed her isolation. War, except on the most hazardous conditions, was clearly out of the question. Could, then, the EMPEROR resolve on peace? Peace he could certainly have with the world if he could only have it with France. The Emperor NAPOLEON was not cast in the mould of heroic conquerors. He was cold, cautious, even to the extreme of moral timidity. He had no love for war, at least for war's sake and on a large scale. He had a great respect for "the odds" in any game. He never would launch France on an equal duel with Germany. The difficulty lay in preventing France from dragging him into such a war against his better judgment. All his sayings and doings since Sadowa had but one object—to humour, to soothe, to reassure French opinion. Faith in his infallibility, he conceived, was shaken in others as well as in himself; that his wonted good fortune had to some extent forsaken him, that black spots were looming in the horizon, he had himself deemed it necessary to avow. It was now important for him to allay the apprehensions he had himself created, to restore the confidence which his words had undermined as much as his deeds.

The real question, however, lay in the estimate the EMPEROR could arrive at with respect to the state of public opinion. He had lived for many years away from the Throne; he was a man of the world, a cool, shrewd observer, and might form a correct judgment of whatever came before his eyes. But for the last twenty years he was labouring under the "curse of Kings." He had deprived France of free utterance. He must either take her at a rude guess or see her through the medium of that cumbrous scaffolding of official administration which he had reared between himself and the nation instead of the regular edifice of a responsible Government. Besides the France he had studied in the writings of M. THIERS, or in the *Mémorial de Sainte Hèlene*, or that he had contemplated through the bars of his prison windows at Ham, he only knew the France which Messrs. DE MORNY, PERSIGNY, or, at the utmost, Messrs. BILLAULT and ROUHER chosé to describe to him; a France more Imperialist than the EMPEROR, more illiberal than the *Deux-Décembre*. The only safety out of his embarrassing position could be found in his abdicating absolute power. Atonement for the errors of the past could best be made by relinquishing undivided responsibility for the future. To make up to the nation for its somewhat tarnished glory abroad it was before all things advisable to restore its liberties at home. His first movement upon having to acknowledge "the force of irresistible circumstances" was to throw himself upon his people. The first result of the disaster of July, 1866, was the letter of January, 1867.

Between the "Elected of December," however, and the millions of his electors there was a conditional, though an irrevocable, compact. The French nation—or, at least, that part of it which constituted a majority resulting from the experiment of universal suffrage—had accepted its ruler on his own terms. The alternative lay between order and freedom, and he said, "Order at all events; Freedom whenever it might be." As a President and as an Emperor, NAPOLEON always deemed the perfection of government to lie in the combination both of legislative and executive power in the same hand. His notions of a Constitution were those of the Consulate and the First Empire, and he seemed to forget that the concentration of all power in one hand

had only been deemed advisable by the FIRST NAPOLEON when he aspired to grasp France as a sword, and that the system had broken down, by confession of its original inventor, towards the close of his reign. With a new Empire, which was to be "Peace," there was no longer a necessity for the same strong military organization, and liberty should, therefore, have been compatible with it. But the tendency of the people, like that of their ruler, at the time was towards energetic repression. Society had to be saved. War to the bitter end was to be waged—not against foreign enemies, but against domestic parties. Even for such a war a Dictatorship was found indispensable. The State was constituted in the shape of a pyramid, with nothing between the electing masses at the base and the elected Autocrat at the point. Yet something like regret and misgiving seemed at times to assail the Sovereign in the awful solitude of his elevation. It was not for his own sake, not from personal ambition, he hinted, that so unbounded a power had been placed in his hands. He held it simply on trust. The people's liberties were only in abeyance. Indeed a show was made now and then of slackening the reins of Government. Imperialism was described as by its nature progressive. It was considered as a temporary structure—a means to an end; the application of force to the establishment of legal authority. When the end was attained, when order could be pronounced quite safe, the superstructure should be removed, and the "crowning of the edifice" would follow.

It is difficult to say to what extent the EMPEROR deceived himself or others. But, whatever his intentions might be, they could not be carried into effect without far greater resolution than seemed at any time to be at his command. His rule had sprung from the masses; it was identified with the multitude. He had ascended the Throne as the "Working Man's Friend; the Emperor of the Peasant." The millions who reigned through him were not as ready to resign their supremacy as he, perhaps, might have been. The Senate consisted of his own nominees; the Legislative Body was elected by constituencies over which his Administration was supposed to exercise almost absolute control. But there was in that Senate, in that Elective Assembly, in that Administration, in that vast mass of voters, a party, a vastly predominant party, which would stand up for Imperialism even against the EMPEROR. With such a Constitution as the EMPEROR framed mere legislative improvement must needs be illusory. It was impossible to get over the fact that in a State like the France of the present day the mass of the nation overrode its intelligence; the body crushed the soul. The reign of the upper and middle classes had come to an end in that country with the first and second revolution. It was now the turn of the multitude, and the only question was whether the Government should be in the hands of a mere mob or in that of a mob-delegated despot. With all its purple and gold, the Imperial Government was heir to the communistic notions of the Red Republican *régime*. The EMPEROR'S mission was to tax the rich for the benefit of the poor. By his arbitrary control over the price of bread, by his promotion of public works, the EMPEROR was perpetually bringing back his authority to its original sources. Put that authority to the test of a hundred elections, and the suffrage would always give the same results.

This assurance of almost boundless popular support was a source of weakness no less than of strength. With the exception of a few ambitious statesmen, and still fewer more or less devoted friends of the fallen dynasties, there were no elements for wholesome legal opposition in France. Hence the various proposals of the EMPEROR for an extension of constitutional liberties could hardly find sufficient support from the enlightened classes to overcome the mutinous ill-will of the mob majority. It required the personal influence of the Sovereign to force even such paltry measures as the Press and Public Meetings Bill through a Legislature otherwise too ready to endorse all other Imperial acts of home and foreign policy.

A Government placed so widely above all check or hindrance had it certainly in its power to achieve much, and twenty years of Imperial rule have not been without most splendid results for the general welfare of France. Within its own boundaries the country had never known a period of greater material progress. Beyond them, till very recent times, it had exercised an ascendency grounded on a moral *prestige* more than commensurate with its actual strength. The recognition of the advantages of Prussia's military system came most inopportunely for the EMPEROR to confirm a favourite saying of his, "That a

nation's influence is gauged by the number of soldiers it can bring into the field." The Army Bill was, no doubt, a disastrous measure for him, but he had been drifting into a most difficult dilemma. He had to choose between resigning himself to a condition of comparative weakness, which must infallibly be exposed sooner or later, and a measure that levied "a tribute of blood" on the classes where he found his warmest supporters. The dilemma was a difficult one. The EMPEROR had, indeed, asserted his ascendency by a pretension of controlling circumstances which had passed almost unchallenged. He had biased the policy of Europe by merely indicating the attitude of France. But the state of affairs had been insensibly shifting, until he had become conscious of a pressure he was powerless to resist. He had been led by CAVOUR, and the astuteness of the Italian statesman had betrayed him into positions where his only safety lay in pressing onwards. Now he was being forced by EISMARCK. As Germany grew strong, Europe was threatened with a change of masters, and it seemed that in the future the impulses in European politics might come as probably from Berlin as from Paris. The EMPEROR'S sense of the change was indicated by his language. He affected to consider the disruption of the German Confederation as a weakening of Germany. One of those inspired pamphlets that appeared from time to time traced the parallel between the First and the Second Empires to the advantage of the latter. NAPOLEON III. and his uncle had been revolving in identical historical cycles. But the pamphleteer stopped short in his comparisons. He neglected to point out that Sadowa, with its disclosures more than its successes, was the Moscow of that Second Empire which was paying the penalty of the domineering pretensions of the First. The Seven Weeks' War demonstrated the results of that military system which France had forced upon Prussia after the crowning victory of Jena. Now the EMPEROR recognized that, thanks to the apathy or irresolution he had certainly not borrowed from his uncle, the regular standing armies of France had to count with a nation of civilian-soldiers, trained, armed, and organized. He felt there was truth in the invectives of those political opponents who, appealing to the pride of France, told him he had blundered away France's commanding influence. It must be proved sooner or later whether he or they were in the right, and, with a belief in his destiny which had begun to falter, he set himself to prepare for the inevitable test.

At that time, too, he was already a prey to the painful malady to which he yesterday succumbed, and no doubt bodily suffering enfeebled the resolution which had once been believed indomitable. Radical and Republican pamphleteers and journalists gloated over his ailments in language that outraged decency and humanity. ROCHEFORT'S *Lanternes* became a feature in Parisian life; the noble, turned Socialist, shot his daily flight of poisoned arrows, and respectable Paris laughed, as its wont is, forgiving the coarseness of the scurrility for the sake of the keenness of the sarcasm. It became clear that things were ripening for a crisis, unless the credit of the EMPEROR was to be saved by his death; yet none but fanatic Red Republicans, ready to believe in everything they longed for, could have fancied the end of the Empire so imminent.

The year 1868 must have been one of great searchings of heart at the Court of the Tuileries. The interview of the German EMPERORS at Salzburg, although followed by all manner of satisfactory assurances, kept minds uneasy as to the new relations of France with her neighbours, and stimulated the audacity of those reckless men who fish for profit and popularity in troubled waters. Ugly omens multiplied towards the close of the year, urging the EMPEROR towards some decided if not desperate resolution. The incident in the Hall of the Sorbonne, when, at the distribution of prizes, young CAVAIGNAC refused to receive his at the hands of the Imperial Prince, must have shaken the EMPEROR'S faith in the bold Imperialism had on the upper classes, while of a sudden the turbulent democracy discovered a martyr in BAUDIN, one of the victims of the *Coup d'Etat*, and even the eminent veteran BERRYER contributed a letter and a subscription to the agitation.

The EMPEROR'S resolution was taken. He would use his personal power and what remained of his *prestige* to promulgate a scheme of comprehensive Constitutional reform. Judging by the course of events, we may well doubt whether the resolution would have served him had he taken it earlier. As it was, he was late then, as he had so often been before. It seemed as if he was graciously making a gift of the power he felt slipping through

his fingers ; and after all, the gift, such as it was, was in a degree illusory. For the future his Ministers were to be responsible to the Chambers ; they were to be chosen by the party that commanded a Parliamentary majority, they were to hold office by the votes of the House, as in England. But so long as the Empire maintained its traditional electoral machinery the EMPEROR assured himself an enormous working majority, happen what might. The masses of the rural voters were drilled by obsequious Préfets on their promotion, and the different circumscriptions were manipulated, so that in most instances the votes of the stolid and loyal country should swamp those of the feverish radical towns. In the towns, if the voters were not bribed, and bought with hard cash, they were delicately conciliated by the concession of serviceable public works — town-halls, lines of railway, free bridges. The Autocratic Empire had consolidated its popularity on a system of corruption ; it would have been simply suicidal had it reformed and become pure all of a sudden. There had been another unlucky coincidence for the shaking Empire. The Assembly had been dissolved, and there had been a general election. Of course, the Government obtained its commanding majority ; but, unfortunately, Paris and the great cities had returned Opposition members as a rule. The logical deduction was obvious—the intelligence of the country is opposed to Imperialism, and the Opposition represents a moral force out of all proportion to its numerical strength. It is notorious that in France the inert masses are swayed to one side or the other as they receive the impulse, and it became clear that any day an accident might derange the existing equilibrium. The various chiefs of the Opposition attacked, with the whole weight of their eloquence and their influence the vicious electoral system that made politics a comedy and falsified opinion. Excited mobs in the town shouted for the Republic and ROCHEFORT. The EMPEROR was being forced towards abdication or a *Coup d'Etat* He decided again for the *Coup d'État*, but this time it was altogether a Constitutional one. CÆSAR proposed a "*senatus consultum*," which resigned the power he had held in trust into the hands of the people, from whom it had flowed originally, and charged responsible Ministers with the exercise of the people's authority. The stanch Imperialist Ministers shook their heads at this putting new wine into old bottles. ROUHER, DUROY, LAVALETTE and BAROCHE resigned. Prince NAPOLEON made a remarkable and characteristic speech, which gave some colour to the theory of certain political seers that, with the assent of the head of his house, he held himself in reserve in case of a political catastrophe that should prove fatal to his cousin. The Prince approved the measure in the main, although, in his opinion, it was not sufficiently thorough. He avowed that he was not one of those who believed the Empire incompatible with the most absolute liberty, and he boldly touched all those burning topics which the official orators had carefully shunned. It was remarked at the time that the daring speaker had a long interview immediately afterwards with his Imperial cousin, and it was understood that they separated on the most cordial terms. It is probable the EMPEROR, having lost self-confidence, was in painful uncertainty as to the direction in which unforeseen circumstances might hurry him. The Home Minister, M. FORCADE DE LA ROQUETTE, proclaimed the programme of the Court in language sufficiently precise. The Empire hoped to succeed in solidly founding liberty, where the Governments of the Restoration and of July had failed, "because its principle is stronger and more popular ; because it rests upon the national will, several times proclaimed ; and because it defies surprises." At that moment it felt so strongly that its existing titles were discredited that already it was thinking of a fresh appeal to the democracy ; while it was the suspicion of surprises in store that had suggested its present attitude. Weakened and compromised by the secessions, the last genuinely Imperialist Ministry resigned, and the EMPEROR had recourse to the flexible Liberals, as represented by EMILE OLLIVIER and his colleagues.

We may judge him with tolerable confidence after the event, and, enlightened by results, we may estimate pretty fairly the formidable difficulties against which he precipitated himself. The fact remains that at that time men who would rather have been rid of the dynasty believed it so firmly established that the best and most patriotic course was to come to an understanding with it. Men patriotic or ambitious, like OLLIVIER, BUFFET, and DARU, accepted office and undertook the execution of the new programme. Yet the signs of the times were thickening. Not the least significant was the retire-

ment of HAUSSMANN, whose magnificent schemes—half developed, and arrived at a stage where perseverance might have been the truest economy—had so terribly embarrassed the finances of the capital. It was an acknowledgment that the Empire had reached the limits of its lavish expenditure, and pushed to an extreme the fatal principle of national workshops. Yet it was plain that if the men who had so long been subsidized became idle, needy, and discontented, the streets of the capital would be crowded with turbulent *émeutiers*, ready to swell the ranks of the Reds, and to force the hand of the Government when prudence and patriotism should alike suggest a cautious game. A sinister incident occurred on the very day when the Chambers met the new Ministers. Prince PIERRE BONAPARTE shooting VICTOR NOIR at Auteuil threw a weapon into the hands of the Red Republicans which they were not slow to lay hold of. ROCHEFORT'S language in his *Marseillaise* exceeded all measure. NOIR was made a martyr, and the Empire was in more imminent danger on the day of his funeral than men suspected at the time. Had ROCHEFORT been as daring in action as in speech, had his nerves not failed him before the starting of the funeral *cortège*, and had the impetuous FLOURENS taken his place at its head, it is hardly doubtful that there would have been a sanguinary collision in the Champs Elysées. The Empire would have triumphed for the day, for it was well prepared. But in its discredited condition a second carnage among the citizens of Paris could scarcely have failed to be a fatal defeat for it.

On the eve of the famous *Plébiscite* the position of the OLLIVIER Ministry was more treacherous than ever, and the attitude of the Government was visibly ill-assured. The Ministry trembled between Liberalism and extreme Imperialism, and one of its genuinely liberal measures had terribly multiplied its difficulties by allowing full licence of language to all its most unscrupulous enemies. In throwing the rein to the Press, OLLIVIER had said that they trusted it in future to the control of a healthy public opinion. It is hard to believe that either the Minister or the EMPEROR could have had any such confidence. Opinion had so long been stifled and gagged that it was debauched and thoroughly diseased. It was inevitable that the *régime* of repression should be followed by the reaction of excess, and the Empire suffered from the vice of its origin, and paid the penalty of the system by which it had hitherto succeeded. Now that writers could speak out, they reverted with justice to those crimes of the *Coup d'Etat*, when the President, for motives assumed to be purely selfish, had violated the oath of the Constitution, and abused the responsibilities he had solemnly accepted. They raked up the details of all those high-handed proceedings that had necessarily been received at the time in sullen silence. They denounced the sensational foreign policy that had been dictated by dynastical motives. They attacked the luxury and extravagances the people, and especially the middle classes, had been taxed for. They had facts enough at command, which needed scarcely to be distorted or overcoloured, to make up a damaging indictment. But they did not stop at facts. They made unsparing use of every calumny and falsehood perverted ingenuity could invent, and the condemnation of PIERRE BONAPARTE to a simple fine gave the demagogues of the democracy a standing text for philippics against the family with which he had so little in common. The virulent energy of the Opposition Press was swaying opinion; the organized agitation which was being fed with unfaltering activity might spread from the cities to the Conservative *bourgeoisie* of the towns, and from the towns to the loyal country people, who were drilled and directed by Préfets and Maires in the country. The *Plébiscite* was pressed on, lest delay should reduce the Government majority. Henceforth the Constitution, drawn in the most democratic sense, was only to be revised by the masses of the people on the initiative of the SOVEREIGN. The SOVEREIGN, in having his election confirmed by an overwhelming assent of his constituents, was to receive a retrospective act of oblivion for all the misdemeanours he had been charged with; he was to have a deed of indemnity for all the blood and the treasure the Empire had spent at home and abroad. The EMPEROR had urged on the step with feverish impatience, in opposition, it was understood, to the advice of the ACHITOPHELS by whom he had been wont to be guided. He waited the result with intense anxiety, although the vote was a foregone conclusion. With his superstitious cast of mind and his belief in destiny, he must have felt he had come to one of the turning points in his career, and no doubt he sought his horoscope in an analysis of the voting list, as soothsayers used to search

for the omens on some solemn national ceremony. The omens were sinister, and although there were seven millions of ayes as against a million and a half of noes, the forebodings were confirmed which had induced him to tempt his fate. Not only was the vote against him in Paris and most of the great cities, in the centres of industry, intelligence, and political intrigue, but 50,000 of his soldiers were with the enemy. The shock was severe; what was CÆSAR in the face of adverse circumstances if he could not count on the fidelity of the legions? Nothing could give more striking proof of the extreme impolicy of a measure which invited the soldiers to discuss the conduct of the master who relied upon their bayonets. As one blunder leads on to another, the EMPEROR, in his haste, advertised to the world his uneasiness at this military vote in a letter written to Marshal CANROBERT and intended for publication to the Army, in which he made ostentatiously light of it. From that time the suspicions that his power was declining turned to convictions confirmed by electoral statistics. It appeared he could not even reckon on that backing from brute force, in the last resort, with which even his enemies had hitherto been inclined to credit him.

The *Plébiscite* had been presented to the country as a vote of peace, as the commencement of a new era of sound Constitutional progress, and as giving a fresh impulse to domestic prosperity. It is just possible it might have turned out so, had the voting answered the EMPEROR's hopes or dreams. As it was, it could scarcely fail to prove a vote of war, sooner or later. That jealousy of growing German influence must become a question more dangerous to the dynasty than ever, now that the EMPEROR's power seemed to be tottering. Now that there was a *Fronde* in the Army, must there not be a foreign war to divert the minds of politicians of the canteen? Almost simultaneously with these events had come a change in the Cabinet, which had been nearly as freely commented on in Germany as in France. DARU and BUFFET had retired from the enfeebled Ministry.

After the *Plébiscite* the former statesman had been replaced at the Foreign Office by the Duc DE GRAMONT. We may be very certain that NAPOLEON, who had been given to hesitation in his best days, was hesitating now more painfully than ever over that question of a war with Germany. But, taking the GRAMONT appointment in connexion with all that followed on it, we can scarcely doubt that at that time he inclined to war. Had it been his settled resolution, or even his ardent wish, to preserve peaceful relations, he could hardly have made so unfortunate a choice. Not only was the Duke by no means the man to direct the Foreign Office, where susceptibilities had become so sensitive, but his Prussian antipathies were notorious. Nor should the fact that he came straight from Vienna have been a recommendation in the circumstances. The suspicion that he might have been selected on account of his excellent relations in the Austrian capital would, doubtless, have strengthened the EMPEROR's hands had he decided upon war, by giving Europe the idea that Austria was prepared to revenge Sadowa. But if it was desirable to preserve peace, nothing could have been more injudicious than to give Prussia a pretext for taking the initiative in war, by persuading her that she was threatened by a danger which promptitude might best avert.

It is idle to speculate on what might have happened had the EMPEROR decided to play the patriot at all hazards—to accept facts abroad, and try to induce his subjects to accept them; to stake the fortunes of his family on his domestic policy. We have the authority of M. THIERS for asserting that the EMPRESS urged him to make war for the sake of her son, and the assertion seems not improbable. It is certain that a knot of the most Bonapartist of the Bonapartists unceasingly pressed war on him for the most strictly personal reasons. They deluded themselves with the idea of the military preponderance of France; they believed the victory to be assured beforehand; the blood and treasure it might cost were nothing to them so long as they were assured a fresh lease of prosperity. The EMPEROR cannot altogether have shared these delusions, although doubtless to some extent he was deceived and willing to be deceived. But the successes that had once been matter of congratulation were now crowding their consequences upon him. He was being driven to seek for safety in provoking PROVIDENCE; he was paying the penalties of a political *vie orageuse*. The *Coup d'Etat* had cut him loose from relations that should have been his security in time of danger had he held his Throne by a more legitimate title. But his interests already were trending far apart from those of his subjects; the events of the night of the 2d

of December had left him few conscientious advisers, and limited his choice of capable military instruments. He had able creatures and subordinates who were bound fast to him; but the most eminent politicians of France, the men who might have had the confidence of the country, were in opposition or retreat, while disinterested veterans like CHANGARNIER and TROCHU were banished from his councils of war. The interests of an individual and of something far smaller than a faction were to decide on the destinies of the country at the moment when its fortunes were trembling in the balance. But no man, even in that extremity, would have rushed blindly on ruin to escape the dangers which menaced him. Did the EMPEROR believe he could enter on the war with reasonable hopes of success? LEBŒUF might have deceived him so far with that unhesitating answer—"We are ready, and more than ready." But, after LEBŒUF, there should have been no better judge of the situation than the EMPEROR himself. His muster rolls might have been falsified, yet, all deductions made, he could roughly estimate the effective strength of his forces. At least, he knew the numbers Germany could put on foot in a given number of days, for the German military statistics were open to the world, and there was STOFFEL at Berlin shrewdly noting everything and duly transmitting his Cassandra-like despatches to Paris. He must have been aware that, unless he could strike before those nine days of mobilization were accomplished, even Northern Germany would have a great numerical superiority in the field. The probability is that he taxed his ingenuity to combat the remonstrances of his common sense. In trying to deceive himself, he had plausible grounds to go upon. There was the reputation of those troops who had been the terror of Europe since the days of his uncle. They had only been repulsed by a combination of all the armies of Europe, when exhausted by unparalleled exertions. They had sustained that reputation in his own time, although he might have taken warning from the considerations which persuaded him to sign in haste the unlooked-for peace of Villafranca. Then there were the chassepots, the mitrailleuses, and those new rifled cannon of bronze. *Morale* and armaments might compensate for lack of numbers, fortresses which could not be taken might be masked, and the French *élan* might carry him into Germany before the more sluggish Teutons had settled their plans or combined their operations. The communications once cut between the North of Germany and the South, he might find his allies in the enemy's country, and beat Prussia, as his uncle had done, with South German auxiliaries. It was the EMPEROR'S misfortune that he was doubly deceived—that he was alike ill served in military affairs and in diplomacy. Had he been informed of the real spirit of Germany, he might have dismissed his notion of German alliances as the most extravagant of dreams but his Envoys to the minor German Principalities accepted the temper of the Courts as representing the spirit of the people. As is the manner of Frenchmen, they spoke no German. They reported that if France won a first success she might count on enlisting on her side South German jealousies of Prussia. It is less surprising that the EMPEROR received the fable at the time, since a man so intelligent as EDMOND ABOUT repeats it confidently to this very moment. Moreover, as it appears now, the new FOREIGN MINISTER was persuaded that he had secured the adhesion of Austria. What he had to tell the EMPEROR probably confirmed such false reports as came from Courts like Wurtemberg and Hesse Darmstadt.

Thus we may understand the EMPEROR'S mental attitude early in the year. It was with anything but a light heart that he looked forward to this war looming on his horizon, yet to a certain extent he had succeeded in persuading himself that the venture was not so very desperate. Did not LEBŒUF answer for the Army? Had not DE GRAMONT and his colleagues reassured him as to German alliances? Meanwhile, men were speaking of peace while a sense of coming troubles was spreading, and there were rumours of war in the air. The country, and even the obsequious Chamber, became dangerously susceptible. Stanch Imperialists like Baron JEROME DAVID held strange language. The project of a railway over the Alps threatened to create a conflagration in Europe. For a time there was a lull, but the heavens were lowering. OLLIVIER'S voluble assurances in the debate on the Army Bill made most people uneasy; the barometer was falling fast, and men felt somehow by the movements of the ship of State that the hands which steered it were beginning to falter.

Early in July the squall of the Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen candidate for the Spanish Crown blew up. The EMPEROR

found himself suddenly forced towards the resolution over which he had been hesitating so long. Let us judge his conduct and that of his Cabinet as we may, it is idle to say they regulated their policy on considerations of the dignity of France. The dignity of France was saved, and more than saved, when the King of PRUSSIA formally approved the withdrawal of the objectionable candidate. But for the sake of the EMPEROR, of the dynasty, and the Bonapartist placeholders, it was deemed necessary there should be a diplomatic triumph to compensate the humiliation of Sadowa by offering French vanity a brilliant satisfaction. The EMPEROR himself doubted and hesitated; if France was to be flattered by a triumph, Germany must smart under a defeat. But, in place of grasping at the reprieve which was offered him, doing his best in the circumstances, and giving himself time for reflection, he was tempted to push his success, and try if he could insult Prussia without having previously beaten her. Probably his judgment was remonstrating all the time. But we may believe that prolonged suspense was wearing a nature which had been tried by reaction of ill-luck after an extraordinary flush of prosperity. The EMPEROR saw that safety lay in waiting, had waiting been possible; but he had no longer either the resolution or the time to hold by his old maxim—"Everything comes to him who waits." The matter was precipitately discussed with the brutal bluntness of the telegraph. The most momentous questions were decided by the readiest pen in Cabinet Councils held standing and in feverish exaltation of spirits. Stories were invented and facts deliberately misrepresented by officials with the idea of provoking popular enthusiasm. On the 19th of July the die was cast, and war was declared by Ministers almost as thoughtless as the *gamins* who raised the cry of "*A Berlin*" upon the Boulevards.

The war was declared, and the EMPEROR could have prevented or delayed it, but the French were never more unjust that when they subsequently insisted on holding him solely responsible. It was not only that seven millions of them, men like M. GUIZOT included, had voted the affirmative in the *Plébiscite*, but organs of all shades of opinion had been stimulating their jealousy of German unity, and the illustrious THIERS himself had published his gospel of war and revenge in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." Had it not been for the tone held by French writers for many years before, the EMPEROR would never have dreamt of the German war-path as the shortest way to regain his lost popularity, and it is matter of little consequence whether the cries on the Boulevards which followed the declaration of war came from his paid police agents or his enfranchised voters of the faubourgs.

Every one should be familiar with the history of the war, so far as it can be gathered from the conflicting testimony of the leading actors in it. The error of declaring it once committed, the EMPEROR became only secondarily responsible for the disasters which cost him so dearly. The moral and material efficiency LEBŒUF had pledged himself for was lacking. A multitude of men who had been carried on the rolls were missing, and those who were actually under arms were never in the right place at the critical moment. The boasted *Intendance* system utterly broke down; magazines were found unfurnished, and supplies ran short. There were recrimination, disunion, and discontent among the leaders of the several *corps d'armée*. Time was lost when time was everything, and instead of France breaking ground with the swift advance that alone could have extenuated her precipitate declaration of war, her attenuated armies stood echeloned in a long line of observation along her assailable frontier. The plan attributed to the EMPEROR, of an aggressive movement that should sever Germany at once strategically and politically, had broken down before it could even be attempted. Had it been attempted it may be doubted whether it would not have proved more disastrous, if possible, than the one actually adopted.

The last pageants in which the unfortunate EMPEROR figured as the favourite of fortune were the arrival with the Army of Metz and the war rehearsal on the heights above Saarbrück, where his son received his "baptism of fire." While the world was expecting that, whatever might be the issue of the war, victory at first would incline to France, the EMPEROR was figuring as Commander-in-Chief of all the armies in the field. Had things gone well, he would have accepted laurels of ceremony, like the Grand Monarque when he travelled in his lumbering coach to see a town taken by one of his Marshals. But in reality, so far as the truth can be arrived at, it seems he only accompanied his troops in the capacity of spectator and adviser, perhaps as arbitrator in the last resort in some vexed question of combi-

nations. Had all gone as well as in Italy, CÆSAR'S chariot or charger would have moved along in the middle of his victorious columns, through triumphs and ovations, and over roads strewed with bloody laurels. The great object of the war would have been attained, and LOUIS the Younger would have been presented to France and Europe as the spoilt child of Victory and Fortune. It was the dream of some such result which led the PRINCE'S father to tempt this desperate game when he felt the odds were against him. His first proclamation, written in what should have been the flush of sanguine excitement, had somewhat chilled the more ardent spirits. He warned the troops of the formidable work that awaited them on their march in the country "bristling with fortresses." The anxiety that address shadowed out had more than realized itself. After the famous "*Tout peut se rétablir*" that followed the defeats of Woerth and Forbach, nothing can be conceived more deplorable than the position of the EMPEROR. Conscious of an irretrievable error, and moving despondently in the shadow of the approaching end, among disorganized and half-mutinous troops, who in their looks or language made him responsible for their misfortunes, surrounded by Generals who had lost head and heart, and had no comfort to offer to their master, he could do nothing by staying where he was, while he was sure to be made answerable for the defeats which impended when these demoralized troops of his should again be opposed to the disciplined and victorious Germans. The only thing more miserable than the scenes that were passing around him was the news which came from the capital. Paris would only receive him victorious; therefore, Paris would never receive him again. This was where he had been landed by revolving in that vicious circle which had commenced with the *Coup d'Etat*. This was the end of the years of strong personal government when he had boasted himself omnipotent for good or evil. It was but a year or two since he had declared that France was the arbiter of Europe, implying that he had the power to enforce her judgments; it was but a year since he had confidently answered for domestic order. Now the Germans were in France, and Paris, as he knew, was on the brink of a revolution. For him and for his son there was no safe home in his wide dominions but the headquarters of a beaten and retreating army. He had no choice left him when he turned back with MACMAHON in that Quixotic enterprise of releasing BAZAINE. MACMAHON, with candid chivalrousness, has acquitted his master of responsibility for that wild bit of strategy, but the surrender at Sedan must have come as a relief from a situation that was growing intolerable.

Thenceforward the EMPEROR'S life has a personal rather than a political interest. The surrender of his sword to the King of PRUSSIA symbolized nothing. He had ceased actually to be EMPEROR when JULES FAVRE had dared to demand his deposition three weeks before. The PALIKAO Ministry was Provisional rather than Imperial; it was understood that its precarious tenure of existence depended altogether on the news from the seat of war. With the capitulation of Sedan it ceased to be; the EMPRESS sought safety in flight from Paris, not an hour too soon, and "the gentlemen of the pavement" scrambled into authority over the fresh ruins of the personal power.

A howl of obloquy pursued the EMPEROR over the Belgian frontier to his seclusion at Wilhelmshöhe. It was not unnatural. The war was in great measure his; it had brought unspeakable suffering and bitter humiliation on the country, and his accomplices execrated him for not influencing them for their own good, in virtue of the authority their votes had vested in him. But dispassionate spectators regarded the fallen man with very different feelings. It was not only that such startling reverses might well have silenced harsh judgment, but the manner in which he bore them commanded involuntary respect and esteem. People who had called him a charlatan at the Tuileries confessed him to be a man when they saw him in the depths of misfortune. The wonderful result of his ambitions had been blighted so late in his life, that all hope was over for him; his pride was stung by the thought that his career had closed in humiliation; that posterity would denounce him as an impostor who had owed his rise and reputation to luck rather than genius; that the son, like the father, would begin life in proscription and exile, and find it the harder to repeat his father's successes among opponents forewarned by his father's example. With reflections so bitter gnawing at his mind, with his physical maladies conspiring to produce intense depression, he not only preserved his apparent serenity, but displayed invariably that dignified cour-

tesy which denotes a mind too stable to be easily shaken. Nor was the effort merely a passing one. It has lasted from then till now. Beset by a mortal malady which would have made most men irritable and captious, the EMPEROR has shown himself invariably calm and strong. Nothing, perhaps, is so admirable in the life of this remarkable man as the silence he has consistently preserved with regard to those whose ill-advised counsels, incapacity, and self-interested falsehoods contributed so largely to his ruin. Ungrateful *protégés* from whom he should have been sacred have sought to make him their scapegoat, as he has been abused and calumniated by bitter enemies. He has neither remonstrated nor recriminated in person or by deputy. The wranglers might tell their stories as they would, they might be sure enough he would never contradict them. History will find much to reproach him with, but it is certain his contemporaries have been very unjust to him.

We have lingered long on the last year of his reign, pregnant as it was with events which have shifted the landmarks of history. We may dismiss his sojourn at Chiselhurst in a line or two. His life passed there uneventfully and in apparent tranquillity. Silent, self-reserved, and self-controlled, he did not take the world into the secret of his regrets or remorse. If his party raised their heads again and bragged of a new revolution to their profit while France was struggling still in the social and financial chaos into which they had cast her, we have no reason to believe he gave them encouragement. Disappointed adventurers might talk and act madly when life was short. But the EMPEROR returned to England, whose life and people he had always liked, and lived like an English country gentleman, whose shattered health condemns him to retirement and the society of a few intimates. There were attached friends with him when he died, and if constancy should command friends few men deserved friends better.

It was unfortunate for his reputation that he was spared to live out his life. Had he succumbed some years ago to the first attacks of the disease he died of, he would have found eulogists enough to justify his policy by its brilliant success, and to deny that the Imperial system carried the inevitable seeds of dissolution. Had it collapsed after his decease they might have urged that the collapse was but a proof the more of his unrivalled genius,—that such a man could leave no successor to develop the ideas he had originated. As it is, it can hardly be doubted that his contemporaries will do him injustice, and that his memory will be, in a measure, rehabilitated by posterity. Unless absorbing ambition is to be pleaded as an excuse by Pretenders born in the purple, we must judge his political morality severely. The *Coup d'Etat* was an offence almost more venial than the systematically relaxing and demoralizing nature of the rule that followed it. His best excuse was that he honestly believed himself and his system better adapted to the French than any other that could be substituted for it; and subsequent errors seem to have shown that he was not altogether wrong. In considering himself to the best of his lights, he did the best he could for his country. His foreign policy was generous and consistent, until personal motives compelled him to arrange a series of sensational surprises. His enlightened commercial ideas cost him some popularity among the Protectionist supporters of his dynasty. England at least had nothing to reproach him with, and the firmness with which he had held to her friendship assured him a friendly welcome when he sought refuge on her shores.

As might be presumed from the marvellous vicissitudes of his career, few men showed stranger or subtler contrasts in their nature. He owed his rise to the unflinching resolution with which he pursued a fixed idea; yet he hesitated over each step he took, and it was that habit of hesitation that ruined him in the end. His strong point was that no disappointment discouraged him, and so long as he felt he had time to wait, his patience was inexhaustible. Confined at Ham, in place of dashing himself against his prison bars, he turned quietly to his studies, and educated himself for the destinies in store for him. After the ridicule of his failures on the frontiers and in the Chamber of Deputies, he tried again as if nothing had happened. It was significant of the man that he succeeded in France in spite of ridicule, yet there may have been cool policy in the deeds that changed ridicule to terror on the 2d of December.

With his unquestionable ability and some extraordinary gifts, it must be confessed he owed much to fortune. She repeatedly did wonderful things for him when his circumstances were critical. He

came to count with too great confidence on her favours when they were showering down on him and he drew recklessly on his *prestige* instead of nursing it against gloomier days. It had been his aim to persuade his subjects that he was something more than mortal; when his mishaps proved his mortality, they resented the deception he had practised on them, and trampled their idol in the dust. It is not in our province now to speculate as to the influence of his rule on France, or to examine how far France is to be blamed for the vice and corruption of the Empire. If he misunderstood the people he governed when he treated them rather like children than men, we can only repeat, the fault was a venial one. Had he been born in a station beneath the influence of those ambitions that tempt men to become criminal, he would have lived distinguished and died esteemed. As it is, if the circle of his devoted friends has sadly dwindled since his fall and abdication, we trust, for the honour of human nature, that there are many who mourn him sincerely in common gratitude.

(LEADING ARTICLE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1873.)

An enormous name has passed out of the living world into history. It seems as if a huge mass of the world's annals had receded further into the past, and the future itself was descending more swiftly upon us. We all of us feel older in having survived the man who represented, not, indeed, the ardent youth, but the busy middle age of this wonderful century. As one looks around to consider the various interests accumulated round that one life, and having their place in its story, one must rather ask, what is not to be found there? What hope, what fear, what sentiment, what cause, what race, what tradition, what anticipation, what part of material or mental progress—what that men can apprehend or care about is absent from the ideal pomp gathering round the dead? We cannot look around without seeing the shadow of a great memory everywhere. Even if in all things we seem to detect a lower level—something less than the Jove-born—neither the prodigy of genius nor the paragon of virtue—a cause not sacred and a devotion not absolute—interested loyalty and ostentatious splendour—in all things a descent,—it is still open to ask whether the individual man made out of all these secondary materials does not even exceed the purer and nobler creations. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE has not, like his uncle, risen from the small gentry of a remote island to triumph in every battle-field of the Old World, and to execute vengeance upon dynasties and aristocracies, till beaten only by the elements and ever-growing numbers; he has not fulfilled an ancient dream of conquest; he has not consummated a long design on the liberties and independence of semi-barbarous nations; he has not delivered his country from a hated thraldom, or welded a race into an Empire; he has not spread a faith or established a principle. The struggling Pretender, the favourite of Fortune, the final recoverer of his just inheritance, the patriot bequeathing to the world with his last breath a legacy of truth and honour—these are the theme of poets and the idolatry of historians. What we see in the career now closed for ever was a composition of all these things, each in measure and alloy. Hardly anything is wanting to that medley of qualities and that round of vicissitudes which either friend might claim or enemy ascribe.

The birthright of LOUIS NAPOLEON was that which the greatest intellect and most resolute will of his time had been compelled to let fall. It was the claim to hold and govern the world on popular principles and for present good, against the antiquated claims of authority, prescription, and class. Everything that was or had been established was in array against his avowed design to make the world anew. Repulsive as that design was to most minds, it had to bear also the scandals of conquest and the vices of Imperialism. What had been a political fanaticism had convicted itself of hypocrisy, and, worse still, of failure. All the States of Europe were banded to rush in and stamp out the slightest sign of an attempt to take up that sword of conquest and that crown of Universal Empire. The long Peace of an exhausted world, scarcely disturbed even by Revolution at the very focus of the old evil, was construed into a Divine sanction of the cause which had won the day. France herself at last, when she seemed free to choose, deliberately compromised with Legitimacy. Then, and for a long period, LOUIS NAPOLEON was the single representative of his

cause. But Princes flattered the people and dallied with their own fears, till, in spite of themselves, they had made a place for the name they feared and the man they had come to despise. We now see, though few saw then, that the ship which brought home the body of NAPOLEON to be laid under the gorgeous dome of the Invalides did in effect bring home his nephew. Meanwhile, this strange, meditative, inscrutable man, dark to others, often, doubtless, to himself, was learning everywhere, everything. In long captivity, in Switzerland, and in our metropolis, he had nothing to do but that which Princes often cannot do—to read, observe, think, and learn and watch the star of his destiny. Within the sphere of thought and feeling the man who can think, and feel, and intend, and design is an autocrat. He wants no advisers; he depends on no informers; he is bound to no agents; he is all in all—the first and last in his mental realm. That was the late EMPEROR'S education, as careful when it depended on himself and Fortune as when an Emperor, a nation, and a Royal mother gave their heart and soul to it. It prepared him for Empire, but not, as we now see, for Constitutional Government; and not, as we now still more plainly see, for the qualities necessary to success under the overwhelming difficulties of unexpected and unexampled prosperity. It prepared him for *Plébiscites* and *Coups d'état*, a portfolio teeming with schemes, new maps of Europe, rectified frontiers, "wars for ideas" repaid with territory, intrigues, demonstrations, vast material undertakings, and, in all things, a regard to that which pleases the fancy and meets the eye. It prepared him for the pageant and the scene, but not for the stern realities of all life, whether public or private—not for the successes only attainable by the full tension and continual exercise of the highest moral and mental faculties. A student may learn, a dreamer may have visions, a thinker may arrive at conclusions or collect and arrange ideas; but if they have to spend the best part of their lives out of the action of life, watching, observing, and patiently expecting, they will be sure to find that when the opportunity does arise they cannot deal with men, except as the bloodless creatures of their own ideal world.

For twenty years the world saw, with continual misgiving, the outburst of a long pent-up power, the very Summer of Empire full of leaf and flower; the very Autumn ripening everywhere to decay. France was to be dazzled with a succession of grand displays, from the fantastic shows of a Palace, enormous *fêtes*, unequalled Exhibitions, and the chase itself transformed into a forest masquerade, to wars and threats of war, in which glory was the only prize. When the Roman poet asked what soil had not been fertilized with Latin blood, he might have been answered that the soil so fertilized had also been won, and that the blood had not been shed wholly in vain, even though it only pacified and united the world. There was often wanted even that consolation for the blood of France shed in quarrels provoked by herself, as fruitless as they had been causeless. France had opened the century with a crusade in behalf of our common humanity, though as little true to its professions as crusades usually are. NAPOLEON III. had his crusades everywhere — for liberty, for order, for religion, for civilization, for commerce, for national unity, for every purpose that can engage the heart or imagination of man. Of all that effort and cost it is hard to say what and where the harvest is. The grandest and most successful of all these enterprises—that for the delivery of Italy from her German lords, winning by a miracle, and ending in a Napoleonic Conference, while its lustre was dimmed by material compensation— was fatal as a precedent. Professing to stand on Unity, NAPOLEON grudged for Germany what he had helped to win for Italy. He hardly cared to ask how Denmark stood in her quarrel. Principle faltered where the matter was small and the risk more appreciable. In so vast a field of enterprise as the surface of the globe, and with an ambition spanning two hemispheres, it mattered little if a trifle or two fell out of the programme. What if the chase for glory in far distant Mexico resulted in a national shame redeemed only by Imperial discretion? But NAPOLEON III. wished to be everything. Throughout the long enforced incubation of his own plans, he had meditated everything by turns, so now he must be the world in one man. Such an ambition must comprise failure as well as success; and with some glory not a little disgrace. Of course, all may now see easily enough, in the disastrous result, that under a great name and the semblance to absolute power there was the most fatal of weaknesses—the want of public virtue. The Imperial system, if it did not *violently* cast out the good and true, left them in the shade, and gave *honour, place, and*

power to those who would serve their master's turn. Thus was society corrupted, and the defences of the country left as weak and hollow as the fabulous array, the mock armaments, and the unprovisioned fortresses of some semi-barbaric potentate. Loyalty, "the cheap defence of nations," was wanting, and with that want nothing was true, substantial, and strong. The future will show better than we can tell whether this was the fault of the EMPEROR or of France.

Yet, not merely because the man is gone, nor yet because he descends to his grave having recently suffered vast calamities and deep humiliations, but because it is truth, and must be spoken, we bring a willing tribute to his virtues. Even though absorbed in an egotism almost inevitable under his strangely unique circumstances, NAPOLEON III. had the qualities which win personal affection, respect, and admiration. He had genuine love and friendship; he was loyal to his friends, true to all who worked with him, had his full share of personal courage, and was most grateful to all who had ever done him even a small service. It is not too much to say that he had the kindest recollection of everybody who had shown him even a passing civility in the course of his varied fortunes. He had a true love for his country, even though he could not but identify her fortunes with his own. All his schemes for her domestic improvement, for the emancipation of her trade and industry, and the extension of commerce by new and unheard-of channels, were magnificent, their only fault being that in some instances their time was not yet and the cost beyond all hope of repayment. But France had to be occupied and interested, and better by works of peace than of war. NAPOLEON III. stood throughout our fast friend to the very bounds of discretion. He saw and felt that our place was to stand together. Such were our national affinities, such our social interests, such our position. He had made two long sojourns with us, and had learnt our ways. He had become one of us. Nor would he play the dangerous game of former French Sovereigns, dissembling his real feelings to this country lest they should seem too English for old French antipathies. He did not disguise his Anglican leanings; and even when his life was threatened by conspiracy from these shores he was content with such protection as English law and custom could afford. Like his immediate predecessor on the throne, NAPOLEON III. will lie in an English grave, more secure there than at St. Denis, more secure, possibly, than at the Invalides. Received on these shores with the sympathy due to misfortune, and followed everywhere with the respect due to a dignified bearing and an affectionate nature, the ex-EMPEROR acquires a new claim to consideration in the agonies of his deathbed, the manly patience with which they have been borne, and the deep affliction of those he leaves behind him.

LORD LYTTON.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, JANUARY 20, 1873.)

To those who are passing into middle age, and still more to those who are further advanced in years, the news of the death of Lord Lytton will come as an announcement that another spring of pleasure, often tasted in the past, is closed. A younger generation may have favourites of its own whose gifts are awaited with eagerness and devoured with impatience, but the great mass of English readers have grown up under the influence of "Bulwer's" genius, and have delighted in each successive manifestation of his many-sided intellect. His novels fascinated their earlier years, and the remarkable fecundity of his powers only seemed to furnish them with fresh gratification every time they were exercised. They may have got to know the tricks of his style and the turn of his mind; but knowledge like this did but serve to heighten the pleasure they felt in recognizing the personality that could never be disguised, however various the forms in which it was clothed. It is not inconsistent with the energy of his career that even now that he is dead he has left a new book passing through the press, to be within a few days in our hands. He died as he lived, working to the end. He had revised the last proof sheets of his last novel just before the sudden attack which has taken him from us. On Friday morning he appeared to be in his usual health,

though wintering, as has been of late his custom, at Torquay, but in the afternoon an attack of ear-ache passed into violent inflammation, and on Saturday morning he died.

Thackeray, with pardonable fondness, was wont to dilate upon the wonderful power that novelists enjoy of conferring pleasure upon mankind. He tells us how he read novels as a school-boy—with delight when afternoon holidays came, and with, perhaps, still greater delight when he could smuggle the prohibited books among volumes of another kind he ought to have been studying; and he made it at once a boast and a matter of thanksgiving that the tastes of his youth had not deserted him as he passed from stage to stage of manhood. How many hours of such innocent pleasure has not Lord Lytton given and will he not yet give to the world of readers! It is five-and-forty years since his first novel was published, and his intellectual activity never ceased from the day of his first appearance as an author. All Englishmen know his books. Their popularity in the Colonies is relatively even greater than at home. In America they have been republished in Boston, in New York, and in Philadelphia, and rival publishers in these, and we believe in other cities, have competed which should be the first to reproduce them for American readers. Some have been translated into every language of Europe; almost all have been translated into the principal European languages. If any one will reflect on the number of readers these books have had in all parts of the world, he may be startled to see how hours pass into days, days into weeks, and weeks into years of pleasure. Yet it would be a mistake to dwell merely on the amusement they have given, or to think of Lord Lytton only as a novelist. One of the earliest of his associates, who has remained through life his friend and admirer while rising himself to a post of the greatest honour in his country's service, and to honour even greater than the post he fills—the Lord Chief Justice of England—recalled to our memory not long since the varied distinctions of Lord Lytton. It was at the parting dinner given to Dickens before his last visit to the United States that the Lord Chief Justice touched on the manifold honours the chairman of the night had gained since the days when they were undergraduates together at Trinity Hall. Poet, essayist, orator, statesman, dramatist, scholar, novelist—he had been all these, and this not like the fickle profligate satirized by Pope, who tried all things and never finished any; for, whatever the character Lord Lytton essayed to fill, he worked at the object he put before himself with conscientious thoroughness until he had completed his design; and if he did not in every walk achieve equal distinction, he failed in none. His first efforts in poetry are now but little known, and are scarcely referred to, except as curious illustrations of Lord Byron's influence over his generation; nor is it likely that King Arthur will be long remembered in his Epic; but in later years Lord Lytton discovered the true limits of his poetic power. The vigour, wit, and polish of "St. Stephen's" entitle him to high rank in the masculine school of Dryden and Pope; the "Lost Tales of Miletus" have charmed scholars with their playful fancy, and the translations from Schiller have been vouched by Mr. Carlyle as the versions an English reader should consult who wishes to know the lyrics of the great German author. Those who are most familiar with Lord Lytton's essays are most fond of them, and are most persuaded that they have never received fit recognition. Certain it is that among the earliest collected of his writings of this kind—"The Student"—are some papers of singular power and beauty which have never been adequately appreciated. The author of the *Lady of Lyons* was flattered by the preference of every actress on the stage for the part of Pauline; and the audience in the most fastidious of our theatres have welcomed *Money* every night for more than six months past. The whole world knows his fame as an orator and novelist, and remembers the singular range of knowledge and experience upon which he built up his success. We are not poor in Parliamentary oratory, yet veterans in the House of Commons confessed that Bulwer's speech on Lord Derby's Reform Bill in 1859 equalled anything they had ever heard at Westminster. The Radical member of 1831-41 had become a Conservative in advancing years, but his Conservatism was always rational, and it must be remarked that, while Whigs go to the House of Lords to become Tories, Lord Lytton used the independence of the Upper House to become something very like a Whig. He voted steadily against his party on the great question of the Irish Church, and in the threatened conflicts we have had of late years between the two Houses Lord Lytton was never one of those who

reluctantly gave way on second thoughts, for he had always anticipated the vote it became a hereditary legislator to give when the will of the nation had been made plain.

It is unnecessary to speculate upon the position Lord Lytton will ultimately occupy in the hierarchy of English letters. His keenest admirers will probably admit that he began too soon and wrote too much for lasting fame. His workmanship was, indeed, at all times most careful and accurate; but though the rapidity with which successive works appeared was never suffered to interfere with the polish of their execution, it did at times injuriously affect the spontaneity and depth of their inspiration. Tried by the very highest standard, it may be thought that his imagination, though skilful and eager in the development of dramatic situations, was wanting in the irrepressible impulse and sway of passion. It may even be said that he was a novelist by an effort of intellectual determination rather than through the possession of a gift that would not rest unexercised. But if this were true of him, it is true of every novelist now living among us, and admitting the limitation, what floods of wealth did Lord Lytton pour forth out of his treasury! His first novels have the faults which were inseparable from the circumstances amid which they were written, but their wit and brilliancy were all his own. "Pelham" was written just after he had come of age. Its author had been bred at home before passing to the University, and when he came to Trinity Hall he was like Gibbon in possessing a store of knowledge that would puzzle a Doctor, and like him in being ignorant with an ignorance that would shame a school-boy. Pelham has all the affectation of a youth who had been daintily bred at home and then translated into the life of the *salons* without ever having gone through the roughness of the playground. Most lads suffering from such a training would have dwindled down into becoming the pride of some petty *coterie*. But Bulwer had the strength to emancipate himself from the weakness of his education, and he grew steadily in power and freedom in every successive work. It is not our purpose to dwell on the volumes that appeared as year followed year. They are in everybody's hands. They have led the charmed reader into all times and into all lands. Imperial Rome lives again in the pages of the "Last Days of Pompeii," and the attempt to re-establish Romish liberty in the Middle Ages flashes out again in "Rienzi. Our own history furnished the subjects of "Harold" and the "Last of the Barons." The most popular of Lord Lytton's stories will, however, always be those which tell of modern English life. This was the substance of his first efforts, and to this he returned when, in 1850, the second half of his career began with the publication of "The Caxtons." It is in the brilliant and vivid analysis of contemporary manners that the greatest distinctions of Lord Lytton were achieved, and it is to these pictures of England in the first half of the nineteenth century that future students will turn back with interest and gratification.

Lord Lytton died on Saturday at Torquay, his usual winter residence, having been only seriously ill since Wednesday. Fortunately, his son was summoned in time to be present. The deceased Peer was the son of General William Earle Bulwer, of Woodalling and Heydon Hall, Norfolk, by the only daughter and heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth, Herts. He was born in 1805 and married, in 1827, Rosina, daughter of the late Francis Massey Wheeler, of Lizzard Connell, county Limerick.

The deceased peer represented St. Ives in 1831, Lincoln from 1822 to 1841, and Herts from 1842 to 1866. He served as Secretary of State for the Colonies from May, 1858, to June, 1859.

In 1844 Sir Edward Bulwer assumed the name of Lytton in compliance with the forms of his mother's will, and in 1866 was created a peer.

BARON LIEBIG.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873,)

The great chymist, Baron von Liebig, who died yesterday afternoon, was born at Darmstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, on the 8th, or, according to another account, the 12th, of May, 1803. After having completed his classical education at the Gymnasium of his native city, his father, who all along had noticed his excessive partiality for chymistry and for other branches of natural science, was induced to place him, when about 15 years of age, in a pharmaceutical establishment at Heppenheim. Here Justus Liebig remained not quite a year, and in 1819 we find him entered as a student at the University of Bonn, where he pursued his favourite studies with great industry and success. From Bonn he was transferred to Erlangen, where he continued to follow up the same course of study, and where he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine before he was of age. In 1822, or the following year, he was sent to Paris at the expense of the Grand Duke of Hesse, who allowed him a bourse or pension, under the name of a travelling-stipend. There he remained for about two years more, still prosecuting his chymical studies, and associating with the most distinguished of the chymists of that country, of whom the best known, perhaps, were MM. Guy-Lussac, Dumas, and Pelouze. In 1823 he communicated to the French Academy of Sciences a memoir on Fulminic Acid and the Fulminates—compounds which, according to Sir David Brewster's statement in Mackenzie's "Dictionary of Universal Biography," had been originally discovered by our countryman, Howard, as far back as the beginning of the present century. Liebig, however, says Sir D. Brewster, "was the first who explained their true chymical constitution;" and his memoir on the subject excited so much interest, not only in Paris, but in other countries, that Humboldt invited the author to his house and introduced him to the circle of his scientific friends. Resolved to stand his friend in more important matters, that distinguished patron of science gave him such strong letters of recommendation to the authorities of the University of Giessen that, although the subject of this memoir was only just 21 years of age, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Chymistry, a position which, some two years later, he exchanged for the higher and more permanent post of Ordinary Professor. He now, under the patronage of the Government (for which, no doubt, he had in some measure to thank his kind and discriminating patron, Humboldt), commenced that model laboratory for teaching practical chymistry which attracted students from every part of Europe, not to speak of other quarters of the globe, and enabled him to send out into the scientific world such distinguished chymists as Hoffman, Wiess, Fresenius, Gregory, Johnston, and Dr. Lyon Playfair, who were proud to reckon themselves in the number of his pupils.

For many of the facts in the life of Liebig which we have next to record we are indebted to his biographer and friend, Sir David Brewster. In 1837 Liebig attended the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which met that year at Liverpool. On this occasion he read a most interesting and valuable paper "On the Composition and Chymical Relations of Uric Acid;" and such was the estimation in which his paper was held by the chymical section of the Association that he was requested by its members to draw up two reports—the one on "Isomeric Bodies," and the other on "Organic Chymistry." Strange to say, however, none of these reports appeared in the "Proceedings of the Association;" but before the meeting which was held at Glasgow, in 1840, Liebig had published at Brunswick his work entitled "Organic Chymistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology," which was translated into English from the author's manuscript, and dedicated to the British Association. "This work," observes Sir D. Brewster, "was only a part of the Report on Organic Chymistry which that body had requested at his hands;" but an abstract of the whole report was read on his behalf by Dr. Lyon Playfair before the Chymical Section at Manchester in 1842, under the title of "Organic Chymistry applied to Physiology and Pathology." In the first part of this interesting communication he treats of the processes employed in the nutrition and reproduction of various parts of the animal eco-

nomy. In the second part he examines the chymical processes engaged in the production of bile, urea, uric acid, and its components, as well as of cerebral and nervous substance. In the third part he treats of the recondite laws of the phenomena of motion, and he concludes his report with two chapters, one on the theory of disease and the other on the theory of respiration. The entire report, of which this paper was only an abstract, was published in 1842, under the title of "Animal Chymistry, or Chymistry in its Application to Physiology and Pathology." It was translated into English from the author's manuscript by Dr. Gregory; a French version of it also was published at Paris.

In 1848 Professor Gregory translated from the manuscript and published Liebig's work on "The Motions of the Juices in the Animal Body," and in the following year his "Researches on the Chymistry of Food." Liebig had already published his most popular work, and that by which, after all, his name will be most widely remembered, his "Familiar Letters on Chymistry considered in its Relation to Industry, Agriculture, and Physiology." A second series of these "Familiar Letters" appeared in 1844, or the following year, and they have since passed through several editions. The edition of 1857 was dedicated to Sir James Clark, who had been largely instrumental in establishing the Royal College of Chymistry. A "Reply" to some of the principles laid down by Liebig, by Dr. Gilbert and Mr. Lawes, appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England* in December, 1855, and many of his views have been combated elsewhere from time to time; but still, speaking generally, it may be safely asserted that his principles of agricultural chymistry have found very many and very distinguished supporters. At all events, Liebig must be honoured with the credit of having very extensively simplified the processes for organic analysis, and of having by their aid made numerous investigations which were formerly impracticable on account of the complexity of the methods then in use. He was also the sole author of nearly three hundred, and the joint author of from thirty to forty, separate memoirs on chymical subjects which have been published from time to time in the leading scientific journals at home and abroad. He co-operated with M. Poggendorf in the "Dictionary of Chymistry," published by him in six volumes at Brunswick in the years 1837-1856, and in a "Supplement" to the same work in 1851-52; as also with M. Geiger in his "Manual of Pharmacy." Very many of his most important, though briefer, papers have appeared in the "Annalen der Chemie und Pharmacie."

The scientific attainments and valuable researches of Liebig were rewarded with honours of various kinds in almost every country where natural science is held in honour. Chairs of Chymistry, for instance, almost without number, were placed at his disposal, if he would only have condescended to accept them, both upon the Continent and also in London. In 1845 the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, Louis II., conferred upon him an hereditary barony, and thenceforth he was known as the Baron von Liebig. Already, as far back as the year 1840, he had been chosen a foreign member of our Royal Society, and had received its Copley Medal for his researches in organic chymistry. In 1850 he was elected to fill the Chymical Professorship at the University of Heidelberg, which was left vacant by the lamented death of Gmelin, but he declined to accept it. Two years later, however, he accepted a Professorial chair, and afterwards the post of President of the Chymical Laboratory, in the University of Munich, the duties of which he discharged most ably and efficiently until the commencement of the illness under which, after a partial recovery, he has ultimately sunk.

In 1854 a fund of about a thousand pounds was raised by subscription throughout Europe for the purpose of marking the value set by the public on his chymical and agricultural researches, and it was expended, as we are told by Sir David Brewster, in the purchase of five pieces of plate—one for each of his children—as memorials of the parent who is now no more. It is almost needless to add that he was an honorary or corresponding member of nearly all the leading academies and learned societies both in Europe and also on the other side of the Atlantic; and in May, 1861, he was elected, in the place of the late M. Tiedeman, as one of the eight Foreign Associates of the Academy of Sciences in the French Institute. In a practical country like England his name will doubtless be remembered less for his purely scientific attainments than for the advance in practical agriculture which has followed from his researches into the laws of chymistry. He was a frequent visitor to England

during the last 30 years or so, and his presence was always gladly hailed at our leading agricultural and scientific meetings. In the recent discussion upon the vexed question of the utilization of sewage he took an active and constant interest; and his views, to say the least, have tended considerably to increase and extend the knowledge previously existing on this most important subject. In English households his memory will, however, be perhaps still better remembered as the inventor of the preparation of meat extract which bears his name.

MR. MACREADY.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1873.)

It sounds a little strange, even to the ears of veteran playgoers, to record the death of Macready, the favourite of half-a-century ago, the contemporary of the Keans and the Kembles, more than 20 years since his retirement from the stage. As our obituary of yesterday mentioned, William Charles Macready died on Sunday at Cheltenham, at the ripe age of 80 years.

The son of a gentleman who had not been very fortunate as lessee and manager of one or two provincial theatres, he was born in the parish of St. Pancras, London, on the 3d of March, 1793. He was educated at Rugby, with a view to following one of the learned professions, probably either the Bar or the Church. But it was not his destiny to become either a Judge or a Bishop. His father was suffering from pecuniary embarrassments, and it became necessary for the son to turn his hand to some line of life where he could be earning money instead of spending it. Accordingly, he appeared on the boards for the first time at Birmingham in June, 1810, performing the part of Romeo, when he had little more than completed his 17th year. His appearance is traditionally said to have been successful, and he remained with his father's company until the year 1814 or 1815, performing at Bath, Birmingham, Chester, Sheffield, and Glasgow, and in other large provincial towns, with similar results. In September, 1816, he made his first appearance on the boards of a London theatre, performing Orestes in *The Distressed Mother* at Covent Garden. Here, too, his success was undoubted, but he had difficulties to overcome. To use the words of a writer in the *English Cyclopædia*, "Kemble, Young, and Kean had taken a sort of exclusive possession of the characters of Shakespeare, in which, at a later period, Macready was destined to display such excellence. With a resolute industry, however, a deep and subtle insight into the shades and peculiarities of character, and a style at once original and simple, he made a certain range his own. He won applause as Rob Roy and Gambia; but it was in the *Virginius* of Sheridan Knowles that his true position was first fully demonstrated."

From this time he continued to rise steadily in the favour of the public, and he increased his reputation abroad by well-timed visits to America and to Paris in the years 1826-28.

It was in the autumn of 1837 that he added to his many engagements and responsibilities by undertaking the post of lessee and manager of Covent-garden Theatre. Here his labour was immense. In the words of the writer already quoted, "he did not overlay the drama by too gorgeous scenery or by too minute attention to the details of costume, as though they were to be the principal attractions, but strove to make them appropriate to the situation and feeling of the scene as a whole." He also endeavoured to purify the atmosphere of his theatre by the exclusion of immoral characters and of all that could justify the suspicions and attacks of the enemies of the drama. It cannot, however, be said that the financial results corresponded to his praiseworthy attempt; and at the end of two years he resigned his management. At the close of his management, however, his friends not only entertained him at a public dinner, but presented him with a more solid "testimonial" of their sympathy.

After a short performance at the Haymarket, we find him next undertaking the management of Drury Lane, undeterred by his experience at the rival house. His management here was distinguished by the introduction of musical dramas set forth in the highest style of scenic illustration, among which we ought to particularize *Acis and Galatea* and *The Masque of Comus*. It also marked the

introduction of new dramas to the world, including many of the best pieces of Serjeant (afterwards Mr. Justice) Talfourd, Sheridan Knowles, and the late Lord Lytton, then better known to the public by the familiar name of Bulwer, who was his firm and fast friend for many years, and who wrote for him both *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons*. As the great French Cardinal, Macready achieved one of his chief histrionic triumphs ; but still, with reference to financial results, his management was not successful. Accordingly, he resigned it at the end of a second season ; and it is not a little remarkable that in his parting address he took occasion to denounce the injurious operation of the dramatic monopoly which then prevailed. This step he followed up by a petition to Parliament for its removal, and before long he had the satisfaction of seeing his wishes realized.

In 1849 Macready again paid a professional visit to America ; and on this occasion it will be remembered that a quarrel raised by the well-known American actor named Forrest, lately deceased, gave rise to a riot in the Astor Opera-house at New York, while the performance was going on, in which Macready's life was endangered. The riot was not suppressed until the military were called out ; shots were fired, and several persons killed.

Returning to England towards the close of the same year, Mr. Macready entered upon his last engagement at the Haymarket ; but his health was not good, and he soon after retired, fortunately in good time to enjoy his professioual honours in private life, but not until he had completed the representation of all his principal characters. It was in February, 1851, that he took his formal farewell of the stage and was entertained at a public dinner in London, the chair being filled by his old friend, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, whom he has now followed to the grave.

After his retirement from public life, he took up his residence first at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, and subsequently at Cheltenham, where, as we have said, he breathed his last on Sunday. At Sherborne he employed his leisure time in literary pursuits, and nothing pleased him better than to deliver lectures at the local Mechanics' Institutes and other similar institutions for the benefit of the humbler classes of society ; and both there and at Cheltenham he did his best to promote the cause of popular education.

About 25 years ago Mr. Macready published an edition of the poetical works of Pope, which was originally prepared and privately printed by him for the use of his children, to whom it is dedicated.

MANZONI.

(Obituary Notice, Saturday, May 24, 1873.)

Our readers will not so much be surprised at hearing that Alessandro Manzoni, the veteran novelist and poet of Italy, has at last died, at the ripe age of 89, as that he was still alive up to Thursday last. He died at Milan, of which place he was a native. His father was Count Manzoni, and his mother the gifted daughter of the Marquis Beccaria, whose name is well known as the author of a treatise on "Crimes and Punishments." He had the misfortune to lose his father during his childhood, and he received his early education at Milan and at Pavia. Before he had reached manhood he went to Paris with his mother, who introduced him into literary circles. The result was that he became acquainted with Volney, Cabaris, Fauriel (to whom he dedicated a tragedy in after years), and Madame Condorcet, and imbibed many of the opinions then current there. He appears to have first attracted attention by a poem in blank verse on the death of Carlo Imbonati, a relative who lived in Paris and left his property to Manzoni's mother. Returning to Italy in 1807, and soon afterwards marrying a lady from Geneva, we find him in 1809 publishing a poem entitled "Urania." This he followed up in 1810 by a volume of "Sacred Hymns," from which it appears that he had abandoned the deistical notions which he had imbibed during his residence at Paris. In 1820 he published his tragedy of "Il Conte di Carmagnola," which was succeeded by another, the "Adelchi"—both accompanied by series of interesting historical notes—and an ode on the death of the Great Napoleon. His tragedies—or one of them at least—received the praise of no less a critic than Goethe.

It was not, however, until 1827 that Manzoni's name became widely known to the world at large by the publication of "I Promessi Sposi," which has been translated into English under the title of "The Betrothed," and is now read in all the European languages. His next publication was of a controversial character, being a vindication of Catholic morality from certain charges brought against it by Sismondi in his "History of Italian Republics." In 1842 he published the "Storia della Colonna Infame," an historical treatise bearing reference to that portion of his "Promessi Sposi" which describes the plague at Milan in 1630. The substance of this work is thus explained by a writer in the *English Cyclopædia* :—

"Among the circumstances of that event was a popular belief in the propagation of the disease by persons who were supposed to have anointed the walls of the houses with a poison fatal to those who touched it. Many persons accused of being *untori* (anointers) were subjected to torture in order to procure confessions and accusations ; and, being tried, were found guilty, and executed with circumstances of appalling cruelty. The house of a barber named Mora, the supposed preparer of the poison, was pulled down, and a column erected on the site, which remained standing near the Via Ticinense till 1778, and was called the Colonna Infame, or Column of Infamy, whence the name given by Manzoni to his treatise."

Manzoni lost his wife in 1833 ; he afterwards contracted a second marriage, and continued of late years to live in retirement with his family at his residence near Milan. His poetical works, including his two principal tragedies, are of the Romantic, as distinguished from the Classical, School ; and they contain very many passages of great beauty, though probably few judges would place him in the highest rank of dramatists ; but his "Promessi Sposi," "in respect of skilful construction and interest of narrative, vividness of description, and discrimination of character," has been pronounced by a high authority as "entitled to take rank beside the best historical works of Sir Walter Scott." It seems strange that in this present year we should be recording the death of a poet and novelist who was four years older than Byron (who has been dead nearly half a century), and was only a few years junior to Sir Walter Scott himself. In 1860 Manzoni was named a Senator of the kingdom of Sardinia. We ought to add that a complete edition of Manzoni's works was issued by Tomaseo, at Florence, in five volumes, several years ago.

LORD WESTBURY.

(Obituary Notice, Monday, July 21, 1873.)

The illness of Lord Westbury has had, as was feared from the first, a fatal termination, and his Lordship died at his residence at Lancaster-gate, Hyde Park, early yesterday morning, at the age of 73 years.

The son of a physician at Bristol, of ancient Welsh extraction, whose family name was identified by the Heralds and pedigree hunters with that of "Ap-Ithel," Richard Bethell was born on the 30th of June, 1800. Having received his early education at a school at Bristol, he showed such a precocity in scholarship and also in mathematical learning, that at the age of little more than 14, while still wearing (as he himself said) a jacket and a frill, he presented himself at Wadham College, Oxford, for matriculation. His extreme youth caused at first a little demur ; but he was matriculated and had worn the commoner's gown for only a few months when he gained, being then but just 15, a Scholarship in his College—an instance of precocity paralleled at Oxford, in modern times, so far as we are aware, only by the late Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter.

His undergraduate career was one of high promise, and in the Easter Term of 1818, when he had not yet completed his 18th year, he took his Bachelor's degree, obtaining a first-class in the classical and a second in the mathematical schools. Among those who stood in the first class along with him were the Rev. Charles Girdlestone, the late Rev. Edward Gres well, Fellow of Corpus College, and the late Mr. Charles Gray Round, some time M.P. for North Essex.

For some time after taking his degree Mr. Bethell resided in Oxford, taking

pupils, or, as it is there termed, "coaching"; and we believe that on one occasion, in 1821 or 1822, he was an unsuccessful candidate for a Fellowship at Oriel College, against Dr. John H. Newman. Soon afterwards, however, he succeeded to a Fellowship in his own College; and having previously been entered as a student at the Middle Temple, he was called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1823. He now settled in London, and applied himself heart and soul to the study of the profession which he had chosen, and, selecting the Chancery Bar, soon succeeded in obtaining a sufficient share of business to warrant him in throwing up his Fellowship by contracting an early marriage. In 1825 he married Elinor Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Abraham.

Mr. Bethell, as the tradition runs at Oxford, owed much of his early distinction at the Bar to the high impression which he had produced while resident at the University upon the late Dr. Gilbert, the Head of Brasenose College, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester, who had examined him for his Bachelor's degree. The story is told as follows:—A suit in Chancery was instituted against the College by a wealthy and influential nobleman in the east of England. An unfavourable decision would have seriously affected the interests of the Society over which Dr. Gilbert presided, and, mindful of the ability displayed by Mr. Bethell at his examination for honours, he selected the young Chancery barrister as counsel for the College. It is said that an eminent authority advised the College to agree to a compromise, and that the Principal and Fellows were only encouraged to resist the action by the earnest representations of Mr. Bethell, then a young man and untried lawyer. The College persevered, and Mr. Bethell's self-reliance was rewarded by success. Briefs rapidly flowed in, and Mr. Bethell's practice continued to increase until early in 1840, when Lord Cottenham, then Lord Chancellor, gave him a silk gown. Mr. Bethell, by the promotion of Messrs. Knight-Bruce and Wigram to the Bench, became, before reaching middle life, the leader of the Bar in the Chancery Court, and his practice rapidly multiplied, the more rapidly, indeed, because it was generally believed that his opinions had an almost irresistible influence over the decisions of Sir Lancelot Shadwell. He continued to practice with almost equal success in the Equity Courts under the successive Chancellorships of Lords Cottenham, Lyndhurst, Truro, St. Leonards, and Cranworth; and it may indeed be said that for upwards of 20 years there was hardly a Chancery suit of importance in which he was not engaged. Among the most interesting and important of such cases were the great Bridgewater Will Case (which gave to the Brownlow family the large fortune they inherited from the Duke of Bridgewater free from the conditions imposed on Lord Alford, as contrary to public policy), and also the Montrose Peerage Case and the great Shrewsbury Case, in which he appeared first as Attorney-General, *virtute officii*, as assessor on behalf of the Crown, and subsequently, when out of office, as counsel for the infant son of the late Duke of Norfolk, who was made a party to the suit.

Unlike many of his legal brethren, Mr. Bethell was in no hurry to enter the House of Commons, and it was not until 1847 that he offered himself to a Parliamentary constituency as a candidate for their suffrages. In that year he contested Shaftesbury as a Liberal-Conservative, but without success, being defeated by Mr. Richard B. Sheridan. In April, 1851, however, he was more successful at Aylesbury, where he presented himself to the electors with a far more advanced political creed, and was returned to the Lower House as a "Liberal, favourable to the Ballot and to the abolition of Church-rates." He continued to represent that constituency down to April, 1859, when a difference arose as to the terms of a compromise with the Conservative party, and he withdrew from the contest. He was, however, almost immediately invited by the Liberals of Wolverhampton to succeed Mr. Thomas Thornely in the representation of that important borough, and he continued undisturbed in the possession of his seat until called to the Upper House.

Almost immediately upon being elected for Aylesbury he had been nominated Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In December, 1852, he for the first time took office, becoming Solicitor-General under the Coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen, when he received the customary honour of knighthood. At this time many rumours of intended legal reforms were current, and, in all probability, had the circumstances of the time been different, Law Reform would have occupied the serious attention of Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues. But the Crimean War rendered this impossible.

Still, the services of Sir Richard Bethell were of much use to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) in carrying his Succession Duty Bill, many of the points in which were so intricate and so strictly technical that not even Mr. Gladstone—and, indeed, no one but an Equity lawyer—could have made them plain to the comprehension of the House of Commons. In fact, a great part of the success of this measure was confessedly due to Sir Richard Bethell, who also took an active part about the same time in carrying the Bills for reforming the University of Oxford and for abolishing the Ecclesiastical Courts. In the winter of 1856-7 Sir Richard Bethell became Attorney-General, on the promotion of Sir Alexander Cockburn to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Common Pleas. Two important measures of legal reform were added to the Statute Book in 1857—the Probate and Administration Act and the Divorce Act. It was the duty of Sir Richard Bethell, as Attorney-General, to introduce these Bills into Parliament, and to take on himself the principal share of the work of carrying them through the Lower House. This duty he discharged most efficiently, although upon the question of Divorce he had to reckon among the resolute opponents of the measure his old colleague, Mr. Gladstone.

When the new Court of Probate and Matrimonial Causes was first formed, the Judgeship was offered by Lord Palmerston to Sir Richard Bethell, and it cannot be doubted that the public regarded Sir Richard Bethell as eminently fitted to discharge its functions. He, however, declined the offer, being conscious that a higher dignity would be within his grasp if he would only wait for it.

During the Session of 1857 the new Attorney-General carried also through the House of Commons another important measure—the Fraudulent Trustees Bill, which remedied a defect much felt in our criminal jurisdiction, for up to that time a trustee who robbed a helpless woman or orphan was regarded, not as a criminal, but only as a debtor. The British Bank scandal had then just occurred, and the Attorney-General declared that he would try without delay whether the law was not strong enough to meet the case of its Directors. He did so, and the result was that they were tried for a criminal offence, and convicted. Sir Richard Bethell also had a large share in the preparation of the Conspiracy Bill of February, 1858, the rejection of which caused the retirement of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet from office; and it will be remembered that his statement of the law of England in cases of conspiracy as it stood gave rise to a sharp passage of arms between Sir Richard and several of the Law Lords, including Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Campbell, and the then Chancellor, Lord Cranworth.

The year 1859 was not distinguished by any great measures of Law Reform. The Conservatives, under Lord Derby, were in office, and their Solicitor-General, Sir Hugh Cairns, brought in a Bill for simplifying and facilitating the transfer of land. Sir Richard Bethell, though sitting on the Opposition benches, heartily praised Sir Hugh Cairns' speech, but warned him of the difficulties he would have to encounter before he could hope to effect the desired reforms. A change of Ministry occurred soon afterwards and the matter was left over for future legislation.

When, in the summer of the last-named year, Lord Palmerston returned to office, some little surprise was expressed, and probably more still was felt, at the fact of the Great Seal not being offered to the eminent Equity lawyer who had so effectively served his party, and who, as an Equity lawyer, was at all events as well fitted for the woolsack as "plain John Campbell," who had reaped all his laurels at *Nisi Prius*. But Lord Campbell, too, had "claims" on his party; and it seemed ungenerous to grudge the Lord Chief Justice, then close upon 80, a dignity which, in all human probability, he would not live long to enjoy. And so it turned out; for on the sudden death of Lord Campbell, in June, 1861, the Seals were offered to Sir Richard Bethell, and a few days later he took his seat upon the woolsack as Lord Westbury, of Westbury, in the county of Wilts. He did not, however, go to the Upper House until he had done one further service to the profession and to the country at large by passing the Bankruptcy Bill of 1861 through the Lower House—a task of no small magnitude and difficulty.

On the woolsack and in the Equity Courts, during his three years' tenure of the Great Seal, Lord Westbury made his mark, and there are few of his predecessors in the present century whose judgments can be said to stand higher.

Lord Westbury was a fluent speaker, though he never rose into high flights of oratory, and his mincing lisp and drawl, and apparently affected style of pronunciation, must have affected his rhetorical

fame, even if he had had other pretensions to it. His great merits, both as an advocate and as a Judge, were ease and self-possession, clearness of thought, exquisite precision and conciseness of language, and a marvellously acute logical faculty, with a mind capable at once of entertaining the broadest views and the most subtle distinctions. It must be owned also that his words sounded, and read also, too often "like butter," when in reality they were "very swords," so keen was the edge of that razor-like wit to which he could give play if provoked.

We will not re-open here the melancholy question of Lord Westbury's fall. It will be enough to say that in the summer of 1865 scandals which, though not originating with him, it was felt he ought to have detected and checked, were brought to light in connexion with the Leeds Bankruptcy Court, and in consequence of these, and of an adverse motion proposed in the House of Commons, he resigned the Great Seal in the July of that year. His resignation was accepted by Her Majesty, and Lord Cranworth again took his seat upon the woolsack as his successor.

From that date down to a recent period Lord Westbury constantly took part, as one of the "Law Lords," in the decision of Appeals brought before the House of Peers. It should be added that as "Arbitrator" in the many delicate and important questions which arose out of the European Life Assurance Company, his Lordship showed all the ability which had marked his tenure of the woolsack. Above all, it must not be forgotten that many years ago, when the subject was far from popular, Sir Richard Bethell took a great interest in the improvement of our system of education for legal students, and that, as Chairman of the Council of Legal Education, he largely contributed to bring about those measures which have been recently adopted with this object by the Inns of Court.

Lord Westbury was twice married; by his first wife, Miss Abraham, he had a family of four sons and four daughters. He married as his second wife Miss Eleanor Margaret Tennant, on the 25th of January last.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

(Obituary Notice, Monday, July 21, 1873.)

It will be with sincere grief that our readers will this day learn the sudden death of the eloquent and able Bishop of Winchester. Bishop Wilberforce was riding last Saturday on the Surrey hills, in the neighbourhood of Dorking, when he was thrown from his horse, and we deeply regret to add that the accident proved fatal. The details were as follows:—

On Saturday the Bishop, accompanied by Lord Granville, left London by the South-Western Railway, with the intention of paying a short visit to the Hon. Edward Frederick Leveson Gower, of Holmbury, near Dorking, where Mr. Gladstone had arrived to meet them. At Leatherhead they were met by a groom with horses. The Bishop mounted one which, on account of its quietness, was a special favourite of Lord Granville's. The distance of Holmbury from Leatherhead is about seven miles, and the route lies through the most picturesque parts of Surrey. After passing the Burford-bridge Hotel they left the high road, and, leaving Dorking in the valley, made their way over Ranmoor-common. From this point they pursued the bridle road towards Leith-hill, where the scenery is especially attractive. Beyond the Ackhurst Downs Lord Granville, being very familiar with this part of the country; led the way down the hill towards Abinger, and arrived on a piece of moorland locally known as "Eversheds Rough." A waggon road here being very full of ruts, they left it for the turf, which is very light and springy, but is not good galloping ground. The Bishop and Lord Granville were in conversation when the Bishop's horse stumbled, it is believed, over a stone, and threw its rider on his head. After a slight convulsive movement the Bishop became motionless. The accident happened opposite a range of farm buildings, the only houses in the neighbourhood. Lord Granville at once dismounted, and, seeing no signs of life, despatched the groom for assistance to Abinger Hall, which was the nearest house. Death appears to have been instantaneous, as the

Bishop fell on his head, and, turning completely over, dislocated his neck. The body was conveyed to Abinger Hall, the seat of Mr. Farrer, the Secretary of the Board of Trade, Lord Granville assisting to carry the body. Expresses were sent to Dorking and Shere for medical aid, and Dr. Clark and Mr. Furnivall were soon on the spot, but the Bishop was beyond all assistance. From the moment he fell he showed no signs of life. His hat was completely crushed in, but on the body there were no marks whatever, though yesterday morning there was a slight extravasation of blood under the left ear. The face was as placid as in life. The intelligence of the melancholy event was at once telegraphed to his Lordship's family, and yesterday morning his youngest son, the Rev. Mr. Wilberforce, arrived at Abinger. He visited the scene of the accident, and caused a cross to be cut in the turf where his father fell. On an examination of the ground, it was ascertained that there is a slight declivity at the place where the accident occurred. The hoof-marks plainly showed where the horse stumbled, and a few feet further on where it recovered its footing. The body now lies in the drawing-room of Abinger Hall, where an inquest will be held this morning.

Samuel Wilberforce, for upwards of a quarter of a century Bishop successively of Oxford and Winchester, was born at Broomefield-house, Clapham-common, Surrey, on the 7th of September, 1805; he had not, therefore, completed his 68th year at the time of his death. He was the third son of William Wilberforce, celebrated for the share he had in the abolition of the Slave Trade, and the author of the well-known and ever-popular "Practical View of Christianity," who, after representing Hull and his native county, Yorkshire, in Parliament for many years, died in July, 1833, full of days, and was honoured by a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey. By his wife, Barbara Anne, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Spooner, of Elmdon Hall, Warwickshire, he had, together with two daughters, four sons, all of whom rose to eminence. The eldest, William, who still survives, represented Hull in Parliament for a short time in 1837-38; the second was Robert Isaac Wilberforce, some time Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire, who died in Italy in 1857, not long after having resigned his preferments and joined the Roman Catholic Church, a step which had been previously taken by the youngest of the four sons, Mr. Henry William Wilberforce, at the time Vicar of Earl Farleigh, Kent, whose death we recorded since the commencement of the present year. The third son, Samuel, was the Prelate whose death we have just announced.

Half a century and more ago our Public Schools were not what now they are; and the Evangelical party had imbibed from the writings of Cowper and from other sources a mistrust of them as seminaries of Christian education. In fact, as a rule, "religious" persons kept aloof from them; and the elder Wilberforce, who tells us in his diary that he looked forward to no prospect more hopefully than to his sons becoming good and worthy ministers of the English Church, formed no exception to the rule. Accordingly, he sent his son Samuel to Edgbaston, near Birmingham, to receive his early education under the late Archdeacon Hodson. In due course of time, having completed his studies, he was entered as a Commoner at Oriel College, Oxford, then at the height of its reputation under Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff. As an Undergraduate, as we learn from Mr. Trench's "Notes from Past Life," if not a very distinguished scholar, in the limited and Oxford sense of the word, young Wilberforce was a constant and very fluent speaker at the Union Debating Society. In Michaelmas Term, 1826, he brought his Undergraduate career to a close by taking his Bachelor's degree, when he obtained a second class in Classics and a first in Mathematics, his name standing in the Class-list side by side with Bishop Trower, the late Dr. Mortimer, Archdeacon Denison, Lord Henry Bentinck, and the late Lord Newark.

He did not gain any of the University or other Oxford prizes, either as an Undergraduate or a Bachelor; and we believe that from the time of taking his degree he began to prepare himself for the ministry, to which his father had always hoped that he would "prove his calling." Accordingly, in 1828, he was ordained by the late Dr. C. Lloyd, then Bishop of Oxford, his "title" for orders being the curacy of Checkendon, a remote country parish about midway between Henley, Wallingford, and Reading, where, long after he returned into those parts as a Bishop, his name was remembered with affection by the aged poor. A short time before his ordination he had married Miss Emily Sargent, eldest daughter and co-

heiress of the late Rev. John Sargent, of Lavington, Sussex, who died in 1841.

At the end of the customary period of probation for curates, Mr. Wilberforce was appointed, in 1830, to the great delight of his aged father, to the living of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, a benefice in the gift of his old friend Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, to whose see he afterwards succeeded in Dr. Sumner's lifetime, but whom in the end he has not outlived. In 1841 he was promoted to the rectory of Alverstoke, near Gosport, an important and populous parish, where he had at one time as his curate Dr. Trench, the present Archbishop of Dublin. He had already been nominated by Bishop Sumner to the Archdeaconry of Surrey, attached to which was a canonry in Winchester Cathedral, and in the year of which we speak he was chosen by the authorities of Oxford to deliver the Bampton Lectures. The delivery of these was, however, prevented by the death of Mrs. Wilberforce. The subject chosen by him, we believe, was the personality of the Holy Spirit. Preferments were now showered thickly on Archdeacon Wilberforce. In 1843 he was nominated one of the chaplains to his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort. In the year 1844 he was appointed by the then Archbishop of York Sub-Almoner to the Queen, and early in 1845 was promoted to the Deanery of Westminster, which had become vacant by the death of Dr. Ireland. About this time he proceeded to his degrees in Divinity, as Bachelor and Doctor.

He was not, however, destined to stay long at the Deanery of Westminster. Before the close of 1845 the see of Bath and Wells had become vacant by the death of Dr. Law; and Dr. Bagot having been translated from Oxford to fill the vacancy, the See of Oxford was offered to his acceptance. He was consecrated in Lambeth Chapel by Dr. Howley, at that time Archbishop of Canterbury, on St. Andrew's Day, 1845, the consecration sermon being preached by his elder brother, Robert, Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire. As Bishop of Oxford he became also Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, for under the ecclesiastical arrangements of a few years previously Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel were included in the diocese of Oxford instead of in that of Salisbury, to which they had belonged. In 1847, Bishop Wilberforce received also the appointment of Lord High Almoner to Her Majesty. Joined with the See of Oxford at that time was the rectory of Cuddesden, near Oxford, and, as at Alverstoke, Dr. Wilberforce had one future Archbishop as his curate, so here he had Dr. Thomson, the present Archbishop of York.

As a Bishop, Dr. Wilberforce lost no time in showing himself earnest, zealous, and indefatigable, confirming not only in the larger towns, but in the village churches, mixing personally with his clergy, and stirring up their dormant energies by taking part in "special services" at Lent, at Advent, and other sacred seasons. He was active, also, in preaching on behalf of new and old Religious Societies, which he regarded as useful handmaids of the Church, and in promoting all well-considered measures of school improvement, of Church extension, and of Church restoration. He also established, almost under his own eye, at Cuddesden, a Training College for clergymen, in order to bridge over the years which young men who intended to "take orders" too often wasted after taking their degree at Oxford and Cambridge, while not yet of canonical age for ordination as deacons.

He had not long taken his seat on the Bishops' bench in the House of Lords before he began to make his presence felt there, speaking frequently on subjects in which the Church was more or less directly interested, such as the religious education of the young, the admission of Jews into Parliament, the Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the revival of the active powers of Convocation, which, as we need scarcely remind our readers, had been long dormant at the time of his consecration to the Episcopate. In 1848 some bitter controversy was excited by the part he took in reference to the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford, and it is worthy of note that, 16 or 17 years ago, he was one of the most active opponents of the Bill passed at the instance of Lord Palmerston to enable the late Bishops Blomfield and Maltby to resign respectively the Sees of London and Durham. Within the last four years he accepted the See of Winchester upon Dr. Sumner's resignation. But before that time he had already changed his views upon the subject of clerical resignations, and was the most active promoter, if not the author, of the Act passed to enable aged incumbents to resign their livings and retire on a pension when incapacitated for further work.

In the Upper House of Convocation it

would be more easy to give a list of the subjects on which Bishop Wilberforce was silent than to mention one half of those on which he spoke. Enough to remember that seldom or never did he open his lips on subjects connected with the Church except with energy and fervour. It was in 1869, after 24 years of constant labour in the diocese of Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce was translated to the great See of Winchester, upon Bishop Sumner's resignation.

Of a man who has lived so much and so long in public as the late Bishop, it sounds tame and trite to say that he was most popular in society, and beloved, both as Archdeacon and Bishop, by all his clergy, except the extreme men of either side and party. Whatever he undertook he did with grace and ease, and, above all, with a heartiness which proved contagious. As a platform orator he has rarely been equalled ; an anecdote from his lips gained a point which its author could not give it. He was indeed, in its best sense, a " many-sided " man ; and into his active career many careers, so to speak, were crowded together. He was indefatigable in work, and never knew what it was to be fatigued, scarcely what it was to take rest. In the management of two very important dioceses he showed administrative ability, and an energy of personal character which does not often display itself on the Episcopal bench.

His was an eloquence which never failed. It shone equally in his pastoral charges, in his confirmation addresses, whether to the Eton boys or to the boys and girls of country village schools, and in those spirit-stirring appeals which he would deliver in Cuddesden Chapel to the candidates for Holy Orders. Regarded as a Parliamentary orator, there was much of truth in the observation of a statesman now deceased, that, " although the late Lord Derby was *facile princeps* among debaters, and the late Lord Ellenborough probably the next best debater in the House of Lords, still in Parliamentary eloquence no one so nearly approached either the one or the other as Bishop Wilberforce.

Although he was not the author of any learned and laborious work, and perhaps was not so deep a theologian as his brother Robert or many of his Episcopal brethren, yet his name will be remembered as the author of a " History of the Episcopal Church in America," and of two or three charming religious Allegories, the most popular of which are " Agathos " and " The Rocky Island." He was also the author of numerous " Charges," Archidiaconal and Episcopal, " Occasional " and other Sermons, " Sermons Preached before the Queen," " Sermons Preached at Oxford," &c. It is worth mention also that, jointly with his brother Robert, he gave to the world the " Life and Correspondence " of his father in five octavo volumes—a work which would have been more valuable had its authors been less filial, and consequently more critical in the work of selection.

(LEADING ARTICLE, MONDAY, JULY 21, 1873.)

The sudden death of the Bishop of WINCHESTER will be felt as a painful shock, not only to the Church, but to English society in general. A few hours ago he was one of the most prominent characters in English life. He was in all the vigour of his powers as an eloquent preacher, an active administrator, a keen debater, and a brilliant companion. He had gone into the country, not for mere relaxation, but in discharge of that duty of personal visitation of his diocese in which he was indefatigable. But of course he was a welcome guest in one of the country houses of Surrey, and Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE had come down to meet him. He was riding with Lord GRANVILLE on Saturday when the fatal accident occurred. His horse stumbled, he fell, and was killed instantaneously. It is a strange coincidence that all but the same day should witness the death of another distinguished man, with whom he had more than once had sharp passages of controversy in the Upper House of Parliament. Lord WESTBURY'S distinction was won entirely within the walk of his profession, but within those limits it was very high indeed. He was one of the greatest lawyers of whom the English Bar can boast, and he rendered invaluable service to the country in the promotion of several important legal reforms. He can ill be spared at the present moment. His recent decisions as Arbitrator in settling the affairs of the European Assurance Company proved that his ability was in no way impaired by age, and there was every reason to hope for further valuable assistance from him, both as a Judge and a Legislator.

But the Bishop of WINCHESTER pos-

sessed qualities which had a wider influence, and will render his loss far more generally felt. He was a man of talents so great and varied as to constitute genius, and his activity was only limited by the opportunities for its exercise. This versatility, indeed, constituted at once his strength and his weakness. It enabled him to do everything; but it debarred him from that complete unity and concentration of purpose which are necessary for the highest of all achievements. He was, however, before all things, a hard-working Bishop, and in the main current of his life he reflected the piety and earnestness of his father. He was made Bishop of Oxford at the early age of forty, but the honour was only a just recognition of his excellence as a clergyman. He won the hearts of the inhabitants of the country parishes in which the early years of his ministry were spent as thoroughly as in after life he gained the affection of a large body of clergy. He inherited the charms of manner and conversation for which his father was celebrated, and, especially in the earlier years of his work, there was something inexpressibly attractive in all he said and did. His preaching was unapproached in our time for its persuasiveness, and for its power of appealing at the same time to the heart and the head. His exquisite voice and impressive manner enchained his hearers, and perhaps he remained to the last the most thoroughly accomplished preacher—at least, to a cultivated audience—in the English Church. But he could be equally effective anywhere, and it was one of his most admirable characteristics that he took as great pains and achieved as great success with the simplest village congregation as with the most distinguished audience in London. The monotony, for instance, of holding Confirmations day after day, and year after year, never led him to treat one such occasion with indifference; he was always alike earnest, fresh, and impressive. He did nothing by halves, and it was plain that he threw his whole soul into every branch of his work. The young men whom he ordained derived the deepest impressions from the few days during which they were under his instructions, and he always took care, as far as possible, to have them in his Palace. He really acted as the spiritual chief of his diocese, and did his utmost to awaken religious life in every corner of it. He was not content with acting as a mere overseer; he was its motive power; and the Clergy learnt to look to him for constant encouragement and support. He was always ready to help them through a difficulty, and at the special services at certain seasons which have become customary of late years he was ever ready to take the lead. The one thing for which he had no toleration was indolence or indifference, and he always appreciated and honoured good work. The natural consequence was that he obtained a hold over his Clergy rarely gained by a Bishop, and when he left the diocese of Oxford, after administering it for a quarter of a century, it was thoroughly devoted to him. He had a difficult task on being translated to Winchester, for the tone which had been encouraged in his new diocese was somewhat different from his own. But he had already won his way among this new body of Clergy, and was daily acquiring fresh confidence. To none, perhaps, will his sudden removal be a greater loss than to that diocese. The aged Bishop who, by a singular fate, survives the successor in whose favour he resigned four years ago, had for some time been incapacitated from the vigorous discharge of his duties, and the need of fresh energy in its administration was grievously felt. Dr. WILBERFORCE was but 68, and his vigour promised yet several years of activity. Whoever may succeed him will find it very difficult to make up for his loss. In the Church at large he held a very distinct and valuable position. His early life imbued him with the religious views of the Evangelical school, and his veneration for his father would alone have been sufficient to maintain their influence in his mind throughout life. But as a man who thoroughly shared in the thoughts and feelings of Oxford, he was not likely to hold aloof from that remarkable development of thought which marked the first fifteen years of his ministry. He was in consequence regarded as belonging to the High Church school; but he always held back from the extremes of that party, and his last words in the House of Lords were a declaration that he "hated and abhorred the attempt to Romanize the Church of England." He saw, however, that the High Church party were at least reviving the organization of the Church, and he turned their principles to great account in practical administration. It says much for his impartiality and substantial moderation that, coming to his diocese just when the Tractarian storm was at its height, he guided it through the crisis without a

breach with any party among his Clergy. Party feeling ran high for a time ; but the Bishop's manifest earnestness and the twofold sympathies which he embodied formed a bond of union amid the discord, and he probably rendered the Church a great service by guiding and harmonizing the confused movements of the day. He regenerated and defended to the last that school of scholarly, learned, and gentlemanly High Churchmen whose place in the Church of England need never be disputed, who have really rendered her invaluable services, and who have more cause than any others to be indignant at the miserable extravagances of their professed successors. But he rendered no less service to the Church by the ability with which he represented it to the world in general. He maintained as no other man could its place and its dignity in Society at large, and he approached BURKE'S ideal of a Prelate who could make religion hold its head high in Courts and public assemblies. Always courtly, he could be dignified or condescending, gentle or stern. The most witty and genial of companions, he was the favourite of social life, and was equally irresistible in the drawing-room or on the platform. In Parliament he exhibited powers of debate which placed him in the first rank of speakers, and which, if more cultivated, would have rendered him a match for all but the greatest orators of the House of Lords. He would have achieved eminence in any profession, and in that which he chose he has left behind him a great name. There is much of earnestness, of eloquence, of gentleness, and of energy in the ranks of the Clergy ; but that peculiar combination of the qualities of a great preacher, a practical Bishop, an engaging friend, a man of the world, and a sincere Christian will hardly be seen again. Nothing less can be said than that we have lost in him the chief ornament of the English Church. It is, indeed, seldom that within the space of one day we suffer such an intellectual loss as the death of two such men as Dr. WILBERFORCE and Lord WESTBURY has inflicted on England.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1873.)

We have to announce the death yesterday morning, at 10.40, of Sir Edwin Landseer. Sir Edwin had been long known to be in a most precarious state of health, but the news will not the less shock and grieve the worlds both of Art and of Society, in which he was an equal favourite. The great painter never, however, courted publicity ; he was singularly reticent about all that concerned himself, and it is astonishing to find how little was known to his contemporaries respecting his early career.

The grandfather of Sir Edwin, we are told, settled as a jeweller in London in the middle of the last century ; and here, it is said, his father, Mr. John Landseer, was born in 1761, though another account fixes Lincoln as his birthplace, and his birth itself at a later date. John Landseer became an engraver, rose to eminence in his line of art, became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and having held that position for nearly 50 years, died in 1852. He was largely employed in engraving pictures for the leading publishers, including Macklin, who engaged him on the illustrations to his "Bible ;" this employment led to his marriage with a Miss Pott, a great friend of the Macklins, and whose portrait as a peasant girl, with a sheaf of corn upon her head, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The issue of this marriage consisted of three daughters and also of three sons—Thomas, born in or about the year 1795 ; Charles, born in 1799 ; and Edwin, the youngest, in 1802. In 1806 Mr. John Landseer delivered to large audiences at the Royal Institution in Albemarle-street a series of lectures on engraving, in which he laid down broader, higher, and truer views of that branch of art than those which had hitherto prevailed. His name will also be remembered by many as the author of "Observations on the Engraved Gems brought from Babylon to England by Mr. Abraham Lockett in 1817 ;" "Sabæan Researches," another work on the same subject ; and a "Description of Fifty of the Earliest Pictures in the National Gallery." He subsequently edited the "Review of the Fine Arts" and the "Probe." Later in life he exhibited at the Academy some water-colour studies from Druidical

Temples, and finally engraved his son Edwin's "Dogs of St. Bernard," of which he wrote also a small explanatory pamphlet. The chief work, however, of John Landseer lay in bringing up his three sons, of whom the eldest is as well known by his engravings as was his father, and the second was elected Keeper of the Academy in 1851. The artistic education of Edwin Landseer was commenced at an early age under the eye of his father, who, after the example of the greatest masters, directed him to the study of nature herself, and sent him constantly to Hampstead-heath and other suburban localities to make studies of donkeys, sheep, and goats. A series of early drawings and etchings from his hand, preserved in the South Kensington Museum, will serve to show how faithful and true an interpreter of nature the future Academician was even more than half a century since, for some of his efforts are dated as early as his eighth year, so that he is a standing proof that precocity does not always imply subsequent failure. Indeed, he drew animals correctly and powerfully even before he was five years old!

His first appearance, however, as a painter dates from 1815, when, at the age of 13, he exhibited two paintings at the Academy; they are entered in the catalogue as Nos. 443 and 584—"Portrait of a Mule" and "Portraits of a Pointer Bitch and Puppy," and the young painter appears as Master E. Landseer, 33, Foley-street. In the following year he was one of the exhibitors at "the Great Room in Spring-gardens," then engaged for "the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours," along with De Wint, Chalon, and the elder Pugin; about the same time, too, we find him receiving regular instruction in art as a pupil in the studio of Haydon, and the residence of the family in Foley-street was the very centre of a colony of artists and literary celebrities. Mulready, Stothard, Benjamin West, A. E. Chalon, Collins, Constable, Daniel, Flaxman, and Thomas Campbell all lived within a few hundred yards of John Landseer's house; and from their society young Landseer, we may be sure, took care to draw profit and encouragement. He also derived considerable assistance from a study of the Elgin marbles at Burlington-house, where they lay for some time before finding a home in the British Museum. These ancient treasures he was led to study by the advice of his teacher, Haydon. In the same year (1816) he was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy. In the following year he exhibited "Brutus, a portrait of a Mastiff," at the Academy, and also a "Portrait of an Alpine Mastiff," at the Gallery in Spring-gardens already mentioned.

With the year 1818 commenced an important epoch in the life of Landseer. His "Fighting Dogs Getting Wind," exhibited this summer at the rooms of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, excited an extraordinary amount of attention; and, being purchased by Sir George Beaumont, it set the stream of fashion in his favour. Sir David Wilkie, writing to Haydon at this date, remarked, as much in earnest as in jest, "Young Landseer's jackasses are good."

"The Cat Disturbed" was young Landseer's chief picture in 1819; it was exhibited at the Royal Institution; here, also, were exhibited about the same date his "Lion enjoying his Repast," and a companion picture, a "Lion disturbed at his Repast." In these paintings it is not fanciful or absurd to say that an educated eye can detect the hand of the designer of the lions which guard the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar-square. His opportunity for studying the anatomy of the lion had arisen shortly before, we are told, through the death of one of the old lions in Exeter 'Change, and his subsequent dissection in Landseer's presence.

In 1821 he exhibited at the Academy his "Ratcatchers," which was subsequently engraved by his brother Thomas; and at the British Institution another sporting picture, entitled "Pointers, So-ho." In 1822 he was fortunate enough to obtain the premium of £150 from the directors of the British Institution for his celebrated picture "The Larder Invaded." This was followed next year by "The Watchful Sentinel," contributed to the Exhibition of the British Institution, now in the Sheepshanks Gallery at South Kensington, and styled "The Angler's Guard." It represents a large brown and white Newfoundland dog and a white Italian greyhound seated and keeping strict watch and ward over a fishing rod and basket. In 1824 he exhibited, also at the Royal Institution, "The Cat's Paw," which, we believe, hangs, or hung, in the dining-room at Cashiobury, the seat of Lord Essex in Hertfordshire. "Taking a Buck," "The Widow," and a stray "Portrait" were Landseer's contributions to the Academy in 1825, and in the same summer his "Poacher" was

hung on the walls of the British Institution. In the following season was shown at the Academy his "Hunting of Chevy Chase," an important picture, which has often been exhibited since. In the same year Landseer removed to the house in St. John's-wood-road, where he fixed his studio to the last. In 1826 he exhibited at the Royal Institution the picture of "The Dog and the Shadow," which is now at South Kensington. If we may trust the compiler of the monograph on "Sir E. Landseer's Early Works," published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy in 1869, it was about this time that, being asked by Lord and Lady Holland to sit for his portrait to Landseer, Sydney Smith sent the well-known reply, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

It can scarcely be supposed that it was merely the exhibition of "Chevy Chase" which led to Edwin Landseer's election at this time to an Associateship of the Royal Academy. The fact is that the honour was anticipated long before, and that the election was made almost as a matter of course immediately on his attaining the age of four-and-twenty—the limit prescribed by the laws of the Academy. It may be interesting to our readers to know that the only other artists to whom a like compliment has been paid are Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. J. E. Millais.

It was in this year that Landseer paid his first visit to the Highlands—a district of which it may be said with truth that for more than 30 years he was the prophet and interpreter, and from which he drew more subjects than from any other, illustrating its men, its animals, and its landscapes with almost unvaried success. "The Chief's Return from Deer-stalking," exhibited at the Academy in 1827, may be regarded as the first fruits alike of this northern tour and of his Associateship. Together with this appeared his "Monkey who had Seen the World," showing the reunion of "Pug" and his untravelled friends at home. Meantime, in spite of his election to the Academy, he proved that he did not forget his acquaintances and friends at the British Institution, to which he contributed, in the same year, another picture of "Chevy Chase," and "A Scene at Abbotsford," representing Sir Walter Scott's favourite dog Maida reclining by a piece of ancient armour. The year 1828 was one of comparative rest to Landseer—at all events, it was productive of no contribution to the exhibitions of the day; but in 1829 he produced his "Illicit Whisky Still in the Highlands," and "A Fireside Party" (now at South Kensington), in which the terriers which figure as the principal characters are said to have been the original "Peppers and Mustards" so graphically described in the "Antiquary" by Sir Walter Scott.

The year 1830 witnessed the election of Landseer to the full honours of the Academy; and from that date to the end of his long career there is little for a biographer to do but to chronicle a long and regular catalogue of pictures year by year, exhibited either at the British Institution or else on the walls of the Academy at Somerset House, in Trafalgar-square, and at Burlington House. Of these, the best known and most popular are his "High Life" and "Low Life" (comprised in the Vernon gift, and now at South Kensington); "Poachers Deer-stalking;" "Too Hot;" "A Lassie Herding Sheep;" "Spaniels of King Charles's Breed" (also at South Kensington); "The Cavalier's Pets," a picture which it is said was painted in two days; "Jack in Office;" "Suspense;" "A Highland Dog Rescuing Sheep from a Snowdrift;" "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" (now at Chatsworth); "The Drover's Departure, a scene in the Grampians" (part of the Sheepshanks' gift, and now at South Kensington); "The Tethered Rams" (ditto); "Comical Dogs" (also at South Kensington); "Odin," a portrait of a Scotch deerhound; "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner;" "There's Life in the Old Dog yet;" "Dignity and Impudence" (a noble contrast of the heads of a magnificent bloodhound and a small terrier, bequeathed by Mr. Jacob Bell to the nation, and now at South Kensington); "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society;" "Her Majesty's favourite Dogs and Parrot;" "The Return from Hawking;" "The Hooded Falcon;" "Favourites, the property of his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge;" "A Highland Breakfast;" "Deer and Deerhounds in a Mountain Torrent;" "Corsican, Russian, and Fallow Deer;" and "Spaniels belonging to Lord Albemarle."

These were all exhibited, with many others, by Landseer during the first ten years after he began to write the letters "R.A." after his name. They were almost all of them great favourites at their first appearance, and are well known to the world by the engravings of them.

They may be regarded as marking the perfection of Landseer's style.

To the next decade of Landseer's life belong "Horses Taken in to Bait;" "Macaw, Terrier, and Spaniel Puppies belonging to Her Majesty;" "Laying down the Law," "Otters and Salmon," "The Highland Shepherd's Home," "Brazilian Monkeys," "The Otter Speared," "Horses, the property of Mr. W. Wigram," "Shoeing," "Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before," "Time of Peace," "Time of War"—a pair in well-marked contrast, to whose lessons it would be well if certain Kings and Emperors of late had listened; "The Stag at Bay," "Pincher," "Alexander and Diogenes" (the philosopher of the tub being, of course, a four-footed one); "A Random Shot," "The Desert," "The Forester's Family," "The Free Church," "Collie Dogs," "Evening Scene in the Highlands," "Good Doggie," and "A Dialogue at Waterloo." In these, too, as in the productions of Landseer in the previous decade, we see the canine element and also the Highland element well represented; but, upon the whole, we should say that these works have never gained the hold on the popular estimation which confessedly was accorded to those of 1830-1840.

With the year 1851 the Highland sketches occur less frequently, and there is a corresponding increase in ideal subjects in the published list of Landseer's works. Among the pictures exhibited by him at the Academy in 1851-60, we may particularize his "Fairy Scene from Midsummer Night's Dream;" "A Group at Geneva;" "The Last Run of the Season;" "Night" and "Morning," a pair; "The Children of the Mist;" "Twins;" "Dandie Dinmont," an old Skye terrier of the Queen's; "Saved," dedicated to the Humane Society; "Highland Nurses," dedicated to Florence Nightingale; "Rough and Ready;" "Uncle Tom and his Wife (two dogs, of course) for Sale;" "Deer-stalking;" "The Maid and the Magpie;" "Doubtful Crumbs;" "The Prize Calf;" "Bran, Oscar, and the Deer;" "A Kind Star;" and, lastly, "A Flood in the Highlands"—his only contribution to the Academy Exhibition in the last-named year, and a picture which will long be remembered for its pathos and truth to life.

The closing decade of Landseer's artistic career shows but little falling off from the preceding, either in the number or in the power of its productions. "The Shrew Tamed," "The Fatal Duel," "Scenes in Lord Breadalbane's Highland Deer Forest," "Windsor Great Park," "Pensioners," "Man Proposes, God Disposes," "Déjeûner à la Fourchette," "Prosperity" and "Adversity" (a pair), "The Connoisseurs," "Mare and Foal in an Indian Tent," "The Prayer of Lady Godiva," "The Chase," "The Stag at Bay," "Odds and Ends," "Deer at Chillingham," "Wild Cattle at Chillingham," "Rent-day in the Wilderness," "Her Majesty at Osborne in 1866"—a picture which will be remembered as a thorough contrast to the rest of his works; "Eagles Attacking the Swannery," "The Queen Meeting the Prince Consort on his Return from Deer-stalking," two "Studies of Lions," and "A Doctor's Visit to Poor Relations at the Zoological Gardens"—one of the best illustrations of monkey-dom. These and many others will crowd with more or less vividness and freshness on the reader's memory as he peruses this brief biography of him who in his day was deservedly called "the Shakespeare of the world of dogs." It appears from the annual catalogues that from the very first Landseer was one of the most regular and constant exhibitors at the Academy, for from his first appearance on its walls in 1815 down to the present date his name is absent on only seven occasions—namely, in 1816, 1841, 1852, 1855, 1862, 1863, and 1871. But even this statement fails to do justice to his indefatigable industry as a painter, for, between 1818 and 1865, he exhibited at the British Institution no less than 90 pictures, including (besides those already mentioned) some of his most popular efforts, such as "The Twa Dogs," "The Sleeping Bloodhound," "The Eagle's Nest," "Well-bred Sitters," and "Dear Old Boz," painted for Her Majesty. To this list must be added four other pictures exhibited with the Society of British Artists between the years 1826 and 1832, and also nine more exhibited in his early days, between 1816 and 1820, on the walls of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, in Spring-gardens. His contributions to the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1870 were five in number, "Voltigeur," the winner of the Derby and St. Leger; "Deer: a Study;" "Lassie: a Sketch;" and two pictures already mentioned. The name of Sir Edwin Landseer does not occur in the catalogue of 1871, as illness had then paralyzed his powerful and charming pencil. He exhibited in 1872, and even last summer, but the works

were scarcely worthy of his fame and reputation.

It is not our purpose, nor, indeed, would it be possible, here to enter into any minute and detailed criticism on the works of Landseer. His paintings are well known in the household of every educated man through the length and breadth of the land. His lions at the foot of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar-square, his only known effort in the sister art of sculpture, are so well known to the public, and were made the subject of so much criticism in the columns of the newspapers at the time of their completion, that we need only allude to them here.

It only remains to add that he received from Her Majesty, in 1850, the honour of knighthood. He received also the large gold medal from the authorities of the Universal Exhibition of Paris in 1855. A few years ago, upon the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, he was offered the Presidency of the Royal Academy, but his modesty led him to decline the distinction. In private life he was one of the most kind and courteous of men and the warmest of friends; and in very many circles, from Royalty downwards, people will miss with regret his round, merry, genial face, his white hair, and his pleasant smile.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1873.)

Sir Walter Scott relates that, when some one was mentioned as "a fine old man" to Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing: "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing it would have worn him out long ago." Voltaire, Göthe, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Palmerston, Moltke, Guizot, Thiers may be cited in refutation of this theory, which we presume has nothing to do with thews and sinews, or stature. Most of Clarendon's "great" men were little men. But if we wanted another example of faculties, and faculties of no common order, remaining unimpaired by mind or body till long past the grand climacteric, we might name Sir Henry Holland, who died at his house in Brook-street, on his 86th birthday, Monday, the 27th inst., having attended the Bazaine trial at Versailles on Friday, the 24th, and dined that same day at the British Embassy in Paris, where he was especially remarked as "cheerful and happy, and full of conversation."

When the Abbé Siéyes was asked what he had done during the Reign of Terror, he made answer, "*J'ai vécu*," and it was no idle boast. Nor was it a small thing for Sir Henry Holland to be able to say that, dating from the commencement of the century, he had lived, an intelligent and omnipresent spectator, through seventy-two of the most exciting and eventful years of the world's history; that he had seen the political and social aspect of most civilized nations in both hemispheres transformed three or four times over, including the fall of two Empires, two Monarchies, and three or four Republics, to say nothing of Provisional Governments, in France. He had crossed the Atlantic sixteen or seventeen times; travelled over more than 26,000 miles of the American Continent; made four expeditions to the East, three tours in Russia, two in Iceland, several in Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece; innumerable voyages to the Canary Isles, the West Indies, Madeira, &c., and, to use his own words, "other excursions which it would be useless to enumerate." He had associated in every capital in Europe with all that is, or was, most eminent for rank, birth, genius, wit, learning, and accomplishment. He could call every leading statesman of the United States and every President for the last half-century his friend. In his professional capacity, besides a long list of Royal and princely patients, he had the honour and deep responsibility of prescribing for six Prime Ministers of England, besides Chancellors of the Exchequer, Secretaries of State, Presidents of the Council, Chief Justices, and Lord Chancellors.

We say "deep responsibility," because it is difficult to over-estimate the influence of health on statesmanship, on the administration of justice, or on the general conduct of affairs. Although the fact of Pitt's illness behind the Speaker's chair, during the speech to which he made his famous reply in 1783, did not impair his eloquence, the collapse of the Ministry formed by Lord Chatham in 1766 was

certainly owing to suppressed gout. There were three occasions—Borodino, the third day of Dresden, and Waterloo—on which the eagle eye of Napoleon was perceptibly dimmed by indigestion or physical suffering. When Lord Tenterden's stomach was out of order—as it generally was after a City dinner, from his extreme fondness for turtle—woe to the unlucky junior who cited an inapplicable case, and still greater woe to the prisoner who had the misfortune to appear before him in the criminal court. The editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands* lays down that, when your cook's palate is disordered to the extent of destroying or vitiating his taste, the sole mode of restoring it "*c'est de purger le cuisinier, telle résistance qu'il y oppose ;* for there are cooks who, deaf to the voice of glory, do not see the necessity of taking medicine when they do not feel ill." It is the same with statesmen, who are often similarly deaf to the voice of glory, and when a Prime Minister displays an unusual degree of irritability, or a Chancellor of the Exchequer gets into the habit of snubbing deputations and giving snappish answers in the House, they should be compelled to take physic, whether they like it or feel the necessity for it or not. Sir Henry, in his "Recollections of Past Life," says :—

"Such practice [his own] cannot occur without a certain knowledge of political events and occasional anticipation of changes not yet obvious to the public eye. Several instances of this kind come to my memory, connected chiefly with changes of Ministry at the time. I refrain from mentioning details, nor would they now, in truth, have any value, save in showing how largely bodily temperament has its share in the government of the world, and how many anomalous incidents of history may find possible or probable solution in the fluctuating health of the actors concerned in them. When reading the histories of the great revolutions of the world, as well as the biographies of eminent men, such suggestions have often occurred to me."

Sir Henry Holland is as bad as the philosopher who said he would not open his hand if he had it full of truths. Such details may not have any value, save the illustration of a general rule, when we are simultaneously reminded "how many anomalous incidents of history may find possible or probable solution in the fluctuating health of the actors concerned in them !" Vehement remonstrances were addressed to him on the first appearance of his "Recollections." He was reminded that he could probably account in the simplest manner for what has hitherto seemed unaccountable—why one of his Premier patients wrote that imprudent letter which fell among his party like a bomb-shell—why another made that angry speech which precipitated the downfall of his Government. Was it, he was asked, simply because their "guide, philosopher, and doctor" was not called in a little sooner—because the blue pill or colchicum was administered too late ? But Sir Henry dies and makes no sign. There are only two or three instances in which he has in the slightest degree departed from his provoking although, we must admit, highly creditable reserve. He tells us that when he was in attendance on Canning at Chiswick, in August, 1827, the dying Statesman said to him—"I have struggled against this long, but it has conquered me at last." That Canning's death was accelerated by political worry and excitability is well known. "Having occasion to call on Lord Liverpool in the preceding February, he (Lord Liverpool) begged me to feel his pulse, the first time I had ever done so." His Lordship's state was such as to induce an immediate appeal to his medical advisers, and the very next morning his political life was closed by a paralytic stroke. "His pulse alone had given me cause for alarm ; but there were one or two passages in half an hour's conversation so forcibly expressing the harassing anxieties of his position, that I could hardly dissociate them from the event which thus instantly followed." There is a striking reminiscence of Lord Palmerston :—

"I have seen him under a fit of gout, which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of reading or writing on public business almost without abatement, amid the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the tables of his room."

There is only one consultation, if it can be called one, which Sir Henry was tempted to betray. It was his being asked by Ali Pasha whether he knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe or given in coffee, might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. "The instant and short answer I gave, that, as a physician, I had studied how to save life, not to destroy it, was probably, as I judged from his face, faithfully translated to him. He quitted the subject abruptly, never to return to it."

In consequence of the recent and wide

circulation of Sir Henry's autobiography ("Recollections of the Past") a detailed biography in the ordinary form seemed superfluous, and little remained but to specify two or three dates and indicate the prominent features of his character. He was born at Knutsford, Cheshire, on the 27th of October, 1787, of a respectable family, and received his principal education at a school at Bristol, where he was named head boy at once in succession to John Cam Hobhouse, the late Lord Broughton. On leaving school he was placed for a short time in a merchant's counting-house at Liverpool, but in his 18th year we find him studying medicine in Edinburgh, where he graduated in the autumn of 1811, taking as the subject of his Latin thesis, "The Diseases of Iceland," which he had already visited. Of the three years yet wanting of the age required for admission to the College of Physicians in London he resolved to appropriate the first part to a scheme of travel, embracing the Mediterranean and the countries bordering on it. The result was given in his "Travels in Portugal, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, and Greece," published in 1815, in which year Mrs. Piozzi writes from Bath :—

"We have had a fine Dr. Holland here. He has seen and written about the Ionian Islands, and means now to practise as a physician—exchanging the Cyclades, say we wits and wags, for the sick ladies. We made quite a lion of the man. I was invited to every house he visited at for the last three days. So I got the *queue du lion*, despairing of *le cœur*."

There is a story that when his engagement to his second wife, Sydney Smith's daughter, was made known in 1834, Lady Holland asked Sydney Smith whether Saba was not going to marry an apothecary or something of the sort, and that the answer was, "Yes, but he happens to be a namesake of yours." This is hardly possible, for we learn from the "Recollections" that he became free of Holland House and Lansdowne House soon after his return to England in 1814. But he was not made a baronet until 1853, and we have grounds for believing her reported threat (though he said he never heard of it) that he should never set foot in Holland House again if he brought a rival Lady Holland into the field. In the summer of 1814 he accepted the appointment of domestic medical attendant on Caroline, Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen), on an engagement to accompany her on her travels and stay with her during the first year of her intended residence on the Continent. He saw a great many curious things and came into contact with a great many remarkable people while he remained with her, but he tells us next to nothing of them which might not be proclaimed at Charing-cross, and indeed he fairly warns us, to prevent disappointment : "I have never been a practised relater of anecdotes, and do not pretend thus late in life to take up that character." Her Royal Highness must have paid him the compliment of being singularly prudent and reserved in his company, for when he was called as a witness for the defence at her trial, he positively stated that he had seen nothing improper or derogatory in her behaviour towards Bergami or any other person at any time :—

"An erroneous report which, had it been true, might have embarrassed me, I was enabled at once to put aside by a simple and explicit denial"—it was that he had spoken disadvantageously of Her Majesty. "Including the examination in chief by my friend (afterwards Chief Justice) Tindal—the cross-examination by the Solicitor-General, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst—and that by several Peers who questioned me in sequel (Lord Erskine one of them), I was not detained more than an hour at the bar of the House, and encountered no difficulty which I was not prepared fairly to meet. Two or three congratulatory notes from Peers came to me immediately after the examination had closed."

To give some idea of the personal anxieties created by this trial, he mentions that during its progress he was called upon to see as patients three ladies summoned as witnesses, and made ill by their apprehensions : "One of them only was examined, but this in a way to justify her fears. I can affirm, notwithstanding one scene in the House of Lords, that the Queen herself was the person least excited or affected by the proceedings."

Besides professional calls to foreign parts, he made a point of indulging himself annually in a two or three months' ramble, choosing the long vacation for his holiday ; and this goes far to explain why his patients did not call in another doctor, or (as has been rather maliciously insinuated) "take an unfair advantage of his absence to get well." They belonged almost exclusively to a class which emigrated about the same time ; and a good many of them, we suspect, were rather ailing than ill. We knew a wealthy

couple whom he visited regularly during the season, receiving daily from each a two-guinea fee, which he could not have refused without offending them. After stating that steam and electricity enabled him to make engagements for the very moment of his return, he adds :—

"I recollect having found a patient waiting in my room when I came back from those mountain heights, not more than 200 miles from the frontier of Persia, where the 10,000 Greeks uttered their joyous cry on the sudden sight of the Euxine. The same thing once happened to me in returning from Egypt and Syria, when I found a carriage waiting at London-bridge to take me to a consultation in Sussex-square ; the communication in each case being made from points on my homeward journey. More than once in returning from America I have begun a round of visits from the Euston Station."

"Time and tide wait for no man," and we can hardly believe that a congestion of the liver, a diarrhœa, or even a fit of the gout, would be more accommodating than time or tide. That round of visits was most assuredly to the class of patients whom he had in view in the frank admission that "the practice of a West-end physician abounds in cases which give little occasion for thought or solicitude, and are best relieved by a *frequent* half-hour of genial conversation." There could be no West-end physician better qualified to administer this sort of remedy, for, besides his varied information and good sense, every one felt safe in his society. The well-known lines of Pope, imitated from Horace, have been justly and happily applied to him :—

"Envy must own, I live among the great,
"No pimp of pleasure and no spy of state ;
"With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
"Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats ;
"To help who want, to forward who excel ;
"This, all who know me, know ; who love me, tell."

His published writings place his professional and scientific knowledge, as well as his literary attainments, beyond dispute ; but a fashionable physician, with his style of practice, must expect to encounter a good deal of harmless pleasantry, and can afford it. When Lady Palmerston was suffering from an illness that occasioned some alarm to her friends, one of them, meeting the late Dr. James Ferguson, asked anxiously how she was. "I can't give you a better notion of her recovery," was the reply, "than by telling you that I have just received my last fee, and that she is now left entirely to Holland." On this being repeated to Lord Palmerston, his Lordship mused a little and then said, "Ah ! I see what he means. When you trust yourself to Holland, you should have a superfluous stock of health for him to work upon."

On the announcement of his failure to kill either of a brace of pheasants that had risen within easy range at Combe Florey, Sydney Smith asked why he did not *prescribe* for them. To refute this story, which was certainly told by Sydney Smith himself, he, in his "Recollections," says :—"I can even affirm, though without boasting of it, that I have never fired gun or pistol in my life, either as sportsman or in any other capacity." Once, on his making the same statement at a dinner table, it was suggested that he would have been placed at a disadvantage if like the doctor in "Peregrine Pickle" he had been obliged to fight a duel. One of the party remarked :—"Not at all ; if Sir Henry had the choice of arms, he might choose the same as the two French doctors, who agreed to have two pills silvered over so as to look exactly alike, one of bread and one of deadly poison, which, after tossing up for first choice, they were to swallow at a signal. This mode of duel has also the marked recommendation that, whatever the result, there is sure to be a doctor the less."

He was engaged in hot argument with Bobus Smith, an ex-Advocate-General, touching the merits of their respective professions. "You will admit," said Holland, "that *your* profession does not make angels of men." "No," retorted Bobus ; "there you have the best of it. *Yours* certainly gives them the best chance."

Sancho Panza's short tenure of his government was embittered by the attendance at supper of his state physician, who waved his wand as a signal to the Major Domo to remove untasted every savoury dish in succession for fear his Excellency's invaluable health should suffer from excess. This is a duty which Sir Henry Holland would have discharged reluctantly and inefficiently. Towards the conclusion of an excellent dinner—after, in fact, eating and drinking more than was good for him—Lord Melbourne

was in the daily habit of, as he expressed it, "topping up" with toasted cheese and orange brandy. The year before he died, a friend who was at Brocket when Sir Henry Holland came down and stayed to dinner, called his attention to this habit as a fair case for medical interference. "I shall certainly keep it in mind," was his reply; "but if I made any direct reference to what I saw at dinner none of my patients would ever ask me to dine with them again, and most of them would leave off consulting me." Let it be remembered that this was said by a man of excellent sense and known liberality, who might have materially increased his professional income had he thought fit.

A little exaggerating Sir Henry's light equipment as a traveller, Sydney Smith used to say that he started for his two months' tours with a box of pills in one pocket and a clean shirt in the other—occasionally forgetting the shirt. Certain it is, as all who have fallen in with him by sea or land will attest, that he might be seen in all climates, in the Arctic regions or the Tropics, on the Prairies or the Pyramids, in precisely the same attire—the black dress coat in which he hurried from house to house in Mayfair. Yet he never had a serious illness till his last. There was not a day, probably not an hour, when he could not boast of the *mens sana in corpore sano*; and, without headache or heartache, he attained the extraordinary age of 86.

According to the Greek adage, "He whom the gods love dies soon." The same thought is expressed in one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever written—that on the grave of a new-born infant, by Bishop Lowth:—

"'Ere Sin could blight, or Sorrow fade,
"Death came with timely care;
"The op'ning bud to Heaven conveyed,
"And bade it blossom there."

But if it be a blessing or sign of Divine favour to die young, surely it is a still greater blessing to live a long, happy, useful, irreproachable life, and sink, calmly, full of years into the grave, regretted and esteemed by all.

JOHN STUART MILL.

(Obituary Notice, Tuesday, November 4, 1873.)

The Autobiography of Mr. John Stuart Mill is the simple record of anomalous life; it will be read by those who never read the works of its author; if they once take it up they will not soon lay it down, and the interest they feel in the man will probably lead them further to explore the results of his singular career and unsurpassed energy. Mr. Mill was designed and elaborately prepared from his very birth to be a protest against the entire system of the whole world, and the author of a new one. It was he who was to purify and reconstruct human reason, and make it the supreme and universal ruler of the world. His education, it may be said, was even more than equal to this almost infinite task. It was as gigantic an experiment on the formation of mind as the Devastation is in its own element, and, fortunately for the progress of psychological science, we have in this autobiography as careful and exact a record of the experiment as logbooks and automatic instruments could supply. The narrative is simple, and, all things considered, singularly modest and unconscious. That a man—a boy, we should say—should shoot several years ahead of the human race, and have actually a quarter of a century's start on the ordinary English student, and that he should not even be aware of it, has to be explained, and is explained satisfactorily. But what he did not see himself others could not but see, and we remember to have heard the surprise expressed by a Cambridge contemporary of Macaulay at the entrance of a boy in the latter's rooms who talked like a man. In fact, he was a prodigy at almost any small age. He tells us himself, without the least affectation, that it was all labour, for that he was singularly devoid of genius, or what is called quickness of parts. It was a forced precocity. At a very early age he was reported to be a "made" or "manufactured" man, and strangers came expecting to be astonished, but without a thought that a warmer or kinder regard was possible. It was only when nature did at last break through the biggest and tightest swaddling clothes ever strapped round human soul that Mr. Mill was discovered to be a lovable and interesting person. Mr. Mill had never been allowed to be a child or a boy; but the proper elements of these stages are irrepressible, and in course of time, ever

through life, he showed that he had it all in him, though with an irregular development. His father had that estimation of the wisdom of youth as to hold that men under forty might be as justly excluded from the franchise as women, on the common ground that both are adequately represented by men of forty, or over, if that ground be admitted. It was the wisdom of forty that he intended to give his son *per saltum*, without a stop at the intermediate stages. All that can be said is that the design was not entirely successful. It is, however, absolutely necessary to include the character and circumstances of Mr. Mill's education in any attempt to measure his authority and weigh his opinions. We are invited and required to do so. Here was a desire to educate the world into reason and goodness. By force of education, the world was to throw away old things and acquire that which would be entirely new. The first example was Mr. John Stuart Mill, educated expressly to educate the world,—formed anew to form it anew. The human race was to be recast in his mould, and what the mould was the volume before us most conscientiously describes.

His father, who figures almost as the lower, but not always pleasing, divinity in these pages, was the well-known author of the "History of British India," a man of great abilities and rigid principles. By the kindness of a distinguished friend, and from a charitable fund, he was educated for the Scottish Church, went through the usual studies, and was licensed for a preacher. But he seems immediately to have made up his mind not to follow the profession. His son explains it all, recurring to the subject whenever he had to give an account of his own religion. The father was satisfied with the logical coherence of the Scottish formularies, the Bible, and the belief in a Deity. He had studied "Butler" carefully, and agreed with him that if there be a Creator and Providence, in the common and personal sense of the word, then all the rest follows,—even the Scottish conclusion that the Almighty has created the greater part of the human race with the intention of tormenting them in fire for all eternity. This conclusion he abhorred; but as all the rest, so he thought, was bound up with it, and as he also found, he said, from his extensive reading, that all the successive notions of a Deity from the beginning of the world were only more and more cruel and wicked, he renounced the whole, and stigmatized professed Deists as half minded or illogical men. In this he brought up his son, whom he early resolved to make the heir of his principles and the very image of his moral being. The result was that John Stuart Mill never had a faith, and could never remember the time when he did not regard Christianity as a vestige of Paganism. The father most carefully secured the son from the merest chance of a faith. He seems to have excluded him from society, except a very few kindred minds, and to have imposed upon him a reserve amounting to concealment, which the son regarded as necessary, but not without ill consequences on the character. Future generations, he hoped, would revenge his enforced silence, for a time will come, he says, when every child will be free and glad to avow his utter unbelief. The father had a large family, whom he maintained for many years entirely by literary work, without ever being in debt or difficulty; but, strange to say, they only appear as troublesome and unsatisfactory pupils, employing much of young Mill's time, with little more result than making him remember better what he attempted to teach them. Most likely he talked over their heads. The mother is hardly mentioned; but for the fear of being corrected, we should say not at all. For intercourse of mind with mind, John Stuart Mill might have been a Miranda and his father Prospero. Long before he was out of what should have been his childhood, he knew, besides his father, some of the ablest and most advanced men of the age.

Very few of us remember when we first learnt English. Mr. Mill could not remember when he was not learning Greek. It was when he was three years old. He faintly remembers going through "Æsop's Fables" in Greek. He then read the "Anabasis," which he remembers better. "Herodotus" is no trifle to read through and master. An Oxford tutor will perhaps venture to suggest to a promising public school man, going down to his first Long Vacation, to read four out of the nine books, and the said young man will mutter to himself as he goes down the stairs that it would just spoil the "Long," and he won't do it. By his eighth year young Mill had read all the nine books of "Herodotus," all Xenophon's "Cyropædia" and "Memorials of Socrates," portions of "Diogenes Laertius," "Lucian," and "Isocrates." Even earlier he had read the first six dialogues of Plato, as com-

monly arranged ; though he ventures to think the "Thœtetus" was somewhat in advance of him. In those days there were no Greek and English lexicons ; and young Mill, who had been studiously kept out of Latin, had continually to ask his father the English of the equivalent he found in his Greek and Latin lexicon. The father sat writing his "History of India" at one side of the table, and the son at the other side h d to interrupt him with these most necessary questions. But this was only part of the work done by his eighth year. He had learnt arithmetic, which he did not much like—it was the evening work ; he had read Robertson's Histories, "Hume," "Gibbon," Watson's "Philip the Second and Third," Hooke's "History of Rome," Rollin's "Ancient History," beginning with Philip Langhorne's "Plutarch," Burnet's "History of His Own Time," and the historical part of the "Annual Register" down to 1788, where the volumes, borrowed from Mr. Bentham, left off. It was not till long after this that he read much about the French Revolution. When he came to the American War, like a child, he says, he sided with England, till his father set him right and quenched the spark of false patriotism He had also read by his eighth year Millar's "Historical View of the English Government," Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," M'Crie's "Life of John Knox ;" and even two historians of the Quakers. Nor were these cursory or desultory readings. The son had every day to give his father a full account of what he had read, particularly when the father suspected the reading was more duty than pleasure. In their daily walks the father gave him explanations and ideas respecting civilization, government, morality, and mental cultivation, and the son had afterwards to reproduce it all in his own words. Though, barring his little slip on the War of Independence, the son was naturally disposed to take the aggressive and heroic side, the father thought it necessary to assist this sentiment with books exhibiting men of energy struggling with difficulties, such as Beaver's "African Memoranda" and Collins's "First Settlement of New South Wales." He was never wearied of reading Anson's "Voyages" and Hawkesworth's "Collection." Of course he read "Robinson Crusoe," and was rather grudgingly permitted by his father to read the "Arabian Nights" and other Arabian tales, "Don Quixote," Miss Edgworth's "Popular Tales," besides other books not so well remembered. Having thus mastered some considerable branches of Greek and English literature, and being prepared, we should think, to take a good Oxford degree, as far as they were concerned, in his eighth year he commenced learning Latin. This is a considerable inversion of the usual order, but the elder Mill had his reasons for it, as he had for some other novelties of practice. "In the same year in which I began Latin," says the Biographist, "I made my first commencement in the Greek poets with the 'Iliad.'" When he had made sufficient progress to enter into the spirit of Homer the father put Pope's translation in his hand. It was the first English verse he had cared to read, and, he adds, such was his never-failing delight in it, that he thinks he must have read it through 20 or 30 times. After this "Euclid," and by-and-by Algebra ; then all the Latin and Greek poets, historians, philosophers, and orators ; a proportionate amount of English reading, his pen at work incessantly in exercises, analyses, arguments, full-sized histories, and every way in which he could practise a ready use and entire command of this immense material. Amazing as the narrative is up to the eighth year, it is even more oppressive and painful in the four years next following. It is more painful because one can realize better with regard to that period of life the difficulties of scholarship, the burden on the memory, the perplexities of life and the controversies that divide mankind. The father seems to have persisted in his old way of adding one difficulty to another, and so finding out, if possible, what his son could not do. He illustrated author with author, and multiplied instances in a way that would have overwhelmed any ordinary intellect but for his own constant and decisive lead through the labyrinth of his own creation. He appears to have systematically overlooked the necessity of previous knowledge for the solution of almost any kind of problem, as if one intuitive perception of truth was better than any amount of reason. However, he took good care the son should not stray from the right road:—

"Mitford's 'Greece,'" says young Mill, "I read continually. My father had put me on my guard against the Tory prejudices of this writer, and his perversion of facts for the whitewashing of despots and blackening of popular institutions. These points he discoursed on, exemplifying them from the Gree

orators and historians with such effect that in reading Mitford my sympathies were always on the contrary side to the author, and I could, to some extent, have argued the point against him."

In his eleventh and twelfth years, besides writing a "Roman History," a "History of Holland," and a "Universal History," he occupied himself with writing what he flattered himself was something serious,—a "History of the Roman Government," as much as would have made an octavo volume, extending to the Epoch of the Licinian Laws :—

"It was, in fact, an account of the struggles between the patricians and plebeians, which now engrossed all the interest in my mind which I had previously felt in the mere wars and conquests of the Romans. I discussed all the constitutional points as they arose; though quite ignorant of Niebuhr's researches, I, by such lights as my father had given me, vindicated the Agrarian Laws, on the evidence of Livy, and upheld, to the best of my ability, the Roman Democratic party."

By the time young Mill was 12, he had become a considerable author at home, and whether it was that his father now felt that he could trust him, or that he thought the time now better employed in pushing onwards than in making good the old ground, he did not trouble himself to read his son's works, as we must call them; nor did they ever see the light, for his son's maturer judgment—he had a maturity—condemned them.

Without giving the very words of a full, and yet condensed statement, it is impossible to do justice to the thorough character of the grand experiment made with the human mind by James Mill. Could we suppose the subject of this terrible process under a glass case, hermetically sealed against not only all foreign and inimical, but common social influences, breathing an ordained atmosphere, and sustained on chymically proportioned food, that would only represent a fraction of the mental coercion he submitted to, and the moral durance he delighted to bear. The great difficulty his father had to encounter, the secret hold on the old world that it was necessary to cut or wither, was the unfortunate fact, which he soon discerned, that the son had a good deal of poetry in his nature. There is no accounting for a poet, as he may break loose any day, and confound all the philosophy, logic, and even common sense in the world. Such a catastrophe was to be averted at any cost. Thus the son read through "Herodotus" before he was allowed to look at Homer, not merely because the former was a sceptic in all things and the latter ready to believe anything he could persuade or be persuaded of, but because Homer was a poet while the other was not. So the son had to get up worldly-wise fables, histories, philosophies, political orations, lampoons on the old religions, before he was permitted what to him was mother's milk—real poetry. Against this he was to be case-hardened. He was early taught to admit no idea that he could not reduce to exact form, no theory that had not a solid foundation in reason or fact. Feeling or sentiment, whatever it be called, he was taught to regard as a deadly sin, the fruitful source of crime and errors, the worst and most incorrigible of excuses. Errors were crimes in the elder Mill's Criminal Code. The son, as we have seen, was not let into Latin till he had become an advanced Greek scholar. He was thus kept out of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and other authors, who infect with so much poetry even the robust constitutions of ordinary English gentlemen. The son had that passionate love of the country so often left by a childhood spent in town, and so often found the key to a life of wandering. But father and son took their walks together, and as they walked they talked incessantly, asking and answering questions, examining, recapitulating, analyzing, all on the matter of the studies in hand. When nature caught young Mill's eye, it was as if a needy man had caught sight of an unprotected hoard; he must resist the devil till it fled from him. Poetry, it might almost be said, was the one point of repugnancy between the father and the son. There was a felt difference between them. The father was enough under the spell of poetry to know its beguiling and weakening influences, and he knew how to separate the wheat from the chaff. He would make poetry do good work like any other beast. Then he, too, had his weak points. He had a soft place in his heart for poetic denunciations of conquest, oppression, wealth, luxury, bigotry, and social degeneracy. Nor could he entirely shake off the Scotchman and the Kirk. Oddly enough, the son always assumes that his father was an Englishman, though the son of a small farmer in the county of Angus, as if he would rather have had an English father than a Scotch one :—

"Shakespeare my father had put into

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my hands for the sake of the historical plays, from which, however, I went on to the others. My father never was a great admirer of Shakespeare, the English idolatry of which he used to attack with some severity. He cared little for any English poetry except Milton (for whom he had the highest admiration), Goldsmith, Burns, and Gray's 'Bard,' which he preferred to his 'Elegy;' perhaps I may add Cowper and Beattie. He had some value for Spenser, and I remember his reading to me (unlike his usual practice of making me read to him) the first book of the 'Faerie Queene,' but I took little pleasure in it. The poetry of the present century he saw scarcely any merit in, and I hardly became acquainted with any of it till I was grown up to manhood, except the metrical romances of Walter Scott, which I read at his recommendation, and was intensely delighted with, as I always was with animated narrative."

In his thirteenth year the son tells us that some of Campbell's poems gave him sensations he had never before experienced from poetry, though it is easy to see those sensations were still in the line of his studies. In his thirteenth year he advanced to experimental science and devoured treatises on chymistry, but without attending a lecture or seeing an experiment. He never was so wrapt up in any book as in Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," and was even recalcitrant to his father's criticisms of their bad reasoning as to the first principles of physics. After this came Logic, the "Organon," Hobbes, and so on through a catalogue the mere enumeration of which would answer no purpose but to baffle the apprehension—we say nothing of the belief — of the general reader. How it may be in more favoured climes, or how it may have been under institutions more directly framed for meditation and study, the world shut out, and nature kept well in hand, we know not; but we must confess the humiliating fact that never yet have we met the mind that could grow at this pace, acquire words, ideas, names, and facts by the thousand an hour, advance to conclusion of infallible truth at lightning speed, and construct theories as rapidly as a hard frost covers a quiet pool. We must have recourse to the most violent mechanical illustrations to describe as it should be described young Mill's powers of acquisition, absorption, and assimilation. As we think of it, we cannot help fearing that it is useless to say he had read everything there was to be read by the completion of his twelfth year, because "everything," though a large term, may still gain by being embodied. He had read Demosthenes, the whole of Tacitus, Juvenal, and Quinctilian, and the best of Plato. But all this educational reading and writing had only a secondary place. All this time young Mill was taking an actual and important part, and for himself a most improving part, in his father's great work. Thus does he describe what really was the chief occupation of his twelfth year, or, to speak more correctly, of his eleventh year and the earlier part of his twelfth:—

"A book which contributed largely to my education in the best sense of the term was my father's 'History of India.' It was published in the beginning of 1818. During the year previous, while it was passing through the press, I used to read the proof sheets to him; or, rather, I read the manuscript to him while he corrected the proofs. The number of new ideas which I received from this remarkable book, and the impulse and stimulus as well as guidance given to my thoughts by its criticisms and disquisitions on society and civilization in the Hindoo part, made my early familiarity with it eminently useful to my subsequent progress. And though I can perceive deficiencies in it now as compared with a perfect standard, I still think it, if not the most, one of the most, instructive histories ever written, and one of the books from which most benefit may be derived by a mind in the course of making up its opinion. The Preface—among the most characteristic of my father's writings as well as the richest in materials of thought—gives a picture which may be entirely depended on of the sentiments and expectations with which he wrote the history. Saturated as the book is with the opinions and modes of judgment of a democratic Radicalism then regarded as extreme, and treating with a severity, at the time most unusual, the English Constitution, the English law, and all parties and classes who possessed any considerable influence in the country, he may have expected reputation, but certainly not advancement in life, from its publication," &c.

What followed may perhaps have surprised the father as well as the son, but will seem quite as matter of course in these days. James Mill knew more than most people about India, and cared more than most people, so he was eagerly laid hold of by the Directors, put in harness,

and set to work on the enormous correspondence of the Company. He rose to the top of the tree, and drew John S. Mill after him, obtaining for him in 1823 not only admission, but special employment in direct relation with himself. No doubt they were both well looked after, and both seemed to have considered that this was the chief opportunity ever offered them of correcting their opinions, ascertaining the practicability of their views, putting their ideas into working form, finding out what men and Hindoos are made of, studying human nature particularly in the form of a Director or a high Indian official, coming round prejudices, and getting one's own way without seeming to do so. Most of our readers will doubt whether this was a Royal road to the study of the English nature or of any high type of man. However, to judge by the result, young Mill may be considered to have been already deeply versed and deeply engaged in the secrets of Indian diplomacy when little more than ten years old, though probably still deeper in them by the time he was 11.

It is understating by exactly 250 per cent. Mr. Mill's own estimate of the march he had stolen upon time to assume that at the age of 12 he had the standing of the most accomplished and well-read gentleman Oxford or Cambridge, or even London University, could hope to turn out at the age of 22. Indeed, it was not many years after this that a University man, loaded with honours and preceded by a blazing reputation, having been induced in an evil hour to take the chair at a discussion, crumbled to dust in the presence of our Titan, and passed out of count utterly. But when time is thus annihilated, and mortal man is privileged to overleap a part of his allotted term, there arises a question such as that which so sorely plagued the old women last century at the alteration of the Style. What had become of the eleven days struck out of the calendar? Whatever did become of the ten years dropped by J. S. Mill in his own impatience and his father's to be a man that much before his time? Of course he had no games, except analysis, controversy, the construction of theories, and synoptical views of psychological systems; he had no bodily exercise, except walking, writing, and turning over the leaves; nor does he seem to have had any companions of about his age, except his young brothers and sisters, who not unnaturally bored him. He did not go to school, which would have been a simple absurdity, for at 12 he knew probably more than all our public schools, man and boy, put together; but he certainly did thereby lose that which our British parents, wise in their own generation, think not only necessary to a good education, but enough to be the whole of it if a boy happens to be incapable of no more. An English parent, even though in circumstances to measure his outgoings, will think it no loss of money if his son does but make the common and unavoidable use of ordinary well-bred companionship, acquiring common sense, current knowledge, the words that pass from lip to lip, the feelings that flow from heart to heart, and the manners of good society, even though he learn nothing whatever that grammars and schoolmasters are made for. Nor is the calculation disappointed by the results more than human anticipations usually are. A vast amount of all that makes the man, and thereby perpetuates society, comes down by unwritten—we ought now to say unprinted—tradition. Nor is it at all certain yet that even in these days of competitive examination, or even in the stages of revolution with which we are threatened, the men whose chief education has been that which boys learn from boys will not carry the day in a large proportion of instances against their more learned rivals. With the great facts of British society before us, it is hardly impossible to overrate, and very unwise to disparage, this spontaneous and natural education. We cannot make it otherwise even if we desired it. But the subject of this autobiography was carefully secluded from companions of his own age, lest he should acquire their vices, their low tone, their false estimates, their ridiculous follies, their disregard of truth, their prejudices, and, last, not least, their irrational and immoral superstition. Against the largest and most important part of ordinary association young Mill was as carefully guarded as the babe bred in a tent by mutes, under the orders of an ancient King, to see what language it would first express its wants in. The father had the lowest estimate of Society, regarding it as a social conspiracy for subordinating all the most important objects of life to the most worthless, the public interest to the private, and high principles to idle pleasantry. He would ask how it was possible to suppose that Society believed what it never mentioned or recognized, except in public ceremony or pre-ordained occasion. However, he would have nothing

to say to it, and J. S. Mill confronted the world at the age of 12 with a gulf between the two doomed antagonists. Of course, if the object be to produce intellect in its purest virgin state, without alloy of concrete matter, and if this be the rod of iron earth is henceforth to be ruled by, then the laboratory which made J. S. Mill was the right one. But one thing is evident. There can be but few such men made in the nude under the most hopeful conditions. We have only to look at the imposing list of names—imposing as to their intellectual eminence—which in this case were to take the place of companions, and so supply one of the first demands of nature. The persons J. S. Mill had most frequently to converse with till 12 were his father's intimate friends—David Ricardo, Joseph Hume, and Mr. Bentham. With the latter he had an early intimacy which ripened into a useful alliance, and it comes as a sort of oasis in this story of high intellect to find young Mill acquiring in excursions with Mr. Bentham a taste for natural scenery in the elementary form of fondness for a "view." But surely it must have been the reappearance of some ancestral type in Mr. J. S. Mill's concrete being when he could find his mind affected as he thus describes:—

"From 1814 to 1817" (that is, from the writer's eighth year to his eleventh) "Mr. Bentham lived during half of each year at Ford Abbey, in Somersetshire, which interval I had the advantage of passing at that place. This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to nourish elevation of sentiments in a people than the large and free character of their habitations. The middle-age architecture, the baronial hall, and the spacious and lofty rooms of this fine old place, so unlike the mean and cramped externals of English middle-class life, gave the sentiment of a larger and freer existence, and were to me a sort of poetic cultivation, aided also by the character of the grounds in which the Abbey stood, which were *riant* and secluded, umbrageous, and full of the sound of falling waters."

(Obituary Notice, Monday, November 10, 1873.)

At an age when most of our young gentlemen are ignorant and uninformed beyond measurement or even depreciation, young Mill started direct from his father's brain, endowed with every gift except those which are only acquired by society with equals, by the work of life, and by practical experience. From books he had gained a world of words and ideas, and by much talking and writing he had learnt to marshal his intellectual forces on the level plain of an understanding which was not that of a boy, nor yet that of a man. From twelve to fourteen his father seems to have been carefully introducing him to all the controversies of the day, in order to show how much there was to be done, how the best established opinions in logic, in politics, in political economy, were the most erroneous, and the newest lights the most promising. The father lectured, the son took notes by memory; the father put them into shape, and out there came, in one instance, an important publication. At that early age the son was so deep read and thoroughly decided, thanks to his father and Ricardo, on the Bullion controversy, that he never afterwards found any reason to change his opinions, and could even set right his teachers upon some minor points. That he was never able to set the whole world right, too, is no more than has happened to the best and greatest men. "At this point"—that is, a point far away in the "thorny path" of the Bullion controversy, where the son found himself slightly at issue with his father and Ricardo—"concluded what can properly be called my lessons," and happily for mind and body. The son went to the South of France for a year with Mr. Bentham's brother, General Sir Samuel Bentham, Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard. It was a decided breach in his studies, or rather a sharp turn in them. Besides seeing fine towns and mountain scenery, which, he says, gave a colour to his tastes through life, he studied the French language and literature, attempted gymnastics, and attended lectures on chymistry, zoology, logic as taught by an 18th-century metaphysician, and the higher mathematics. Besides all this, General Bentham was a great mechanic, his wife the daughter of a celebrated chymist, and their son an eminent botanist. At Paris Mill made the acquaintance of M. Say, at whose house he saw various noteworthy persons, among them Saint Simon, then only a clever original. The chief fruit he carried home from France was a strong and permanent interest in Continental Liberalism. This

is stated in comparison with some other impressions. Having seen nothing of English society excepting a few philosophers, but having acquired the belief that it was generally corrupt, he could not help contrasting with it, to its disadvantage, the French society he did see something of. Later in life he seems to have found out that Englishmen pretend to be worse than they are, and Frenchmen pretend to be better than they are, and that if they would only be a little less affected, it might possibly be found there was not much to choose between them. But when ordinary Frenchmen possess social graces which in England are confined to the best bred of the upper and upper middle ranks, it was but natural young Mill should return to England in one point wiser even than his father, who, with all his superiority to prejudice, was not exempt from the error of judging universal questions by a purely English standard.

It has already been noticed that while young Mill's education had been hitherto in one sense less thorough-going and unreserved, insomuch that he calls it "a course of Benthamism," mitigated latterly by a visit to France with Mr. Bentham's brother, his father could exercise much discretion at least in the order of initiation. It was not till a year or two after the visit to France that the son read the history of the French Revolution, at which his earlier historical studies had stopped, and he "now learnt with astonishment that the principles of Democracy, then apparently in so insignificant and hopeless a minority everywhere in Europe, had borne all before them in France thirty years earlier, and had been the creed of the nation." While deep in the lowest depths of all the philosophers, he knew hardly the rudiments of the greatest events of modern times; for while any child knew about Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the guillotine, and Napoleon, and had even heard of the Girondists, this made the sum of J. S. Mill's knowledge of that era when he was fifteen. Not only James Mill, but also his friends, were aware of a certain quicksand of vulgar poetic sentiment in the son's composition, and this they had tried by all means to dry up or solidify, if the foundation was to stand. But he could now be trusted with the most dangerous materials, and all they did was to feed and quicken his juvenile aspirations to the character of a democratic champion. It is only fair to say that even down to the date mentioned, 1821, nothing was easier than to keep the young uninformed on the history of the French Revolution. It was only known, or imagined, as a terrible outbreak of the wildest, rudest, and fiercest elements of humanity—an explosion, a hurricane, and a ruin, in which a few names, and some episodes, were accidentally conspicuous. The long war that followed had taken all the romance out of it. There were no Frenchmen here except the Royalist emigrants; there was no French literature, not even school-books, except those of the *old régime*; there were no translations; there was nothing but the echoes of a great shock, and the shadow of a great horror. It would have been safer to avow Atheism than French Republicanism, and even they were pointed at who had corresponded with the National Convention in its earlier and bloodless days. But when the whole story, like a vision, suddenly unfolded itself to young Mill's mind, at the comparatively mature age of fifteen, all his ambition, all his love of enterprise, was absorbed into that interrupted, still unfinished struggle. We need not ask why a nature not devoid of gentleness did not recoil against a reign of blood and terror. They are the food of schoolboys and the staple of history. Mill became and never ceased to be a Republican. With his principles and objects thus more sharply defined he could read to more purpose. As a preparation for the Bar, the profession for which he was least unfit, but also as an important part of general education, he read Roman law and a good deal more with Mr. John Austin, who had made Mr. Bentham's best ideas his own, and what was more, he now availed himself of Dumont's assistance as interpreter of Mr. Bentham. That philosopher was never able to bring himself into definite and practical relation with the living world, and had therefore to be interpreted as much as if he had dropped from the moon, or could utter only the music of the spheres. Mankind in general were content to read the voyages of M. Dumont through that ocean of truth. Considering the work before young Mill, and what people will lay hold of if they happen to find themselves adrift in the mid Atlantic, one can hardly find fault with the grand principle which he grasped, and which he henceforth made his safety buoy and his mainstay through life. "When I laid down the last volume of the "Traité" (M. Dumont's) I had become a different being. The principle of utility, understood as Bentham understood it, and

applied in the manner in which he applied it through these three volumes, fell exactly into its place, as the keystone which held together the detached and fragmentary component parts of my knowledge and beliefs. It gave unity to my conception of things. I now had opinions, a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy ; in one among the best senses of the word, a religion." He then describes, as might a converted man, the glowing sense of infinite power, the assurances of solid certainty, and the endless vista of improvement that opened to his enlarged faculties. But he hardly recognizes that all the materials were in him already, that they were Mr. Bentham's own, that the neatly-cut arch was there resting on its ingeniously framed centre, and that nothing but the keystone was wanting ; the magic "principle of utility ;" that principle so easy to conceive, but hitherto found so impossible to apply on the occasions when it is most wanted. However, in his sixteenth year young Mill had decided on his gospel, and embraced his course. He was a Utilitarian, and to this doctrine would he convert all peoples, nations, and Legislatures. To his mind it was the light that lighteneth the world. Not only did all dogmas and opinions disappear in its radiance, but the oldest and most solemn institutions became as gossamer in that midday sun. It modified or transformed every relation of life, for nothing was good, or real, or true, except the useful, in the highest discoverable sense of the word. With this lantern to light his paths, young Mill now read Locke, Helvetius, Hartley, and, as he felt inclined, Berkeley, Hume, Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Brown. He also read at this time, at the age of sixteen, for the better satisfaction of his mind on a subject of alleged importance, an anonymous work founded on Bentham's MS., entitled "Analysis of the Influence of Natural Religion on the Temporal Happiness of Mankind." This reads very like the theme of the great Roman poet, but Mr. Mill's comments are rather on the weakness of such beliefs and the inconsistencies of their holders. He notices that it is common to all religions, Pagan, Philosophic, Christian, and Deistic, or the worship of Nature and Providence, that the belief itself is feeble and precarious, but the opinion of its necessity for moral and social purposes almost universal. Everybody says that there ought to be a religion, and that people ought to be religious, but they don't think it so necessary to be religious themselves, or at least don't act as if they did. Deism he concludes to be as absurd and demoralizing as Christianity itself, under any of its forms. This satisfied Mr. Mill. He had been ready to give religion fair play. He had summoned it into court, asked what it possessed, and inquired into the value of its testimony. This he found good for nothing. The witness said one thing, and did another. Philosophers had only added to their difficulties by their efforts to patch up a sort of belief in the course of nature and the order of events. Try as they would they could not do it, and evidently put no faith in their own inventions. So Mr. Mill would have nothing to say to any doctrine whatever, except, of course, the principle of Utility. This little matter he seems to have reserved to the last. The views of "Philip Beauchamp," the assumed name of Mr. Bentham's last-mentioned interpreter, were the very best things that had ever appeared on the subject, and when Mr. Mill had examined and approved there was an end of the question, in his own mind at least. He adds immediately, "I have now, I believe, mentioned all the books which had any considerable effect on my early mental development. From this point I began to carry on my mental cultivation by writing still more than by reading." It was on attaining his sixteenth year that he wrote his "first argumentative essay." That the poor are as good as the rich, and rather better too, is the fertile subject of countless eclogues, sermons, and declamations ; but to prove this by "dry argument" young Mill considered to be the best way of breaking ground in his great attack on aristocracy.

His friends and associates were now Mr. Grote, Mr. John Austin, and his brother Charles ; the former two, in different degrees, the disciples of James Mill. Charles Austin, having only just left Cambridge, where he had greatly distinguished himself in the Union Debating Society, gave young Mill the new sensation of being a man among men, and conversing on a ground of equality. In a crowd of intellectual gladiators Charles Austin was the really influential mind, attaching others to his car, and drawing them in triumph from the free and fervid arena of the University to the more serious metropolis. "Through him," says Mill, "I became acquainted with Macaulay, Hyde, and Charles Villiers, Strutt (now Lord Belper), Romilly (now Lord Romilly), and various others who subse-

quently figured in literature and politics." Charles Austin loved to strike and to startle. He never doubted or hesitated. He pushed Benthamism to its extreme, putting foremost its most offensive doctrines and maxims, and defending them with such vivacity as to come off always either victor or with divided honours. Mill ascribes to him that popular idea of Benthamism which he appears to regard as a sort of cloud, a brilliant cloud, interposed between the man and the world. However, in turn, most of those whom this brilliant interpreter of the Benthamite mysticism illuminated or ignited grew dim, or slackened their fires, if they did not absolutely burn out and smoulder away, as Mill suggests some did. He cherished the torch of truth, and, under Bentham and Charles Austin, was the practical founder of Utilitarianism, or as much of it as man can understand. Mill says, and the reader must bear in mind he was then still in his seventeenth year :—

"It was in the winter of 1822-3 that I formed the plan of a little society, to be composed of young men agreeing in fundamental principles, and acknowledging utility as their standard in ethics and politics, and *a certain number of the principal corollaries drawn from it in the philosophy I had accepted*, and meeting once a fortnight to read essays and discuss questions conformably to the premisses thus agreed on. The fact would hardly be worth mentioning, but for the circumstance that the name I gave to the Society I had planned was the Utilitarian Society. It was the first time that any one had taken the title of Utilitarian; and the name made its way into the language from this humble source. I did not invent the word, but found it in one of Galt's novels, the "Annals of the Parish," in which the Scotch clergyman, of whom the book is a supposed autobiography, is represented as warning his parishioners not to leave the Gospel and become Utilitarians."

Young Mill was delighted to be the leader of a sect with a name, and to find the name take. The meetings were held in the very nursery of the new creed, Bentham's own house, but the numbers were few, and the society lasted only three years and a half. William Eyton Tooke, whose name will bring back many old recollections, was a member of their little companionship; as also W. Ellis, the founder, as he may be called, of "Social Science," and John Arthur Roebuck.

About his seventeenth birthday—we presume it was the earliest possible age—James Mill obtained for his son an appointment under himself in the office of the Examiner of Indian Correspondence. This was so important a step in the career of a man intended to regenerate the human race, that we follow Mr. Mill's example in saying a few words about it. Indeed, he says a good many words about it. His fortune was now made. He had competency, honourable and improving work, society, promotion, and deliverance from all the anxieties, risks, toils, and troubles so apt to molest and degrade the best of men, philosophers especially. His employment was just one of those that are sometimes imagined as national provisions and final havens for the loftier natures, whose time and strength it is the true interest of a nation to economize at any cost. With ordinary pursuits, such as commercial business or a profession, there could be no comparison, so much was this better. Mr. Mill contrasts it especially with writing for the Press. In that employment, he observes, you live by that which does not live; you give your best to the public and leave only the worst for yourself; you have to take advice, and submit to revision and correction. An *Athanasius contra mundum* such as Mr. Mill was could not do this. On the other hand, at the India House Mr. Mill was pleasantly employed from 10 to 4, in the sufficiently varied routine of perusing interesting documents, conferring with intelligent men, and practising graces of style. As he was already well up to every point on which there could be a difficulty, including Indian history and politics, it was all plane sailing; and except that he hints at systematically coming round the Directors, when he had a view of his own, and the fitting opportunity, he did not hold himself responsible for what was done. The work was no tax upon him. He and his acquaintances in like position spent their mornings and their evenings in discussion, for which they arranged clubs and societies, besides reading and writing as much as ever. The six hours of office work were rest to their intellects, and they did their office work all the better for the change. India, of course, young Mill was helping to govern on old Indian principles, but, as regards all the rest of the world, including England, he was an outsider, in no immediate practical relation to it, and at liberty to revolutionize it to the very foundation by any system timed to come due a

century, or half a century hence. So advantageous a position was the only thing wanting to the father's arrangements for educating a destroyer of the old world and creator of the new. For anybody approaching the mighty work of universal reform in a more reverential and conservative spirit, it is far better, not to say necessary, that he should share throughout life all the difficulties and weaknesses, all the trials and even degradations, which for the present are the lot of those whom he has to deal with. A man ought to be in the battle of life if he is to improve the conditions of that warfare. By all the ethical rules that are founded on experience, J. S. Mill, little qualified as he was by his education for British politics, had less and less opportunity of repairing that defect in his secure retreat at the India House. Nor can we help observing here the scores of names which occur in this volume, severally representing secure, comfortable, and dignified positions in various departments of the Civil Service, and also vigorous agitations, and formidable combinations, for the utter overthrow, not merely of this or that doctrine, opinion, or institution, but of Society altogether, as now constituted. Society is very generous to many, who evidently feel no reciprocal obligation.

Even before Mr. Mill had thus acquired a material as well as intellectual basis of operations, he had tried to catch the public attention. As usual, his first attempts were with the newspapers, some of which were as Benthamite as was compatible with existence. *Apropos* of the prosecution of Richard Carlisle, and under the highly becoming signature of "Wickliffe," the precocious propagandist wrote letters, which were inserted up to a point, and not after. But Mr. Bentham long ago came to the conclusion that public opinion, in almost every sense of the word, must itself be revolutionized before it could be trusted to do the work of revolution. Even in its most congenial forms it lay in his way like a huge earthwork, which he could only ooze and trickle through. "His influence," says Mr. Mill, "flowed in minor streams too numerous to be specified." It was necessary to make head against the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, equally hateful to the Benthamites, as the twin Whig and Tory giants guarding the entrance of Castle Corruption. So the *Westminster* was started under difficulties. From the narrative before us we should say that everybody wanted to be editor, everybody wanted to wite political arrticles, and everybody wanted to write all the articles, and all on one string. Bowring was editor, though the elder Mill thought him a most improper man for the work, and it was found necessary, with a view to a circulation, to divide the editorship with Mr. Southern, "a literary man by profession." The lips of the cup must be sweetened, if the contents were ever to go down. Young Mill was admitted in the second number, but though the *Review* made a great noise, and did good by suggesting, disturbing, scaring, and generally unsettling, he pronounces it a downright failure as regards consistency, honesty, and truth. It seems rather strange that Bentham, whose main idea was to harmonize the human race into the accord of perfect reason, but who, unfortunately, could not write a page without verging on buffoonery, and had himself to condemn a large part of his writings for this fault, possessed more practical common sense than his own disciples. They thought they had only to blow a great blast with the youngest and strongest lungs in their camp, and the enemy's walls would come down. Most of them, however, not only acquired wisdom by experience, but very early showed divergent lines of character and opinion. The Mills had not their way with the *Westminster Review*, and finding himself in a position to criticize it, the younger Mill took strong exception among other points to the skits at poetry which the chief political writer thought fit to indulge in. Bingham having tried his hand at poetry and failed, took to abusing it altogether. "A Mr. Moore," he said in the *Review*, "is a poet, and therefore is *not* a reasoner." Bentham used to say, "All poetry is misrepresentation," but then he only meant that it was a special and partial representation, and not one to argue upon. But even if the master might claim anti-poetical licence, it was a different thing when the 'prentice did; particularly when there was not room for young Mill in the *Review*, because the unpoetical writer must have five articles in it, and would not be content with less. Now, young Mill had a weakness for poetry, though he could not find its proper place in a perfect theory of human life. His father, too, had only forced himself into proscribing it on principle. He always admitted that things could be said in poetry which could not be said in prose, and that therefore it was still to the good. Altogether, young Mill was

well content that the *Westminster* failed, by the usual test; it did not pay. Then ensued a sort of reaction in his mind. He ceased to call himself a Utilitarian, disused the pronoun "we," and revolted from the idea of a sect, though for a long time disagreeably conscious of the leaven. But he still did yeoman's work for the great master, editing his papers, arranging his Sybilline leaves, unravelling his immense sentences, and selecting from half-a-dozen bulky MSS., which were substantially the same things in so many successive forms, the most authentic or intelligible version. It was at the age of 18 that young Mill appeared before the world as editor of Mr. Bentham's "Rationale of Judicial Evidence." The task improved his own style, so he thinks, as well as making Bentham's readable; but it is not surprising to find him adding a course of English and French writers combining ease with strength of language, such as Goldsmith, Fielding, Pascal, Voltaire, and Cuvier. The consequent change in his own style—which, as his "Logic" and "Political Economy" prove, grew to be, though a little diffuse, a model of lucidity—is described in words suggestive of the prophet's "Valley of Dry Bones." "Through these influences my writing lost the jejuneness of my early composition; the bones and cartilages began to clothe themselves with flesh, and the style became, at times, lively and almost light."

His improved style he now had the opportunity of exhibiting in a "Parliamentary History and Review," in which he took a chief part with the best men of the Benthamite *corps*. He wrote on the Catholic Disabilities, the Commercial Crisis of 1825, the Currency, and the Reciprocity Principle, and a paper on "Canning *versus* Gallatin." The publication lasted three years. He now learnt German, beginning on the Hamiltonian system, and forming his acquaintances into a class for the purpose. He and his class, a dozen or so, then addressed themselves to several branches of science, Mr. Grote lending them a room in Threadneedle-street. The first study was the elder Mill's "Elements of Political Economy." Then they passed to other writers, or cognate subjects. The debaters argued themselves into different views, and the younger Mill found himself improving on his text-books, and also his father, who came round to him on some points. These discussions soon brought on the larger question.—What is right reason? Young Mill read Whately's "Logic" and "Hobbes," and soon found himself an innovator, not only on the Schoolmen, but on all who had ever come before him. They then launched into Analytic Psychology, and re-assembled specially to study the elder Mill's "Analysis of the Mind." These morning and evening classes, however, could only be the training for larger arenas, and at 19 years Mill was an enterprising public speaker, like the Admirable Crichton, only looking for antagonists and auditories worthy of his powers. He and his comrades made an onslaught on the Owenites, whom they drove out of all their positions. Among other household names for political and social controversy thus engaged it is interesting to read that of Thirlwall, then a Chancery barrister, now Bishop of St. David's. Young Mill dissented from nearly every word he said, the speech being in fact an answer to his own; but adds, "before he had uttered ten sentences I set him down as the best speaker I had ever heard, and I have never since heard any one whom I placed above him." At the suggestion of M'Culloch, who introduced some pupils, and in rivalry of similar movements at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge, there was now founded a Debating Society on the widest basis that could be obtained. The difficulty was to catch a Tory or two, and to make up an "Opposition." Whig or Tory, some of the names were then new—viz. Thirlwall, Praed, Lord Howick, S. Wilberforce, Poulett Thompson, the two Bulwers, and Fonblanque. After a time they got Hayward and Shee for Tories, and the second generation of Cambridge Benthamites, including C. Buller and Cockburn. Later still came in the Coleridgians, in the persons of Maurice and Sterling. Here were action and reaction. The debates "habitually consisted of the strongest arguments and most philosophic principles which either side was able to produce, thrown often into close and serried confutations of one another." Mill considered the practice specially fitted to his case for a reason that scarcely falls in the line of a debating society. He wrote his speeches whenever he felt it important to express himself clearly and strongly. He adds, "I greatly increased my power of effective writing, acquiring not only an ear for smoothness and rhythm, but a practical sense for telling sentences, and an immediate criterion of their telling property, by their effect on a mixed audience." In real debate a man enjoy

the further criterion of a comparison of his own opinions and statements with those urged against him. He thus learns to correct and modify. This does not seem to have occurred to Mill. The chief, indeed only, use of the audience was to show what would tell and what would not. A pulpit, with the primitive liberty of acclamation, would have answered the purpose. Meanwhile, the original *Westminster Review* had died of the common malady :—

"The last article which I wrote in it cost me more labour than any previous ; but it was a labour of love (in more senses than one), being a defence of the French Revolutionists against the Tory misrepresentations of Sir W. Scott in the introduction to his 'Life of Napoleon.' The number of books which I read for this purpose, making notes and extracts—even the number I had to buy (for in those days there was no public subscription library from which books of reference could be taken home) far exceeded the worth of the immediate object ; but I had at that time a half-formed intention of writing a History of the French Revolution, and though I never executed it, my collections afterwards were very useful to Carlyle for a similar purpose."

At the critical age of 20 in this wonderful career that happened which has so often happened to very different characters under very different circumstances, that it contributes little to any argument upon Mr. Mill's philosophy. He called it himself "a crisis in his mental history," from which he recovered, fortunately as he felt, by "one step onward." Such had been his early confidence in his creed that he believed it would be found an unfailing and ever-increasing source of delight, as he seemed continually nearer and nearer its consummation, and saw more and more abundant and convincing demonstrations of its truth. Utility he felt must be happiness. This hope had been long sustained and reinforced by the secondary pleasures of acquisition, successful work and argumentative triumph. He had been all this time on the march to a land of promise, and was blest because soon to be blest. All at once he woke as from a dream, and asked himself a question, which certainly it argues great sincerity to have asked, and still more to confess. He asked himself whether in very truth he would feel so very happy if he succeeded in making the whole world happy, and thereby put an end to his vocation. He arrived at the only honest conclusion that in that case he would care very little about the happiness of the human race, but a good deal more about having more to do. When Divines ask us from the pulpit how we should feel if suddenly admitted to Heaven, or to any society of absolutely good people, we must either reply that such a state is past our conception, or that we should feel out of place, blank, and uncomfortable. We cannot help looking forward, but we must give the chief of our attention to that which is around us, and at hand. As Mr. Mill hints, the truth was he had overworked himself at last ; his strength failed, and his nerves gave way. Philosophers are as much dependent on their *physique* as labourers ; and Mr. Mill now for 20 years had been drawing upon the springs of vital power far more than if he had been hedging and ditching, deep draining, or following the plough. When Martyn, afterwards the missionary, had come out Senior Wrangler, he was taken with an ugly and unpleasant suspicion that Mathematics generally were an invention of Satan, and that, like Bunyan's hero, he had been led into a net of destruction. Constituted as we are to design, to work, to advance, and overcome difficulties, success is often as fatal to happiness as "chopping" the fox in the hunting field. Mr. Mill thought that his condition must have been pretty much that which, in some characters, under peculiar religious influences, assumes the form of conviction of sin, and reacts in fanaticism. Perhaps there are very few persons who are not seized and overcome, once if not oftener, in early life by a dull, depressing sense of universal unreality, hollowness, and deadness. For several months Mr. Mill lay in this slough of despond, and felt he never could get out of it. He did, however ; catching, this time, not at a straw, but at the flowers on the banks of that pit. His favourite books, even the most exciting and elevating, had failed to cheer his increasing gloom. He sought comforters and found none. His father, he felt, would be the last to help him. In none of his friends had he the confidence of a thorough sympathy. Father and friends had all been working for the general happiness, not for a case of individual misery. Continual analysis, he felt, had exhausted his affections ; and the fountains of vanity and ambition had been dried up within him as completely as those of benevolence. Work was now mechanical. In after years he could not even remember what he had said

or done at this time. We read in this narrative :—

"I frequently asked myself if I could, or if I was bound to, go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half that duration of time had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's "Memoires," and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them—supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me was gone. I was no longer hopeless; I was not a stock or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character and all capacity for happiness are made. . . . Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life."

The conclusion he drew from this miserable experience, and from the nature of the relief, was that both his own temperament and reason itself suggested the use of ordinary sources of cheerfulness, over and above the stimulus of grand objects. He must condescend to be amused, and have something to fall back upon when wearied with great efforts. He took to music, and went to the Opera, though he seems to have had a relapse in the singular form of an unlucky discovery that, as the materials for melody are finite and few, so also must the melodies be, particularly as it is only a limited proportion of the possible combinations of sound that are melodious. A time must come when music will run itself out, and there will be nothing new except a wretched gleaning after the harvest. To some purpose he read "Wordsworth" for the first time—in the autumn of 1828—and describes it as an important event in his life. "The Excursion" he had read before. "The miscellaneous poems in the two-volume edition of 1815 proved to be the precise thing for my mental wants," he says, "at that particular juncture." Mill had a love for rural objects and natural scenery. "What made Wordsworth's poems," he says, "a medicine for my state of mind was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings which I was in quest of."

As Mill recovered he speculated on the nature of the medicine, and urged it upon his friends, perhaps without duly considering what their complaint was. He forced Wordsworth's poems on Roebuck, who took to them kindly at first; but when Mill followed up his advantage by setting up Wordsworth over the head of Byron, Roebuck stood on his defence. The two Benthamites had a pitched battle in their Debating Society on the comparative merits of Byron and Wordsworth, and the fight waxed so hot that not only were the two friends never such good friends after, but there ensued a marked divergence of views which both were careful to pronounce.

We have lingered too long, perhaps, on the first half of this remarkable narrative, but it is the half which contains what may be called the Cyropædia of John Stuart Mill. It is the education of the great educator, the formation of the man designed from his infancy to reform the world. If Benthamism ever had a chance, it was in the person of this *magnum Jovis incrementum*. The rest of the autobiography relates to that which is well before the world—Mill's alliances and controversies; his innumerable publications and vast editorial labours; his immense efforts, his actual achievements; the records of "the most valuable friendship of his life," as he very suitably calls his rather singular marriage history; his Parliamentary enterprises; his more prominent crusades, and what he did, and what he failed to do. As his object was to reconstruct human society on the single principle of Utility, and as he was rather in a hurry to set about it at once, and do it out of hand—if possible, to force the hundred gates of the old city in a day—it was to be expected that he should suffer a good many disappointments. It is not possible, however, to separate him from Bentham. To ask what John Stuart Mill has done is simply to institute that very large and important inquiry how far we are indebted to Mr. Bentham for the legislation of the last fifty years, and the still larger, still more important inquiry, how much more we are likely to do in the same direction in the next fifty years. But whatever estimate we may choose to make of the utilitarian progress, we may still find it is a mere fraction that we owe

to the great professors of that philosophy. Long before Bentham wrote or Mill interpreted, we had already entered on the path of liberal legislation, when the French Revolution threw us back a couple of centuries, and reduced politics to a literature. For a long time men wrote and talked, and the writers and talkers had it all to themselves, and were left to themselves. But no sooner had the European war come to an end than there was a great awakening, and Liberals and Tories were immediately involved in a deadly struggle; the former with the consciousness of immense arrears to be recovered, the latter with a misgiving that their time was but short. Bentham, just then, supplied a nucleus, and a philosophy, and so contributed to the reviving cause the aid of a large intellectual capacity, abundant powers of language, and a sufficiently genial temperament, warm to friends and bitter to foes. But if we owe anything to him and his lieutenants that we should not have but for them, on the other hand, they have thrown a good many stumbling blocks in the way of legislative and social reform. Their propositions exceeded both in comprehension and in extent all the projects of the most radical of our reformers. Could any well-informed politicians have pointed out to Bentham or James Stuart Mill any one political or social institution which they had not proposed to abolish in its existing form in order to substitute a new form founded on the principle of utility, we feel confident that they, either of them, would have taken advantage of the hint to throw the missing institution after the rest, into the furnace of change. Their names and their theories have become a terror to good doers as well as to evil, and much has been left undone because they had insisted on a great deal more. But in some remarkable questions Mill did assert a domain for himself, and had his pet measures. They were generally strong in the personal element. He fought for the East India Company with a zeal which would have done honour to the stoutest champion of the closest oligarchy. He was especially eager to reform the *status* of the weaker sex, on the model of his own exceptional relations with it, and though there was "no harm" in those relations, still they were extraordinary. He might be right as to the necessity of the Ballot, but he never foresaw its exact working, and on his own principles might have lived to repent it. His views on the currency may be left in the abyss, for it is not upon any abstract reasoning that the currency question will ever be settled. All Mill's ideas on Parliamentary representation might be summed up in the wish to secure for everybody with a head, a heart, and a tongue a seat in the House of Commons, and so to convert it into an enormous debating society. Indeed, whatever he proposed through life was but the natural development of his own character, his own ambition, and his own circumstances. If his career is to be adduced for the illustration of any theory of life at all, it must not be for the Utilitarian theory, to which we are bound to say his inner nature was treacherous. Much more reasonably might it be adduced to prove, so far as one example can, another theory infinitely below the Utilitarian in morality and likelihood. If we could suppose ourselves the creatures of necessity, made as we are out of atoms, germs, concurrences, vitalities, struggling influences, and surrounding circumstances, without a will of our own except one that matter has made for us, then we might exhibit John Stuart Mill as a man born, and bred, and governed by irresistible agencies. But was he the man to rule the politics, the intellect, or the social life of the civilized world? Losing him, are we to look for his disciples or his imitators? We answer that he was made up far too early, far too artificially, far too much in the workshop of his father's mind and special circumstances. He was a formed intellect before he could be any thing else. He had all the machinery, all the nomenclature, all the craft, before he could possibly have acquired the indispensable foundation of knowledge of men and things. He really was as little qualified for politics as he probably was for the management of a farm, or any affair whatever in which actual experience is necessary. In all that he wrote or said there is little evidence that he knew what an ordinary Englishman, let alone an Englishwoman, is made of. His philosophy deals with words, images, the mere counters of a game, all stamped with J. S. Mill's own image and superscription. If we will be so good as to suppose everything exactly as he supposes it, persons, things, facts, natures, tendencies, axioms, and corollaries, then he will show us a good deal more standing in the same hypothesis. Of course there must be theories, if only for pegs to hang facts upon. Of course there must be an abundance of words for people to find out what they mean. Of course there must be the

gifted possessors of immense memories, men who can talk of all philosophies, and point with the finger to every distinct divergence of opinion. Of course there must be such men as John Stuart Mill, even if only a few of them in an age; but when we ask their value as leaders of thought, or at all entitled to tell us how to govern ourselves, or to form our belief on the most important points of human practice and inquiry, then the proof is here. Few readers of this autobiography will fail to see that John Stuart Mill was at fifty what he was at twenty, at two what he was at ten, and at ten just what his father, however fearfully and wonderfully, had fashioned and made him.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1874.)

The following telegram, dated Aden, the 27th inst., has been received at the Foreign Office from Her Majesty's Acting Consul-General at Zanzibar :—

"The report of Livingstone's death is confirmed by letters received from Cameron, dated Unyanyembe, October 20. He died of dysentery after a fortnight's illness, shortly after leaving Lake Bemba for eastward. He had attempted to cross the lake from the north, and, failing in this, had doubled back and rounded the lake, crossing the Chambize and the other rivers flowing from it; had then crossed the Luapula, and died in Lobisa, after having crossed a marshy country with the water for three hours at a time above the waist; ten of his men had died, and the remainder, consisting of 79 men, were marching to Unyanyembe. They had disembowelled the body and had filled it with salt, and had put brandy into the mouth to preserve it. His servant, Chumas, went on ahead to procure provisions, as the party was destitute, and gave intelligence to Cameron, who expected the body in a few days. Cameron and his party had suffered greatly from fever and ophthalmia, but hoped to push on to Ujiji. Livingstone's body may be expected at Zanzibar in February. Please telegraph orders as to disposal. No leaden shells procurable here."

A plain Scottish missionary, and the son of poor parents, David Livingstone yet came of gentle extraction. The Livingstones have ever been reckoned one of the best and oldest of the Highland families. Considering that his father and himself were strong Protestants, it is singular that his grandfather fell at Culloden fighting in the cause of the Stuarts, and that the family were Roman Catholics down to about a century ago, when (to use his own words) "they were made Protestants by the laird coming round their village with a man who carried a yellow staff," to compel them, no doubt, to attend the established worship. More recently the Livingstones were settled in the little island of Ulva, on the coast of Argyleshire, not far from the celebrated island of Iona, so well known in the annals of mediæval missionary enterprise.

Dr. Livingstone's father, one Neill Livingstone, who kept a small teadealer's shop in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, is represented by him, in a biographical sketch prefixed to his volume of "Travels," as having been too strictly honest and conscientious in his worldly dealings ever to become a rich and wealthy man. The family motto, we are told by one writer, was "Be honest." He was a "deacon" in an Independent chapel in Hamilton; and he died in the early part of the year 1856. His son was born at East Kilbride, in Lanarkshire, in or about the year 1816. His early youth was spent in employment as a "hand" in the cotton-mills in the neighbourhood of Glasgow; and he tells us, in the book to which we have already referred, that during the winter he used to pursue his religious studies with a view to following the profession of a missionary in foreign parts, returning in the summer months to his daily labour in order to procure support during his months of renewed mental study.

While working at the Blantyre mills, young Livingstone was able to attend an evening school, where he imbibed an early taste for classical literature. By the time he was 16 years of age he had got by heart the best part of both "Horace" and "Virgil." Here also he acquired a considerable taste for works on religion and on natural

science ; in fact, he " devoured " every kind of reading " except novels." Among the most favourite books of his boyhood and early manhood, he makes special mention of Dr. Dick's " Philosophy of Religion" and " Philosophy of a Future State." His religious feelings, however, warmed towards a missionary life ; he felt an intense longing to become " a pioneer of Christianity in China," hoping that he might be instrumental in teaching the true religion to the inhabitants of the Far East, and also that by so doing he might " lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire." In order to qualify himself for some such an enterprise, he set himself to obtain a medical education, as a superstructure to that which he had already gained so laboriously ; and this he supplemented by botanical and geological explorations in the neighbourhood of his home, and the study of Patrick's work on the " Plants of Lanarkshire."

We next find him, at the age of 19, attending the medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in the winter, and the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw in the summer. His reading while at work in the factory was carried on by " placing his book on the spinning-jenny," so that he could " catch sentence after sentence while he went on with his labour," thus " keeping up a constant study undisturbed by the roar of machinery." Having completed his attendance on Dr. Wardlaw's lectures, and having been admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, he resolved in 1838 to offer his services to the London Missionary Society as a candidate for the ministry in foreign parts. This step he was induced to take, to use his own words, on account of the " unsectarian character of that society, which sends out neither Episcopacy nor Presbyterianism, but the Gospel of God, to the heathen." In this " unsectarian" movement he saw, or thought he saw, realized his idea of the missionary life as it ought to be. The opium war, which then was raging, combined with other circumstances to divert his thoughts from China to Africa ; and from the published accounts of the missionary labours of Messrs. Moffat, Hamilton, and other philanthropists in that quarter of the globe, he saw that an extensive and hopeful field of enterprise lay open before him.

His offer was accepted by the society, and having spent three months in theological study in England, and having been ordained to the pastoral office, he left these shores in 1840 for Southern Africa, and after a voyage of nearly three months reached Cape Town. His first destination was Port Natal, where he became personally acquainted with his fellow-countryman, the still surviving Rev. Robert Moffat, whose daughter subsequently became his wife and the faithful and zealous sharer of his toils and travels, and accompanied him in his arduous journey to Lake Ngami.

From Natal he proceeded inland to a mission station in the Bechuana country, called Kuruman, about 700 miles distant from Cape Town, where, and at Mapotsa, he was employed in preparatory labours, jointly with other missionaries, down to about the year 1845. From that date for about four years more he continued to work at Chonuane, Lepelole, and Kolobeng, aided and supported by no larger staff than Mrs. Livingstone and three native teachers. It was not until 1849 that he made his first essay as an explorer, strictly so called, as distinct from a missionary ; in that year he made his first journey in search of Lake Ngami. In 1852 he commenced, in company with his wife, the " great journey," as he calls it, to Lake Ngami, of which a full and detailed account is given in the work already quoted above, and which he dedicated on its publication to Sir Roderick Murchison, as " a token of gratitude for the kind interest that he had always taken in the author's pursuits and welfare." The outline of this " great journey " is so familiar to all readers of modern books of travel and enterprise that we need not repeat it here. It is enough to say that in the ten years previous to 1855 Livingstone led several independent expeditions into the interior of Southern Africa, during which he made himself acquainted with the languages, habits, and religious notions of several savage tribes which were previously unknown to Englishmen, and twice crossed the entire African continent, a little south of the tropic of Capricorn, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Atlantic.

In 1855 the Victoria gold medal of the Geographical Society was awarded to Livingstone in recognition of his services to science by " traversing South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, by Lake Ngami, to Linyanti, and thence to the western coast in 10 degrees south latitude." He subsequently retraced his steps, returning from the western coast to Linyanti, and then—passing through the

entire eastern Portuguese settlement of Tete—he followed the Zambesi to its mouth in the Indian Ocean. In the whole of these African explorations it was calculated at the time that Livingstone must have passed over no less than 11,000 miles of land, for the most part untrodden and untraversed by any European, and up to that time believed to be inaccessible.

In 1856 Livingstone returned to England, to use the eloquent words of his firm friend, the late Sir Roderick Murchison—

"As the pioneer of sound knowledge, who by his astronomical observations had determined the sites of various places, hills, rivers, and lakes, hitherto nearly unknown; while he had seized upon every opportunity of describing the physical features, climatology, and even geological structure of the countries which he had explored, and pointed out many new sources of commerce as yet unknown to the scope and enterprise of the British merchant."

The late Lord Ellesmere bore similar testimony to the importance of his discoveries, adding his warm approval of the "scientific precision with which the unarmed and unassisted English missionary had left his mark upon so many important stations in regions hitherto blank upon our maps."

It may possibly be remembered that in a letter published in our columns on the 29th of December, 1856, Dr. Livingstone publicly stated his views and convictions upon the question of African civilization in general, and strongly recommended the encouragement of the growth of cotton in the interior of that continent, as a means towards the opening up of commercial intercourse between this country and the tribes of Southern and Central Africa. Such measures, if adequately supported, he considered, would lead, in the course of time, to the gradual but certain and final suppression of the slave trade, and the proportionate advancement of human progress and civilization.

Early in the spring of 1858 Livingstone returned to Africa for the purpose of prosecuting further researches and pushing forward the advantages which his former enterprise had to some extent secured. He went back with the good wishes of the entire community at home, who were deeply touched by his manly, modest, and unvarnished narrative, and by the absence of all self-seeking in his character. He carried with him the patronage and encouragement and the substantial support of Her Majesty's Government (more especially of Lords Clarendon and Russell), and of the Portuguese Government also; and before setting out on his second expedition in that year he was publicly entertained at a banquet at the London Tavern, and honoured by the Queen with a private audience, at which Her Majesty expressed, on behalf of herself and the Prince Consort, her deep interest in Dr. Livingstone's new expedition. In the meantime a "Livingstone Testimonial Fund" was raised in the City of London by the liberal subscription of the leading merchants, bankers, and citizens, headed by the Lord Mayor. Within a very few months from the time of leaving England, Dr. Livingstone and his expedition reached that part of the eastern coast of Africa at which the Zambesi fall into the ocean; here two small steamers were placed at their disposal, and they resolved to ascend the river and thence make their way into the interior. Passing over the details of the expedition, a full account of which is given in the "Narrative" published by himself and his brother in 1865, we may state that in these journeys Livingstone and his companions discovered the Lakes Nyassa and Shirwa, two of the minor inland meres of Africa, and explored the regions to the west and north-west of Lake Nyassa for a distance of 300 miles—districts hitherto unknown to Europeans, and which lead to the head waters of the north eastern branch of the Zambesi and of several of that river's tributaries. The geographical results of the expedition, then, were the discovery of the real mouths of the Zambesi and the exploring of the immense territories around that river and its tributary, the Shire—results which not only possess much interest, but may prove hereafter of great value if this part of Africa can be brought within the sphere of civilization and commerce. It was hoped, indeed, at one time, that this exploration of the Zambesi would lead to a permanent settlement of Christianity on the banks of that river; but the first head of that mission, sent out mainly by Oxford and Cambridge—Bishop Mackenzie—soon fell a victim to the climate; and the mission itself was abandoned as hopeless by his successor, Bishop Tozer. The fact was that we had endeavoured to plant the tree before the land was dug up and prepared to receive it.

In this second work, the "Narrative," which was written in the hospitable abode of Newstead Abbey, in the autumn

and winter of 1864-65, the author tells his own story with a genuine modesty and yet a native force which carries the reader irresistibly onwards. Like its precursor, it obtained a sale of upwards of 30,000 copies. In its pages he sums up the positive results of his researches as the discovery of a large tract of fertile soil, rich in cotton, in tobacco, and in timber, though subject to periodical droughts, and also the establishment of an excellent port, the capacities of which had been overlooked by previous travellers. It is only fair to add that some of those results have been disputed by independent writers, who, however, have never visited those parts. Still, it is no slight thing to be able to boast, as Dr. Livingstone could boast, that by means of the Zambesi a pathway has been opened towards Central Highlands, where Europeans, with their accustomed energy and enterprise, may easily form a healthy and permanent settlement, and where, by opening up communications and establishing commercial relations with the friendly natives, they may impart Christianity and that civilization which has for centuries marked the onward progress of the Anglo-Saxon race. This expedition, it is right to add, originated among the members of the Geographical Society, and Livingstone was aided in it from first to last, not only by the support of Her Majesty's Government, but by the counsel of Captain Washington, the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, Commander Bedingfeld, R.N., Dr. Kirk, of Edinburgh, Mr. Baines, of African and Australian fame, and by his ever faithful friend and companion, his devoted wife. By their assistance he was enabled, to use the expression of Sir R. Murchison, "to reach the high watersheds that lie between his own Nyassa and the Tanganyika of Burton and Speke, and to establish the fact that those lakes did not communicate with each other; and that, if so, then there was, to say the least, a high probability that the Tanganyika, if it did not empty itself to the west, through the region of Congo, must find an exit for its waters northwards by way of the Nile."

This leads us to the third and last great journey of Dr. Livingstone, the one from which such great results have been expected, and in which he has twice or thrice previous to the last sad news been reported to have lost his life. Leaving England at the close of 1865, or early in the following year, as our readers are probably aware, he was despatched once more to Central Africa, under the auspices of the Geographical Society, in order to prosecute still further researches which would throw a light on that mystery of more than 2,000 years' standing—the real sources of the Nile. Of his explorations since that date the public were for several years in possession of only scanty and fragmentary details, for it must be remembered that Dr. Livingstone was accredited in this last expedition as Her Britannic Majesty's Consul to the various native chiefs of the unknown interior. This post, no doubt, gave him considerable advantages connected with his official *status*; but one result was that his home despatches have been of necessity addressed, not to the Geographical Society, but to the Foreign Office. It was known, however, that he had spent many months in the central district between 10 deg. and 15 deg. south of the Equator, and Dr. Beke—no mean authority upon such a subject—considers that he has solved the mystery of the true source of the Nile among the high tablelands and vast forests which lie around the lake with which his name will for ever be associated.

Although we cannot travel quite so rapidly in our inferences as Dr. Beke, we are bound to record the fact that Dr. Livingstone claims to have found that "the chief sources of the Nile arise between 11 deg. and 12 deg. of south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy." This may or may not be the case; for time alone can show us whether this mystery has been actually solved, or whether we are still bound to say, as Sir R. Murchison said in 1866:—"We hope at the hands of Dr. Livingstone for a solution of the problem of the true watershed of that unexplored country far to the south of the huge water-basins which, we know, contribute to feed the Nile, the Victoria Nyanza of Speke and Grant, and the Albert Nyanza of Baker."

During the last year or two our news of Dr. Livingstone has been but scanty, though from time to time communications—some alarming and others, again, reassuring—have reached us from himself or from other African Consuls, officially through the Foreign Office and privately through Sir Roderick Murchison. It will be remembered, more especially, that in the Spring of 1867 a letter from Dr. Kirk, dated Zanzibar, December 26, 1866, was received by Sir R. Murchison and Mr. Bates, giving an apparently circumstantial account of Livingstone's death by an attack of a band of Mafites, some miles to the west of Lake Nyassa. The news

rested mainly upon the testimony of some Johanna men, who declared that they had with difficulty escaped the same fate; and for some days half London believed the sad story to be true. But Sir Roderick Murchison, with a keen insight which almost amounted to intuition, refused to believe the evidence on which the tale was based, and gradually the world came round and followed suit. The story, as told in the *Times of India*, March 13, 1867, ran as follows :—

"It would appear that Dr. Livingstone had crossed Lake Nyassa about the middle of September last, and had advanced a few stages beyond its western shores, when he encountered a horde of savages of the Mafite tribe. He was marching, as usual, ahead of his party, having nine or ten personal attendants, principally boys from Nassick, immediately behind him. The savages are said to have set upon them without any provocation and with very little warning. Dr. Livingstone's men fired, and before the smoke of their muskets had cleared away their leader had fallen beneath the stroke of a battle-axe, and his men speedily shared the same fate. Moosa, who witnessed the encounter and the death-blow of his master from behind a neighbouring tree, immediately retreated, and, meeting the rest of the party, they fled into the deep forest, and eventually made their way back to Lake Nyassa, whence they returned to the coast with a caravan. When the news of Dr. Livingstone's sad death reached Zanzibar, the English and other European Consuls lowered their flags, an example which was followed by all the ships in the harbour, as well as by the Sultan. It may be worth while to remark that Dr. Livingstone himself had a strong presentiment that he would never return from the expedition which has terminated thus disastrously ; and this presentiment he frequently expressed to the officers of Her Majesty's ship Penguin, who were the last Europeans he saw before starting for the interior."

It will be within the memory of our readers also that in 1867 an expedition was sent out by the British Government, in concert with the Geographical Society, under Mr. E. D. Young, R.N., and Mr. H. Faulkner, in order to ascertain the fate and, if still alive, the position of Dr. Livingstone. The result of this expedition was that they found sufficient traces of his recent presence at Mapunda's and Marenga's towns, on the Lake Nyassa, to negative entirely the melancholy rumour of his murder, by showing that these Johanna men had deserted him while still pursuing his travels, and that, consequently, he was alive when he and they parted company. It was in this westward journey that he was said to have been killed in the autumn of the year 1868 ; but the story as soon as it reached London was discredited, both by Sir R. Murchison and by the city merchants, as inconsistent with the known dates of his movements, and afterwards happily proved to be false.

In July, 1869, Dr. Livingstone resolved to strike westward from his head-quarters at Ujiji, on the Tanganyika Lake, in order to trace out a series of lakes which lay in that direction, and which, he hoped, would turn out eventually to be the sources of the Nile. If that, however, should prove not to be the case, it would be something, he felt, to ascertain for certain that they were the head waters of the Congo ; and, in the latter case, he would probably have followed the course of the Congo, and have turned up, sooner or later, on the Western Coast of Africa. But this idea he appears to have abandoned after having penetrated as far west as Bainbarre and Lake Kamolondo, and stopping short at Bagenya, about four degrees west from his starting point. At all events, from this point he returned, and when, in the winter of 1870-71, he was found by Mr. Stanley, he was once more in the neighbourhood of his old haunts, still bent on the discovery of certain "fountains on the hills," which he trusted to be able to prove to be the veritable springs of the Nile, and to gain the glory of being alone their discoverer —to use his own emphatic words, "So that no one may come after and cut me out with a fresh batch of sources."

During the last two years or so, if we except the sudden light thrown upon his career by the episode of Mr. Stanley's successful search after him, we have been kept rather in the dark as to the actual movements of Dr. Livingstone. Mr. Stanley's narrative of his discovery of the Doctor in the neighbourhood of Ujiji is in the hands of every well-informed Englishman, and his journey in company with him round the northern shores of Lake Tanganyika (with some hint of a possible modification of his opinion as to the connexion between that sea and the Nile) was recorded in the address delivered by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the President of the Geographical Society last

summer. On that occasion the President remarked :—

"Our knowledge of Livingstone's present whereabouts is not very definite. He appears to have been so thoroughly impressed with a belief of the identity of his triple Lualaba with the Nile that, in spite of earnest longings to revisit his native land, he could not persuade himself to leave Africa until he had fairly traced to their sources in the southern mountains the western branches of the great river that he had explored in Manyema. Awaiting, accordingly, at Unyanyembe the arrival of stores and supplies, which were partly furnished by Mr. Stanley, and partly by our own First Relief Expedition, no sooner had they arrived than he started in September last (1872) for the further end of Tanganyika, intending from that point to visit a certain mound in about 11 deg. south latitude, from which the Lufira and Lulua were said to flow to the north, and the Leeambye and Kafué to the south. Hence he proposed to turn northwards to the copper mines of Katanga, in the Koné mountains, of which he had heard such an extraordinary account. Later still he was bent on visiting Lake Lincoln, and following the river which flowed out of it, and which, under the name of the Loéki or Lomamé, joined the Lualaba a little further down, to the great unexplored lake at the Equator. His expectation seems to have been that this lake communicated with the Bahr-el-Gazal, and that he might thus either return home by the route of the Nile or retrace his steps to Ujiji; but if, as we hope will be the case, either the one or the other of the expeditions which are now penetrating into the interior from the East and West Coasts respectively should succeed in opening communication with him before he is called on to decide on the line of his return journey from the Equatorial lake, it is far from probable that, with the new light thus afforded him, he will continue his journey along the Congo, and emerge from the interior on the Western Coast."

We fear that these forecastings have been falsified by the event, and that we must now add the name of David Livingstone to the roll of those who have fallen in the cause of civilization and progress.

It is impossible not to mourn the loss of a missionary so liberal in his views, so large-hearted, so enlightened. By his labours it has come to pass that throughout the protected tribes of Southern Africa Queen Victoria is generally acknowledged as "the Queen of the people who love the black man." Livingstone had his faults and his failings; but the self-will and obstinacy he possibly at times displayed were very near akin to the qualities which secured his triumphant success, and much allowance must be made for a man for whom his early education had done so little, and who was forced, by circumstances around him, to act with a decision which must have sometimes offended his fellow-workers. Above all, his success depended, from first to last, in an eminent degree upon the great power which he possessed of entering into the feelings, wishes, and desires of the African tribes and engaging their hearty sympathy.

As the best memorial of such a man as Livingstone, we would here place on permanent record his own eloquent words, in which he draws out his idea of the missionary's work in the spirit, not merely of a Christian, but of a philosopher and statesman :—

"The sending of the Gospel to the heathen must include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary, which is that of a man going about with a Bible under his arm. The promotion of commerce ought to be specially attended to, as this more speedily than anything else demolishes that sense of isolation which is engendered by heathenism, and makes the tribes feel themselves to be mutually dependent on each other. Those laws which still prevent free commercial intercourse among civilized nations appear to me to be nothing but the remains of our own heathenism. But by commerce we may not only put a stop to the slave trade, but introduce the negro family into the body corporate of nations, no one member of which can suffer without the others suffering with it. This in both Eastern and Western Africa would lead to a much larger diffusion of the blessings of civilization than efforts exclusively spiritual and educational confined to any one tribe. These should, of course, be carried on at the same time where possible—at all events, at large central and healthy stations; but neither civilization nor Christianity can be promoted alone; in fact, they are inseparable."

In conclusion, our readers will forgive us for quoting the following testimony to Livingstone's character from the pen of Mr. E. D. Young, whom we have mentioned above :—

"His extensive travels place him at

the head of modern explorers, for no one has dared as yet to penetrate where he has been ; no one, through a lengthy series of years, has devoted so much of his life to the work of searching out tribes hitherto unknown ; and I believe that his equal will rarely, if ever, be found in one particular and essential characteristic of the genuine explorer. He has the most singular faculty of ingratiating himself with natives whithersoever he travels. A frank, open-hearted generosity, combined with a constant jocular way in treating with them, carries him through all. True, it is nothing but the most iron bravery which enables a man thus to move among difficulties and dangers with a smile on his face instead of a haggard, careworn, and even a suspicious look. Certain it is, also, that, wherever he has passed, the natives are only too anxious to see other Englishmen, and in this way we must crown him 'the King of African Pioneers.'"

M. VAN DE WEYER.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, MAY 25, 1874.)

M. Sylvain Van de Weyer died on Saturday morning at his house in Arlington-street, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with exemplary fortitude. The duty which has thus devolved upon us of paying the customary and well merited tribute to his memory has been, to a certain extent, anticipated. A Life of him, as one of the "Founders of the Belgian Monarchy," in two volumes 8vo., was published in 1871 ; and in reviewing it we took occasion to place his recognized claims to distinction as a statesman, diplomatist, and man of letters prominently before the world. We shall, now, therefore, merely recall attention to the salient points of a career which, from its commencement to its practical close by his withdrawal from the public arena in 1867, was marked by never-failing energy, firmness, resolution, and sagacity. When a mere boy he gave promise of intellectual superiority, combined with strength of character, and he amply redeemed that promise as a man.

In 1802, the year of his birth, his father (afterwards a Judge at Brussels) filled a second or third class Civil appointment at Amsterdam, and he himself was originally intended for the Dutch Navy. His destination was changed in consequence of his marked predilection for studious pursuits, and at an unusually early age he was admitted a student in the Law Faculty of the University of Louvain. Falling here under the tuition of M. Van Meenen, Editor of the *Observateur* (the organ of the Liberal party), he studied journalism simultaneously with jurisprudence, and took the earliest opportunity of exhibiting his proficiency in both. It was the rule and uniform practice of the University for the graduate in law, on receiving the diploma of Doctor, to take the text of his inaugural dissertation from the Code Napoleon. Whether from deeming the Code a badge of subjection or from meditated defiance of custom and authority, Van de Weyer refused to abide by the rule, and handed in a dissertation "On the Reality, Knowledge, and Natural Practice of Duty ;" the formal reception of which, resisted in the first instance by the Faculty, he compelled by a threat to publish it under the title of "Essay Rejected by the Law Faculty of the University of Louvain." Not satisfied with having carried the point so far as he was personally concerned, he wrote a spirited article in the *Courrier des Pays Bas* against the preliminary censorship to which the theses of young doctors were subjected by the Faculties. The passage which gave most offence may have been suggested by the well-known reflections of Figaro on the liberty of the Press :—

"It is pitiable to see and listen to them ! Do you speak of the jury ? Slippery subject, which would displease those who have called for its suppression ; of which there is not a word in the new organization, and which, for this very reason, had better be left to oblivion. Moreover, it is an exotic fruit which suits not the nature of our soil. Do you touch, in passing, on Ministerial responsibility ? What is the use of raising questions upon which our fundamental law preserves a deep silence ? Do you examine our deplorable electoral system ? This is to sap our Constitution at its base ? Do you venture on the exalted theories of public law ? Reveries, hollow speculations, very fine on paper, impracticable in the real world, and consequently dangerous. And so on of every subject of the slightest

elevation, which promotes the investigation and discussion of vital questions of social order, but which would make known that our youth are beginning to contract the bad habit of combining ideas, and of thinking themselves called upon some day or other to make useful application of these theories."

It is clear from this passage that he himself was the most striking example and representative of the youth who had contracted the bad habit of combining ideas and of looking forward to an arena on which their theories of social regeneration should be tried. During several ensuing years his literary and bibliographical pursuits and duties were alone sufficient to exhaust the energies of an ordinary man, and he had considerable practice at the Bar ; but he was all along watching the signs of the political horizon, and he left no means untried of fostering the prevalent spirit of discontent. As one of the founders of the *Société des Douze*, in 1825, he paved the way for the insurrectionary movements of 1830 ; and in his defence of Potter, in 1828, he openly declared war against the Government, and boldly identified himself with the journalists who were defying and undermining its authority.

" If ever I should have to account to my fellow-citizens for the employment of my time and my faculties in the interest of my country, I should say with pride,—My first thoughts have been consecrated to our social guarantees, and I have been since so many years a journalist. Yes, gentlemen, I hold it an honour to have been so many years a journalist, and never will the public prosecutor, with his declamatory commonplaces, succeed in stigmatizing the men who write conscientiously and courageously, and defend all our liberties at their own personal risks."

A time was now approaching when Van de Weyer's patriotic aspirations and personal ambition were to be amply fulfilled and gratified. The Belgians had other and well-founded causes of complaint, but of all their wrongs and grievances their compelled union with the Dutch was certainly the most galling and the worst. They longed for separation ; and the public disturbances which followed close on the French revolution of July were so managed by their leaders as to conduct by sure though carefully concealed approaches to that end. The first open manifestation of hostility occurred at Brussels on the evening of the 25th of August, 1830, when the houses of the most unpopular functionaries were sacked, and the ensigns of Royalty torn down. The civil and military authorities being unable to restore order, a Garde Bourgeoise was organized on the 27th, and the notables, about 50 in number, formed themselves into an Assembly on the 28th. Van de Weyer was named Secretary, and he was also one of the five delegates who were deputed to draw up and carry their address or petition to the King, setting forth " the deep-rooted character of the discontent, the lamentable results of the fatal system followed by the Ministers, who misapprehend both our wishes and our wants."

Not a word about separation, although the language used by one of the notables in the discussion on the Address was such as to induce Van de Weyer to check him with the significant remark," 89. yes; 93, no." In the meantime, the Prince of Orange, at the head of 6,000 men, had arrived at Lacken, where, on the morning of the 31st, the attendance of the Commandant of the Garde Bourgeoise was imperatively required. He obeyed the summons, accompanied by Van de Weyer and the four other delegates, who succeeded in persuading the Prince to enter the city escorted only by six officers of his staff, by way of testing the loyalty of the population. The experiment was not successful. His reception was cold or threatening from the first ; and by the time he had reached the Hôtel de Ville the symptoms of rising tumult were so marked that, growing angry or taking alarm, he put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his slender suite, reached the Palace at a gallop. Van de Weyer was thrown down in the confusion, and with difficulty succeeded in joining the circle round the Prince, who was in the act of addressing the Belgian representatives in terms of anger and reproach. Van de Weyer replied on the instant by an energetic recapitulation of their grievances ; and, in a subsequent interview, seems to have made considerable progress in inducing his Royal Highness to become the interpreter and advocate of their views and wishes to the King. But the breach was irreconcilable, and no arrangement was possible between a community aiming at independence and a Sovereign resolved on preserving the union unimpaired. A single scene may serve to show how revolutions of this sort are conducted, and how temporary or provisional authority may be scrambled for or usurped. No regular assembly of the States having

been found practicable, a number of so-called patriots met at the Hôtel de Ville to determine on the measures to be taken to repel force by force. M. Genebien, in his "Aperçus sur la Révolution de 1830," says :—

"After the sitting, Van de Weyer and I led Félix de Mérode into the embrasure of one of the windows of the *salon* of the so called Council. We then and there constituted a Provisionary Government of us three. In the contingency of one being separated by events it was agreed that two together should sign for them—that is to say, should be authorized to add the signature of the third."

After the failure of the attack on Brussels by the Dutch troops, a Provisional Government was established on a broader basis :—

"It was installed (according to the same authority) at the Hôtel de Ville, with no furniture but a deal table taken from a guardhouse, and two empty bottles with a candle stuck in each. This is the plain matter of fact. As for our resources, the municipal chest contained 10 florins 36 cents., and it is with such means that we did not despair, that we began organizing anew the army, the judicial order, the civil administration, and the administration of finances."

The same boast is repeated in a well-known pamphlet by Van de Weyer, and it must be admitted that the performance of the task, rendered comparatively easy by the unanimity of the liberated Provinces, was greatly facilitated by the public spirit and improvised statesmanship of their chiefs. Van de Weyer was a man who always rose with the occasion, and always seemed trained and fitted for his work. Assuming that the Dutch would be unwilling and unable to renew the struggle, it became a matter of primary importance to secure the recognition of Belgian independence by the five Powers, the parties to the Treaty of Vienna in 1844 ; and Van de Weyer was deputed to conciliate the English statesmen. He found no difficulty with the Duke of Wellington, who simply stipulated that there should be no junction with France ; but, considering how uniformly Lord Palmerston has been credited with the establishment of the new kingdom, it is curious to find that he was in the first instance and for a considerable time opposed to it. "The more," he wrote, "that country (Belgium) is drawn back to Holland, the better for Europe and itself." It was as his representative at the Brussels Conference that Lord Ponsonby, replying to Van de Weyer's declaration that the people would have nothing to do with Orangeism, exclaimed :—

"'The people, the people ! Are you aware that within eight days I could have you hanged at the first tree in the Park by this very people on whom you rely ?' 'Yes,' replied M. Van de Weyer, 'I believe with time and plenty of money you might ; but I could have you hanged in five minutes, and hanged gratis. Don't let us play at this game.'"

Excepting two or three brief intervals, when his counsels or services were imperatively required for the home administration, he held the post of Belgian Minister at the English Court from 1830 to 1867, when he withdrew from active service (retaining his diplomatic rank) on the plea of advancing age and ill-health, but really, we suspect, to have more leisure for his books. He stood in the first rank of modern bibliophilists, and the magnitude of his collections may be estimated from the fact that, with town and country house full to overflowing, he had 30,000 volumes in the Pantechnicon when it was burnt down. He was an indefatigable and discriminating reader, as well as a munificent purchaser ; and he might have acquired eminent distinction as an author could he have been induced to concentrate his powers instead of employing them discursively on ephemeral topics. The two volumes of "Opuscules," edited by his distinguished friend, M. Octave Delepierre, are replete with thought, fancy, observation, and knowledge ; his style was pure, clear, and animated, and there are essays in this collection which will not lose by comparison with Paul Louis Courier, whom he much admired, and consciously or unconsciously imitated in some of them. His "Richard Cobden, Roi des Belges," for example, was a masterpiece of sportive raillery. It was provoked by Cobden's declaration, "If I were King of the Belgians and wished to preserve the Crown to my descendants, I would keep only an army of a few thousand men on foot." The motto was a compressed satire in itself :—

"Il serait un bon petit roi,
"Peu désireux de vivre dans l'histoire ;
"Laissant à l'étranger à défendre son droit,
"Il dormirait fort bien sans armée et sans gloire.
"Pour sabre il aurait son bâton,
"Et pour couronne *un bonnet de coton.*"
(D'après Béranger.)

The tone and spirit of this pamphlet prove that his patriotism and loyalty had suffered no diminution from the gradual loosening of the ties which bound him to the country of his birth. From the period (1838) of his auspicious marriage with the only daughter of the late Mr. Bates, he had been wont to regard England as his home and the permanent abode of his family. He became in due course the proprietor of a considerable landed estate, including the lordly mansion of New Lodge; and there was no duty which he fulfilled with more pride and pleasure than that of presiding at the annual meeting of Berkshire agriculturists in 1857. But neither rural nor literary interests averted his watchful attention from what was passing in Courts and Cabinets. The whole system of European politics was familiar to him, and whenever a new combination or complication occurred, there was no one whose opinion was more eagerly sought or valued by statesmen and rulers, including, if we are not misinformed, the most exalted personage in the land. They and we have lost in him the wisest of counsellors as well as the most agreeable of companions and the kindest of friends; and of all the distinguished foreigners who have been naturalized in England we should be puzzled to name another of whose adoption of us as fellow-countrymen we have greater reason to feel proud.

SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.

(Obituary Notice, Wednesday, August 19, 1874.)

Sir William Fairbairn, the eminent engineer, of Manchester, died at 1 o'clock yesterday, in his 83d year, at Moor-park, Farnham, Surrey, where he had been staying during the past month in the hope of benefiting his declining health. A friend and fellow-worker with the Stephensons, it is almost needless to state here that no name stood higher than that of Fairbairn in the world of civil engineering, and that, though late in life he accepted a well-earned title, his reputation hereafter will date from a generation at least earlier than his patent as a baronet. The son of a plain man of the middle class, a Mr. Andrew Fairbairn, of Smallholm, he was born at Kelso, in Roxburghshire, in the early part of the year 1789, and received his education as a boy at a small school at Mullochy, in Ross-shire, subsequently acquiring a more strictly professional training at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Apprenticed to an enginewright at Percy Main Colliery, he employed his evenings in the study of geometry and mechanics, and it is recorded in a sketch in the "Imperial Dictionary of Biography" that on the termination of his apprenticeship he came to London, where he was employed for two years as a journeyman mechanic, and that he subsequently set out on a tour through the North of England, Wales, and part of Ireland, for the purpose of seeing the practical application of the principles which he had so carefully studied, but supporting himself by work through the whole of his travels. He appears to have settled at Manchester in 1817, according to the account already quoted, without capital or connexion; but if we may trust the *English Cyclopædia*, in partnership with a Mr. Lillie, in conjunction with whom his name rose to become that of one of the leading firms among the machine makers of that city. At first he had an up-hill battle to fight, but by firmness and energy he conquered all difficulties and rose steadily, if not rapidly, into an independent position. In the course of his early practice he originated many improvements in Mill work, which have since been generally adopted, and with beneficial results; but the minute description of these would, perhaps, be too technical for the general reader. Mr. Fairbairn acted in conjunction with Robert Stephenson in the planning and execution of the celebrated Britannia and Conway tubular railway bridges across the Menai Straits. In this great work his wide practical as well as theoretical knowledge of wrought and cast iron as materials, and of the form in which they could be made available for bearing the strain of heavy weights, pointed out Mr. Fairbairn as one of the authorities to be consulted. The relative portions of the merit of these triumphs of engineering skill, which were due to Stephenson and to Fairbairn respectively, became in the end the subject of a controversy in which much was written on both

sides, and which it would be foreign to our purpose and our wish to revive. It is more to the point to observe that the experience gathered here has since contributed largely to the present extensive use of iron in naval architecture. For the use of that material in shipbuilding Mr. Fairbairn was a constant advocate, at all events since the year 1850, when he published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society his "Experimental inquiry into the strength of wrought-iron plates and their riveted joints, as applied to shipbuilding and to vessels exposed to severe strains." To him also we owe many useful researches into the causes of explosions in steam boilers—a subject upon which he has given evidence and delivered lectures full of the most important information, because it is the result of practical observation. He collected several of his lectures on these and kindred subjects, and gave them to the world under the title of "Useful Information for Engineers," which has reached, at all events, three series. He was also the author of works on the "Britannia and Conway Bridges," and on the "Application of Cast and Wrought Iron Beams to Floors and Bridges." He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Corresponding Member of the French Institute, an active or honorary member of almost every society connected with engineering science in this country, and of many foreign philosophical societies; and had received medals or other marks of recognition for his services to science from most of the Crowned Heads of Europe. He several times acted as President of the Mechanical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; was a member of the jury of the Mechanical Department of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and acted as President of the Jury of the corresponding section of the Exhibition of Industry at Paris in 1855. He was created a baronet at the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, in 1869. The greater part of Sir William Fairbairn's acknowledged publications appeared in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, in the Reports of the British Association, and in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, in which he filled the chair at Dalton.. Some of his works, however, were also published separately. Among his chief productions we may specify treatises on "Canal Navigation," on the "Strength and other Properties of Hot and Cold Blast Iron," on the "Strength of Locomotive Boilers," on the "Strength of Iron at Different Temperatures," on the "Effect of Repeated Melting upon the Strength of Cast Iron," on the "Irons of Great Britain," on the "Strength of Iron Plates and Riveted Joints," on the "Application of Iron to Building Purposes in General," &c.

It only remains for us to add that Sir William Fairbairn married, in 1816, Dorothy, daughter of Mr. John Marr, of Morpeth, Northumberland, by whom he had a family of seven sons and one daughter.

M. GUIZOT.

(Obituary Notice, Monday, September 14, 1874.)

There are not many among the men destined to achieve distinction whose characters can be said to have been more powerfully influenced by the impressions received in early life than François Pierre Guillaume Guizot whose death at his country house near Lisieux we regret to have to record this morning.

He was born on the 4th of October, 1787, only two years before the outbreak of that great Revolution which brought his father, an eminent advocate at Nimes, to the scaffold, and which drove his mother and himself, a boy of seven, into exile at Geneva. His horror of revolutionary excesses was thus, as it were, innate in him, and it set him against the rulers of his country throughout the period of the Republic and of the Empire which sprang from it. Like Mirabeau, Thiers, Emile Ollivier, Gambetta, and other leading men in the French political world, Guizot was a Southern man; but any excessive vivacity of temperament which he might have contracted from his native climate of Languedoc was sure to be tempered and sobered at an early time by strict religious training; for he was a Protestant — a word which in France means a Calvinist, one whose faith, originally gloomy and austere, was further soured by the sense of the long persecu

tion endured by his Church in his country. Driven from France after his father's tragic end, in 1794, young Guizot settled with his mother at Geneva, that little Calvinist Republic, which was then, as it continues to be at the present day, the cradle of watchmakers and the nursery of preachers and schoolmasters. Guizot was for 11 years a student at the Gymnasium and Academy of that city, and when he left it for Paris, in 1805, he was, and remained to his dying day, rather a thorough French Swiss than a genuine Frenchman. At Paris he entered his name as a law student; but, owing probably to the straitened circumstances of his family, he accepted a situation as a private tutor in the house of M. Stapfer, a former Swiss diplomatist accredited to the French Republic. Seven years later, 1812, he married Mdlle. Pauline de Moulan, a lady 14 years his senior, literary, and Royalist, who, like himself, wrote in the journal *Le Publiciste*, and to whom, during her long illness, he had, with great tact and discretion, tendered opportune assistance. Madame Guizot had rather extensive connexions among the Royalist party, and it was among them chiefly that her husband found his public and private friends; while the reputation established at once by his early writings won him from the Imperial Government a Professorship of Modern History at La Sorbonne. In 1814, two years after this appointment, the Empire, and with it the Revolutionary era, came to an end, and Guizot, who was known among those who had most earnestly longed for the Bourbon Restoration, soon found his place among the servants of Louis XVIII., and was appointed Secretary-General at the Ministry of the Interior, and subsequently at that of Public Instruction. In less than a twelvemonth, however, the return of Napoleon from the Isle of Elba threatened to give a new turn to the destinies of France, and Guizot, leaving his post at the Ministerial office, was among the loyal subjects who joined the fugitive Bourbon Court at Ghent. He came back with the Bourbons after Waterloo, and was again in office in his former capacity as Secretary-General at the Ministry of Public Instruction. The Bourbon reaction, however, was soon carried further than either Guizot himself or the men whose lead he followed could conscientiously approve, so that, upon the inauguration of what was called the "White Terror," under Villèle, and after the assassination of the Duc de Berry, February 13, 1820, Guizot followed the Minister Decazes in his retirement, and resumed his occupations as a Professor and a writer. From this period to the downfall of Charles X., in 1830—*i.e.*, for more than ten years—Guizot, deprived for a time of his seat at the Council of State, and even of his chair at the University, bestowed his undivided attention on political and historical studies; and it was chiefly at this epoch that he gave to the public those works which constitute his greatest claim to admiration in and out of France. In the January preceding the catastrophe of July, 1830, Guizot was elected a Deputy for Lisieux, in the Department of Calvados, and he ranged himself among those 221 opponents of the Polignac Ministry whose Address, in answer to the Crown Speech, determined the famous Ordinances of the 26th of July, and the consequent overthrow both of the Ministry and of the Monarchy. Guizot was at Nimes at the time of the outbreak, but was back in time to draw up, with many of his friends in the Chamber, a resolution by which an attempt was made to dissociate the cause of the Sovereign from that of the Cabinet, and an assurance of unshaken loyalty and devotion was conveyed to the King and his dynasty. It was, however, too late. The infatuated Charles X. preferred dethronement and banishment to any limitation of what he considered his Royal prerogative—*i.e.*, his absolute power—and the country, which was for one moment at the discretion of the mob of the capital, was only saved from anarchy by men who, while abandoning the dynasty, were still willing that the Monarchy should survive. Guizot, who by his last effort to save the dynasty had sufficiently proved the steadfastness of his anti-revolutionary principles, on the 30th of July became a member of the Municipal Commission which was at the head of public affairs, and took charge of the department of Public Instruction. After the elevation of the Duc d'Orleans, first to the Regency and then to the Throne, Guizot accepted a place in the Cabinet, still in the capacity of Minister of Public Instruction, an office which, more lately, he exchanged for that of Home Minister. This first Cabinet of Louis Philippe, of which Molé was the head, lasted from the 11th of August to the 3d of November. It was then followed by a Laffitte Administration, from which Guizot kept aloof, preferring to follow the lead of Casimir Périer, whose *Juste Milieu*, or Conservative, politics were more in harmony with

his own views. The Périer Ministry, which had the support both of Guizot and Thiers, was formed on the 19th of March, 1831, and came to an end with the death of its chief on the 16th of May, 1832. After a series of rapid crises, a permanent Cabinet was composed, of which the Duc de Broglie was the head, and which numbered Guizot and Thiers among its members. This lasted for more than three years—from October 11, 1832, to February 22, 1836,—during which period the antagonism between Guizot and Thiers became apparent, and arrayed them in opposite camps throughout the remainder of Louis Philippe's reign. The victory was at first with Thiers, who held the supreme power alternately with Molé during the best part of four years—1836 to 1840,—Guizot generally siding with Molé, and even, for a short time, joining his Administration, but more frequently appearing in the ranks of the Opposition, compelled to play a part repugnant to his feelings and habits, and to consort with partisans between whom and himself there could be no genuine sympathy. From the awkwardness and irksomeness of this position he was relieved in February, 1839, by being appointed to the French Embassy in London, vacant by the retirement of Marshal Sebastiani. This honourable office he was allowed to retain when, a year after, Thiers came into power with his Ministry of the 1st of March, 1840. But on the 29th of October of the same year the turn came for Thiers to make room for his opponent, and Guizot attained at last the height of his ambition, being called to form a Ministry, of which he gave Marshal Soult the nominal Presidency, but of which, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he had the supreme direction. From this date to the catastrophe of February, 1848, which put an end to the July Monarchy, a period of more than seven years elapsed, during which the destinies of France and the dynasty of her ruler might be said to be in Guizot's hands. After the fall of Louis Philippe, Guizot, on whom rests the whole responsibility of that disaster, sought a refuge in England, where he remained for three years, and only returned to France when the prosecution which was commenced against the fallen Cabinet was abandoned, and after the restoration of order consequent on the *Coup d'Etat* of December, 1851, when the animosity, of which the ex-Premier was the special object, had considerably subsided. Guizot was so little aware of the disposition of men's minds towards him as to venture to renew his appeal to his old constituency of Calvados as a candidate for a seat in the Legislative Body, but the unfavourable result of the vote soon convinced him that the tide of his unpopularity was still setting strongly against him. He was equally unsuccessful at a later period in his efforts to bring about that fusion between the elder and younger branches of the Bourbons which, now that it has been effected, has produced such little fruit. He, therefore, at last resigned himself to the comparative leisure of private life, spending the remainder of his days in retirement at his country seat in Val Richer, near Lisieux, in Normandy, whence he only came forth *in* the discharge of his functions, either as an eminent member of the French Academy or as an influential leader in the conferences of the Protestant Church in France. It was in Val Richer, as many will remember, that his former colleague and rival, Thiers, President of the French Republic, visited the yet older Statesman in one of his excursions from Trouville in the autumn of 1872.

M. Guizot's first wife, Mdlle. de Moulan, died in August, 1827, and, a year later, Guizot, by that lady's advice, and in obedience to her dying request, married her niece, Mdlle. Eliza Dillon, who left him again a widower in 1833. Both these ladies, and Guizot's daughter by his second marriage, Madame de Witt, are well known for their achievements in various branches of literature for the young. Guizot's only son by his first wife, François Jean, died in 1837, at the age of 22; but a son by his second wife, Guillaume, followed for several years a literary career, not without success.

Three distinct epochs occur in Guizot's life—the prospective period, from 1816 to 1830, in which he fitted himself for power; the active, from 1830 to 1848, in which, from 1830 to 1840, he struggled for it, and, from 1840 to 1848, enjoyed it; finally, the retrospective, in which he was left to brood over its loss, from 1848 to his last day. But the nature of the man continued unchanged throughout all these successive phases. French public men, since the democratic transformation of the country deprive rank and wealth of the ascendency in the Government which belongs to them in other countries, have been divided into two classes—the Advocate Statesmen and the Professor Statesmen. The two great men whose names, as connected with the July Monarchy, will

eclipse in history all their contemporaries —Guizot and Thiers—may be taken as prototypes of their respective classes—Thiers, the model of the Political Advocate ; Guizot, the ideal of the Political Professor. The Advocate is impulsive, combative ; the Professor is dogmatic, systematic. Both are eloquent ; but the Advocate pleads, the Professor lectures. The office of the one is to persuade ; that of the other is to correct and chastise. Throughout his public career Guizot wielded the schoolmaster's ferule. He was, with Royer-Collard, the founder of the " Doctrinaire "—another word for Pedantic—school. As early as 1816, when the Professor was still on his very first steps towards the attainment of power, he laid his scheme of a Constitutional Government on the principle that all liberties compatible with the preservation of public order should be admitted in theory, but that their practical application should be adjourned till the people were " ripe " for their enjoyment ; little considering that without liberty nations are apt to rot before they ripen. Guizot was at all times an enemy to Revolution. Even as Opposition leader, the heaviest charge he could think of bringing against the Government was that it did not govern enough ; that it compromised the public safety by suffering the principle of authority to be shaken at its very basis. This notion of the paramount importance of authority, this dread lest the Government should not be strong enough, haunted him at every stage of his political life ; it beset him even long after he had been hurled from power, when, in 1861, he presided at a meeting of his own French Evangelical Church, when he, a Protestant, a " Black " Calvinist, declared himself a stanch partisan of the Pope's temporal power, denouncing the triumph of Italian independence and unity as a deplorable perturbation which undermined the principle of authority in that very Church which was most solidly based upon it. In the very bosom of that Protestant Church which had suffered for centuries for the cause of freedom, the ex-Minister stood up as a champion of orthodoxy with a zeal and, indeed, with a bigotry which won him the appellation of " Pope Guizot."

It was this sternness of conviction, this faith in his own infallibility, that rendered Guizot unsympathizing and intolerant ; incapable of admitting that there can be two sides to a question, unwilling to meet his adversaries on that debatable ground which must always lie between the best defined boundaries of right and wrong. This impatience of contradiction arose in him not so much from transcendent self-esteem as from disdain of his adversaries, which prompted him rather to court than to shun unpopularity. This unamiable instinct grew upon him as he rose in the world, and it culminated in that famous outburst of temper to which he gave way when, in the fulness of his power, in 1844, he proposed in the Chamber a vote of *flétrissure*—a brand of infamy—against some Legitimist Deputies who had attended the Comte de Chambord's *levées* in Belgrave-square. The " branded " Deputies turned against him tumultuously, calling him the " Man of Ghent," and reminding him of the time in which he looked with pride on the proof he had himself given of as stanch a loyalty to an exiled Bourbon as that with which he now upbraided them—an allusion to the homage Guizot went to pay to his fugitive Sovereign, Louis XVIII., in 1815. The taunt drove the Minister out of his habitual stately dignity and self-possession, and caused him to break out into bitter words to his opponents as these crowded up the steps of the Tribune for their turn to speak, " Step up, step up, gentlemen ; you will never raise yourselves to the height of my scorn." (Montez, montez, messieurs ; vous n'arriverez jamais à la hauteur de mon dédain).

It must not be forgotten, however, that there was enough in the political circumstances in which Guizot had to make his way into power to intensify the harshness and haughtiness into which nature and education had moulded his character. At the time of his first appearance on the stage of the world, France had only gone through one Revolutionary experiment, and well-meaning men flattered themselves that it should be the last, as it had been the first. Revolution in 1789 had been inaugurated in the name of liberty ; it had degenerated into anarchy ; it had ended in tyranny. At the Restoration, in 1814, men hoped to reconcile Monarchy with liberty, and liberty with order. Like most of his contemporaries, Guizot was in quest of a Constitution ; and, as he had given his attention to the free institutions of other countries, and especially of England, he fancied, as Siéyes had done before him, that he had exhausted the subject. He scarcely doubted that the practice of Constitutionalism would be as easy as its theory ; and when he proceeded from his private study as a professor or a

journalist, to take a place among the servants or among the opponents of the Government, he soon found he had to deal with men who were either too Conservative or too Liberal for him. During the whole of this period of struggle he laboured hard to lay out in his writings his own scheme of a Constitutional Government, and evinced great wonder and no little vexation at the difficulty he found in bringing other men's views to agree with his own. He was thus making the Procrustean bed in which he was to lie when he attained the supreme power, and bound himself to doctrines which his pride would not allow him to disavow, and the application of which put his consistency to the severest test. He was a Constitutionalist, bent and bound to rule by a Parliamentary majority; but when a sufficiently strong Government party did not spontaneously arise he was not unwilling to lean on a fictitious and artificial one. Strictly upright and honourable as he himself was, he had no very elevated opinion of those who surrounded him. Like Sir Robert Walpole, he thought that "every man had his price"; and, all engrossed with the importance of the end he had in view, he did not always scruple to attain it by the means upon which he fancied he could most safely and most readily depend. But power which is based on the corruption of partisans must equally rely on the repression of adversaries. It seemed absolutely necessary to Guizot to establish a strong Government, for the events of 1830 had dispelled the illusions of 1816, and he conceived that the July Monarchy, which had risen on a revolution, might also fall by a revolution. He was determined to provide against such a contingency at any price; and he shrank from no measures, however arbitrary, for which he could show even a bare shadow of legality. There was thus silence, and something like a grim order, and a complacent unanimity about him. But he gradually isolated both his Government and his Parliament. There ceased to be any mutual understanding between him and France, and he never perceived that by the very energy with which he contrived to overcome opposition he allowed his adversaries no other redress than revolution. Not that the party struggle in France under Louis Philippe to any extent turned on matters of principle. Guizot and his *Juste Milieu*, or Conservative party, were not much more illiberal than Thiers and his *Tiers Parti*, or Left Centre. That "the King should reign and not govern" was the Thiers maxim, and it did not greatly differ from that of Guizot, who held that the King should both reign and govern, subject, however, to the control of Ministerial responsibility. We have since seen Thiers both reigning and governing, equally irresponsible as a Sovereign and as a Minister. But Thiers was genial and versatile, active and impetuous, intensely and egotistically patriotic; and he in his early days encouraged those reminiscences of the Republic and Empire which were at the time rapidly reviving, and which Guizot was at the greatest pains to discountenance. Guizot was for "peace at any price"; Thiers was for national glory, and for the extension of the *prestige* of France all over the world. France had been at peace for a quarter of a century; no wonder the warlike Minister had the multitude with him. And when, in 1840, Guizot at last found himself in possession of undivided power, he was fettered by the popularity of such measures as the fortifications of Paris and the recovery of the ashes of Napoleon from St. Helena—measures which Thiers had initiated, and which hung like a stone round the neck of his successor. Guizot had shown himself a not very skilful diplomatist during his mission to London (1839-40); at least, his countrymen thought he had suffered himself to be hoodwinked by our English Foreign Office in the negotiations relative to the Eastern Question, allowing the Treaty of July 14, 1840, to be stipulated and signed over his head. He was equally unsuccessful in 1844—being then at the head of Foreign Affairs—in his management of the Pritchard controversy, when the French, whose vindictive feelings towards England had at the time by no means abated, attributed to Lord Palmerston the saying that "he would make France go through the eye of a needle." It was in vain that the French land and sea forces distinguished themselves by signal achievements in the Marquesas, at Buenos Ayres, in the Chinese seas, and in other distant regions, and especially in Morocco, where they obtained one of their more brilliant than useful victories at Isly. In Europe, in his dealings with England and Russia, Guizot was accused of compromising and sacrificing French interests, now truckling to one Power, now exposing himself to be browbeaten by another; and it was probably with this view to silence this outcry, and to show that he, at least, knew

how to out-manœuvre and to baffle England, that he plunged into the deep and foul mire of the Spanish Marriages of 1846. In these transactions both he and his Sovereign seemed utterly unmindful of what they owed to their character both for honesty and sagacity, and they sold their souls, as it were, to obtain a most chimerical advantage—an advantage depending on a variety of unrealizable conditions, and chiefly on the readiness for sacrifice of a young Queen the most unfitted by her temperament and by her education for the kind of self-immolation which was demanded of her. We, who look upon those disgraceful negotiations at so great a distance of time, find it difficult to understand the infatuation which brought the France of Louis Philippe to the verge of a war with England, for the sake of that Spain for which the France of Louis Napoleon committed itself to a war with Germany. But 28 years ago the means by which French intrigue hoped to "do away with the Pyrenees" and secure for a French Prince of the blood, the Duc de Montpensier, the inheritance of a Queen doomed to barrenness, aroused the horror and disgust of all men. However it might be hailed in France itself as a diplomatic triumph, it damaged the Guizot Administration in the opinion of Europe beyond all hope of recovery; and if it did not actually lead to the fall of the July Monarchy, it at least deprived it of much of the sympathy which its fate would otherwise have called forth. We have seen lately with what abhorrence a loyal man like Baron Stockmar looked upon that "vile transaction," which, in his opinion, "brought about the general European catastrophe." The Baron was convinced that "without Guizot's conceit and arrogance, and without his ignorance of the world and of mankind, Louis Philippe would have died on the throne." An equal dislike seems, on Stockmar's evidence, to have been entertained for Guizot by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Independently of the Spanish Marriages, however, a variety of causes, not wholly dependent upon Guizot, contributed to bring about the great cataclysm of 1848. The latter end of Louis Philippe's reign was saddened by a series of public and private calamities, foremost among which was the tragic death of the heir of the throne, the Duc d'Orleans, in 1842, which opened the prospect of a long minority and possibly of a disputed Regency before the nation's eyes. The collapse and panic arising from the bursting of the railway bubble at the same time caused the utmost distress among those middle classes on which the July Monarchy chiefly relied for support, and coincided with those difficulties of the Exchequer to which official corruption and malversation were supposed to have given rise. From all parts of France, and especially from the south and west, came the usual tidings of inundations, storms, and other natural calamities, but which happened to fall in with popular riots put down with the strong hand and not without too lavish an effusion of blood. In Paris disgust arose from the disgraceful revelations connected with the trial of Teste and Cubiéres, and horror from the shocking murder of the daughter of Marshal Sebastiani by the Duc de Praslin, her husband. The horror was in this case deepened into strong indignation by the stratagem by which the murderer, supplied with poison by a friendly hand, was enabled to baffle public vengeance, the general impression being that the Court and Government had thus exempted a high-born criminal from that jurisdiction which should equally extend to all citizens. To these causes of internal discontent were added the symptoms of incipient foreign complications. The war of the Sonderbund (1846-7) was soon over in Switzerland, thanks to the promptness of the Federal Council, which, at the head of the Protestant and of the Liberal Catholic parties, easily overpowered those champions of Jesuitism who relied on the support of France, as well as of Austria and Sardinia. The elevation of Pope Pius occurred at this same epoch—June, 1846; the liberal measures which ushered in his Pontificate awakened sympathies both among Catholic and Protestant nations; and it was not without amazement that France saw the benevolent intentions of the Pontiff frustrated by the warning and forbidding attitude of the French Ambassador, Pellegrino Rossi, one of Guizot's early friends at Geneva, and an old patriot from the Roman States, who had fled his country under sentence of death many years before. It was alleged as a proof of the vacillating and false policy of the Guizot Government that this Envoy, who had been sent to Rome under Gregory XVI. to soften the harshness of the Vatican, and to dissociate it from Austrian interests, was now conspiring with Austria to cross the path of Gregory's successor in his schemes of reform, and to deter him from a course which was winning him the enthusiastic applause of his

own subjects, as well as of all Italy and Europe. The Pope's Liberal policy, and a quarrel rising from the collision of material interests between Austria and Sardinia, breathed a new life into those Italian hearts which had so long struggled and suffered for what appeared a desperate cause, and, with the very earliest days of the eventful year 1848, the Two Sicilies and Lombardy were already in arms against the force which had so long and so often crushed them. The same restless spirit, the same national aspirations, stirred the Magyar and Sclavonic populations of Austria, and a longing for change was manifest both in the larger and the smaller States of Germany. That was the time in which a clear-sighted French statesman should have anticipated the movement which had become inevitable, and, by taking its lead, have endeavoured to give it a rational and practical turn. But Guizot had faith in nothing but senseless repression and reaction; and when the movement reached Paris under the by no means formidable appearance of a scheme for Reform banquets, he had recourse to a second edition of Polignac's "*Ordonnances*," and put his veto upon the banquets. The result in 1848, as in 1830, was a revolt, which soon grew into a revolution. Guizot hoped to conjure the storm by withdrawing from the contest, but his resignation came too late, and the Minister's fall was instantly followed by the ruin of the Monarchy.

It is not easy, in commenting upon the career of Guizot, to distinguish the statesman from the man of letters. A vast mass of his early productions, such as his various dissertations on Constitutional Government, on the condition of France at the Restoration, and on the Government best suited to that country, his essays on the history and literature, on the institutions and revolutions of England, had a political object; they were the studies of the future Minister, and his contemporaries judged by their views of this Statesman and Minister both those and the *mémoires*, pamphlets, and heavier volumes by which, in his leisure hours at Pelham-crescent and Val Richer, he undertook to vindicate his policy. That Guizot was always right in his own estimation no man can doubt; but the old statesman stuck fast to the ideas of the period which ended in 1848, while the world has been advancing ever since; and judgment must go by the testimony of events which have put Guizot's doctrine completely at fault. A new generation has sprung up which can neither understand Guizot nor could have been understood by him.

Fortunately, even, when the Statesman is altogether given up, there remains the Professor. When all is said about Guizot's political shortcomings, it must be freely admitted that he was an eminently gifted man, and that he will always rank among the foremost writers and scholars, among the most efficient men of progress, in France. In the earliest discharge of his functions as a Minister of Public Instruction, and in his long connexion with Cousin and Villemain, he exercised the most beneficial influence over the educational establishments and the method of education in his country, and raised the whole tone and standard of French studies to a pitch they had never attained before. His historical works on Civilization in France and in Europe, and his dissertations on the England of the Stuarts and the Cromwells, will find readers both in their original and in foreign translations, so long as extensive information, deep research, and acute observation can impart charms to such productions. Even in those works, however, and in the late "History of France," written for the young, too great a tendency is apparent to generalize and classify events; to make them subservient to system and theory; to bend stubborn facts to arbitrary laws and rules of action; to take a Calvinist—*i.e.*, a fatalist—view of human nature, and to confine it to an imaginary groove from which it is rather taken for granted than proved that it cannot free itself or deviate. In mere matters of style and language, Guizot's dogmatic tone of mind was against him. He was evidently as stiff in the Professor's chair as he was in the tribune of the Chamber, where although his manner was, in ordinary cases, calm and stately, simple and dignified, it was characterized by a certain assumption of magisterial authority, even when contradiction did not call forth those outbursts of temper in which his intolerant disposition became manifest. He showed himself far less self-conscious and overbearing in private intercourse; and those who became familiar with him during his stay in this country, first as French Ambassador, in Manchester-square, and then as a political fugitive, in Pelham crescent, bear witness to the courteous demeanour which sank the sour statesman in the accomplished scholar. His Protestantism, the interest he took in the advancement of evangelical religion, and his

thorough acquaintance with the language, the history and literature, and the institutions of this country won him the regard of a variety of our eminent men to a degree that is seldom evinced towards foreigners. His affection for his first wife, notwithstanding the great disparity of age, long survived her, and, as we have seen, even guided him in the choice of her successor. He was at her bed-side to the last moment, and it is on record that he soothed the pangs of death by reading aloud to her Bossuet's sermon on Immortality. After the loss of his second wife Guizot's daughter became the inseparable companion of his long widowhood, and few have forgotten the grace with which she did the honours of her father's house in Brompton. Guizot's religion was, to all appearance, an earnest, deep-seated sentiment, undiminished and unaltered throughout the various stages of his long existence.

(LEADING ARTICLE, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1874.)

Yesterday there passed away a man who for the patriarchal period of sixty years has held a high place in the changeful annals of France; at times, too, in the politics of the world. For two entire generations GUIZOT has been, except for one short period, the object of a high degree of admiration in England, where he has been the best understood and the most appreciated of French statesmen. At once religious and enlightened, loyal and patriotic, a learned man and a philosopher, and yet capable of action, loved in private life and equal to the highest part in public affairs, England was pleased to think him almost an Englishman and just the man to supply much that is deficient in the French character. His literary labours, and to a certain extent his political ideas, betrayed a continual leaning in this direction; and though his English style could only be considered a clever imitation, and he seemed to be rather borrowing our notions than acquiring our wisdom, such as it is, we could not but be proud of so high a tribute to our national character and institutions. His virtues and his merits in English eyes have been prominent, constant, and long-sustained, and his chief faults only discoverable on the occasion, in the result, and upon analysis. That for a quarter of a century he has been in exile, or only tolerated in France because of no political value, is a fact which English people have generally thought to reflect quite as much blame on the country as on the man. In a general way it has been felt that he was the man to improve France, if she would only submit to be improved. He desired to give her a Constitutional Monarchy; the nearest practicable imitation of our House of Lords; a respectable, safe, and manageable constituency for the election of the Chamber of Deputies; a Church at once popular, tolerant, and on good terms with its traditional centre of authority; a complete educational system; and as high a place in European politics as could be attained by words without actual recourse to blows. He could not but know that he was a Minister of Peace; but he also knew that peace involved readiness for war. It might have been imagined that it would be possible for him to be all this, and to attempt all this, and yet to leave a memory as blameless as the halo of respectability that ever surrounded the living man. But he that serves France, her people, or her Kings has harder tasks to perform than any yet written in the books upon loyalty and patriotism. GUIZOT failed where all have failed. To defend him, to maintain that he was really a great statesman, is to impeach France; to make much of his shortcomings and errors is to excuse her. We have to steer between two great untruths, and do justice, but no more than justice, to either side in this long and absolute divorce between France and a Minister whose name still occupies the highest place, unless we except M. THIERS, among the French statesmen of this century.

There appear to be political necessities, for such they are accounted, in the government of France which can never be satisfied, and which, therefore, soon or late are sure to wreck the ablest, the wisest, or the most complying statesman. When GUIZOT came to the height of power, there were several objects to be attained at any price in order to the security and perpetuation of LOUIS PHILIPPE'S Throne. It was necessary to keep up the impression that France had the lead in general politics, not only on the Continent, but all round the world. It was necessary to keep up the impression that the KING, his dynasty, and the policy of the Cabinet were rather anti-English than guilty of

any leaning towards this country. It was necessary to embrace at all costs the present opportunity of strengthening what France has always regarded as her rightful ascendency in the Spanish Peninsula. In order to these and other purposes it was necessary to secure the Throne from the perturbations and more serious perils arising from the various antagonisms which beset France, foremost the Legitimist, the Democratic, and the Imperialist cause, and, above all, the cause worse than all the other causes—that of Young France, always more or less revolutionary in one form or another. It was necessary to meet all these with a compact phalanx of supporters, interested, experienced, educated, welded into one body, even to the extent of one more partisanship in a nation of partisans. Here, upon the whole reckoning, was a game—the game of a monarch, of a dynasty, of a party, but not of the nation, except so far as the nation had to be continually propitiated by sacrifices to its vanity, its jealousy, or even less respectable foibles. GUIZOT had watched and waited for the decay of the Empire ; he had duly foreseen and cleared away from the wreck of the Elder BOURBON, when the claims of Constitutionalism and Legitimism became incompatible ; he had shown all due deliberation in committing himself utterly to Constitutional Monarchy ; and it is not easy to suppose him blind or indifferent to the great errors which LOUIS PHILIPPE, without regard to his character of a Constitutional King, forced upon his Ministers. Had he been dealing with LOUIS XIV. he could not have been more unfaithful to his own sacred convictions, as far as they are known and as far as they are to be presumed from his writings. It could not be simple infatuation ; it could not be that GUIZOT had been absorbed like a weak satellite into the more generous and powerful nature of his Sovereign. Such excuses might be made for some unhappy Ministers of power ; but there was no such fascination in LOUIS PHILIPPE as that ; it was nothing less than a violence to his own tastes and a dereliction of principle which made GUIZOT the aider and abettor, the accomplice, and the very instrument of a great and hideous crime.

In all its circumstances the scheme of the Spanish Marriages is without a parallel in political follies and sins. It is fortunate for the character of the world that so few persons, whether in France or Spain, or anywhere else, were partners in, or even sympathizers with, the deed ; but GUIZOT was one of them, and the chief of them, if, indeed, he was what he claimed to be—the First Minister of a Constitutional Throne. It was an incident of the crime that he had to deceive the country with direct falsehoods as well as concealments not less criminal. Even before this both GUIZOT and his master had been apologizing to our Government and beseeching its forbearance for some proceedings we could not but resent, on the very peculiar ground that it was necessary to humour the French nation in their hatred of us ; the KING was the best friend we had there, but his danger lay in this being known, and it was therefore necessary to disguise the fact. Whether the KING and his Minister were rightly interpreting and representing the feelings of France need hardly be asked, for, as it happens, they did not trust to French feelings themselves. During the whole of GUIZOT'S Administration the Constituency was steadily contracted, by one means or another, till there were actually four Government places to every elector, and an elector was, indeed, an ill-used man if he had not several offices to foster his loyalty and retain his vote. Such a system was nothing more than a France within France. When the malformation bore its fruit in mortal disease, GUIZOT had no resource but the old arms of despotism. He could censure, suppress, prosecute, prohibit, call in the police, and send in the soldier. He had waked from a stupid day-dream to find himself the object of European indignation, and to see in return for loss of character an intrigue with a thousand chances against its success, which put him at once in the position of Spain's worst enemy. Perhaps the most extraordinary revelation of the defect in GUIZOT'S character, as well as the surest proof that he did not understand or do full justice to France, is the fact that even after this he should have thought it possible to recover his lost position in that country.

But GUIZOT was something more as well as something less than a statesman. The gloomy episode in his life over, and his political career once for all at an end, he resumed his earlier and more natural position of a critic of national history. It is easy to impute his shortcomings as a statesman to the mental qualities which made him an historian. But if he fell low he had first risen high, and the same philosophical subtlety of intellect, if it must be charged with the defeat, has a

right to be credited equally with the triumph. A career can only in a qualified sense be deplored as a failure which has engaged the attention of Europe for sixty years. It would be idle to inquire whether GUIZOT could have played a grander part. The real wonder is that a half Swiss writer, tutor, professor, lecturer, full of theories and dogmatism, seldom rising to eloquence, not always to grace of style, without much presence or manner, not of a noble family, without wealth, and without even a large circle of personal adherents, should have attained so high a position, kept it so long, done so much good and so much evil, and, after all, should in his fall have kept so lofty an estate as to be disqualified thenceforward from accepting any lower rank.

BARRY CORNWALL.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1874.)

It seems strange that we should only at this distant day be recording the death of a poet who was born almost in the same year with Byron, and the earliest productions of whose muse date from nearly 60 years ago.

Mr. Bryan Waller Procter, better known to the last generation by his literary pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall," whose death, at the age of 86 years, will have been remarked with deep regret in our yesterday's Obituary, was born, according to the most generally received account, in 1787, or early in 1788, though some of the biographical dictionaries give the date three years later. He was sent at an early age to Harrow, where he had Lord Byron as his school-fellow, and we have heard it said as his form-fellow too. Be this as it may, however, he would seem to have left Harrow at a somewhat early age, being destined for the dull, routine business of a country lawyer's office. According to a writer in the "English Cyclopædia" he "was for some time in the office of a solicitor at Calne, in Wiltshire, and afterwards studied law in London, where, in due course, he was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn." Long before this, however, he had published verses, and we believe it was in the columns of the newly-founded "Literary Gazette," then under the editorship of Mr. William Jerdan, that his first poetical efforts appeared in print; so at least Mr. Jerdan states in the second volume of his "Autobiography." "So vivid was his genius," writes Jerdan, "that I can put my finger on some 20 of his pleasing contributions as early as the year 1818." Among these he particularizes as worthy of praise some lines on "Uriel, a beautiful picture painted by Allston." "The Comet." and "The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," especially the last, as giving proof of some of the characteristic classical traits of its writer. These were followed up by "Magic"—a dialogue of a dramatic character—and some clever *jeux d'esprit* and short political satires—enough, at all events, to exhibit his versatility. These were signed "Barry Cornwall," and the same name appeared also on the title page of his first substantive publication, "Dramatic Scenes and other Poems." This volume at once gave him a place among the poets of the day. The following is a list of his subsequent publications:—"Marcian Colonna, an Italian Tale," "A Sicilian Story," "Mirandola, a Tragedy," "The Flood of Thessaly and other Poems," "English Songs and other Smaller Poems," &c. His poetical works were published in a collected form in three volumes in 1822, and again in 1853. He was also the author of a memoir and essay prefixed to an edition of "Shakespeare," "A Memoir of Charles Lamb," "A Life of Edmund Kean," "Effigies Poeticæ, or Portraits of the British Poets, illustrated by notes, biographical, critical, and poetical," and of another work of a different character, entitled "Essays and Tales in Prose," which has been republished in America. In 1856 he re-issued his "Dramatic Scenes" in an illustrated volume, at the same time appending to them several other poems which up to that time had been unpublished. Besides these labours he edited the works of Ben Jonson. It may be mentioned here that his play of "Mirandola" had considerable success, one of the principal characters in it being sustained by Macready.

In 1856 Barry Cornwall thus bade farewell to poetical publication:—

"*At one time, in common with other*

lovers of the charming art of poetry, I prepared myself to enter those lists where the Muses are said to award a wreath to each of the bolder combatants; but a long life of labour (my destiny) ensued, presenting few intervals of leisure, and forcing my thoughts into another course. If years have not brought to me the philosophic mind, they have at least quelled those aspirations which are troublesome only to the young, and I now feel that I ought to disburden myself from my armour, and leave to more active and heroic spirits the glory of the struggle and the crown that awaits success."

Bryan Procter's, or rather Barry Cornwall's, dramas and songs have been, and to some extent still are, great favourites with certain classes of English society; indeed, few English song-writers have had equal success in that proverbially difficult class of poetry. Probably Mr. Chambers is not far wrong when he reckons him as "belonging to the school of Keats and Leigh Hunt," adding that "throughout all his works the influence of the old English dramatists may be traced like a vein running through a piece of agate." It may be safely asserted that he was one of those authors who by their writings helped to revive the taste, now so general, for the elder English poets. There have been poets of greater fire, of a higher and of a more masculine order of genius, but, with the exception of Thomas Moore, few more elegant and graceful writers of lyrical poetry have arisen to delight the readers of the present century.

Of his "Dramatic Sketches," Mr. Procter tells us in his preface that they were published by him "in order to try the effect of a more natural style than that which had for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature." How well he succeeded in his imitation of the elder dramatists may be inferred from the fact, recorded by Allibone, that "Charles Lamb declared there was not one of the fragments to which, had he found them among the Garrick Plays in the British Museum, he would have refused a place in his 'Dramatic Specimens.'" Thomas Moore and Hazlitt spoke of the book in high terms on its first appearance, and "Blackwood" ascribed to its author the gifts of "exquisite tact and original power." D. M. Moir (Delta) spoke of his poems as "bewitching all our finer sensibilities by being so thoroughly tinctured with Elysian beauty." Jeffrey criticized him at length in the "Edinburgh Review" for 1820, but consented to rank him very high among our poets "in spite of his neglect of the terrible passions"; he described him as being gifted with "a beautiful fancy, a beautiful diction, a fine ear for the music of verse, and a great tenderness and delicacy of feeling." He adds:—"If one of the surest tests of true poetry be that of impressing the heart and the fancy, Barry Cornwall must rank high, for there are few to whose pages the young and ardent reader would more frequently and fondly recur, or which so tenderly impress themselves on the tablets of the memory." To these testimonies we will add that of Byron, who, Lady Blessington tells us, was a great admirer of Procter's poetry, which he held to be full of imagination and beauty, possessing the refinement and delicacy of a woman's mind with all the force of a man's; and he expressed his conviction that Procter, if he would devote himself to tragedy, would rise to the highest rank.

More extended notices of Mr. Procter and his works will be found by the curious reader in Allan Cunningham's "Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years"; in Howitt's "Homes of the Poets"; in Moir's "Sketches of Poetry, Literature, &c."; in Watts's "Souvenir"; in the Works of Professor Wilson; and in Madden's "Life of the Countess of Blessington."

In middle life, Mr. Procter obtained the appointment of a Commissioner of Lunacy. He retired, however, from his official duties on a well-earned pension in 1861, when he was succeeded by Mr. John Forster. He married a daughter of the late Mr. Basil Montagu, Q.C., and his daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, the "golden-tressed Adelaide" of her father's poems, was, like her father, the author of some "Lyrics" of a very high order of merit, but she died in the early part of the year 1864.

CANON KINGSLEY.

(Obituary Notice, Monday, January 25, 1875.)

Canon Kingsley's long illness terminated fatally at noon on Saturday. He died at his parsonage at Eversley, in Hampshire, at the early age of 55.

A son of the late Rev. Charles Kingsley, who was successively Examining Chaplain to Dr. Marsh when Bishop of Peterborough, Rector of Barnack, in Northamptonshire, and of Clovelly, North Devon, and eventually Rector of Chelsea, he was born at Holme Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, on the 12th of June, 1819. He claimed descent from an ancient Cheshire family, the Kingsleys of Kingsley or King's Lea, in the Forest of Delamere, who suffered severely during the Civil Wars from their fidelity to the cause of the Parliament. His ancestor's commission to raise a troop of horse has long been in the family; it is signed by Oliver Cromwell and Ireton. One branch of the Kingsleys emigrated and settled in America among the "Pilgrim Fathers," where the family still flourishes, and where one of them, the late Dr. Kingsley, for some time held a professorship in Yale College. Educated under his father's eye and roof till about 14 years of age, he became a pupil of Mr. Derwent Coleridge, and having been for a time a student at King's College, London, entered in due course at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Here he gained a scholarship and other distinctions, and took his Bachelor's degree in 1842, obtaining a First Class in classics, and coming out as a "Senior Optime" in the Mathematical Tripos. The first bent of his mind, it is said, was towards the study of the law, but at the close of 1842 he was ordained Deacon by the then Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Sumner, his "title" being the curacy of Eversley. On receiving priest's orders in the following year, he was offered and accepted the rectory of that parish, which happened to fall vacant, the patron, the late Sir John Cope, having seen and appreciated the merits of the young curate. In the same year he married a daughter of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, many years M.P. for Truro and for Great Marlow.

Perhaps he will be none the less regretted that he had accomplished so much of the task he set himself; that he has left the stamp of a vigorous individuality on English society and English literature. His originality of thought, his sustained energy, the fearlessness of a nature that inclined to the aggrieved, united as they were to what we may call genius, and the higher mechanical qualifications of the writer's art, were sure to assert sooner or later the influence he had fully resolved on exciting. A poet he was, in the broadest meaning of the word; but, though we believe his first public work was a poem, his poetical gifts were rather latent than directly available. They gave colour and animation to his strong nervous prose, they threw a warm light on the scenes and the characters he best loved to dwell upon; they served him sometimes for a seemingly spontaneous outburst of verse that brightened up the surroundings it was set in. But the "Saint's Tragedy," with which he began his literary career, is all but forgotten already, and its first success was scarcely such as to encourage him to persevere. It does not lie within the scope of an article to treat of his power as a preacher, except in the purely literary aspect. But this we may and must say, that the whole of his active existence showed a wonderful harmony and consistency. There was real life in his sermons, as there were practical sermons in his novels. Concentration of purpose was his most striking characteristic. He did not understand the clergyman casting the surplice behind him when he took his seat at the desk in his library. We may add, perhaps, that still less did he understand the divine diverging from his habitual course of thought when he mounted the pulpit or came forward as teacher or controversialist. There can be no question that his early career was more calculated to excite apprehension than hope among those who most appreciated his promise. His ready gifts made him a force for good or evil, and he was not one of those to whom you can refuse a hearing. Clothing himself with the authority of his sacred office, he seemed not unlikely to abuse its privileges in the warmth of his feelings and his earnest conscientiousness. He never hesitated to speak his thoughts, nor did he shrink from advocating the most subversive doctrines because the ignorant might make a mischievous application of his words. He saw there were wrongs to

be redressed, and he came forward as the champion of the sufferers. Along with Mr. Maurice, he became the most eloquent chief of a clique, composed of honest and clever, but hot-headed and inexperienced young men. Consequently, he was challenged, with much appearance of reason, as the apostle of a new revolutionary gospel. It was said that even Socialism would never satisfy him, and that logically his opinions could find no resting place short of the very broadest Communism. He was understood to be the "Parson Lot" of those "Politics for the People" which made no little noise in their time, and, as Parson Lot, he declared in burning language that to his mind the fault in the "People's Charter" was that it did not go nearly far enough. He wrote his earliest novels in a similar sense, and it is as a novelist that he will live in English literature. The powerful story of "Alton Locke," tailor and poet, was the outpouring of his impulsive sympathy with conscious powers impotently struggling under the artificial conditions of a corrupt civilization. The morbid sensibility of the hero is his bane; his unsatisfied aspirations turn to gall and bitterness in him. The representation of such an individuality was natural and legitimate enough. It would have been easy for Kingsley to turn it to beneficial purpose, holding the scale of justice judicially between society and its fancied victim. But the fault that was fairly charged on him was that he made himself a partisan and special pleader. Straining his ingenuity and eloquence to the utmost, in place of distributing the woes of the modern world between causes that are inevitable and irremediable and those that are the artificial consequences of our existing political constitution, he insisted on tracing every one of them to the latter. He indulged in indiscriminate denunciations of property, typified as "Mammon," so that it seemed as if his unregulated indignation was levelled indiscriminately at every one who was better off than the poorest of his neighbours. Carried away by his theme, he even ventured on the rash conclusion that "Mammon" as he understood it was crumbling in innate decay and must soon collapse entirely. If he did not go still further in his "Yeast," at least he carried the light of his new revelation into an atmosphere still more inflammable. Artisans like the tailor poet have eaten, at all events, of the tree of good and evil, and you find them ripe for the reception of revolutionary doctrine. "Yeast," as it was asserted, preached social incendiarism to the peasants, and tended to set quiet classes fermenting. In truth, there were utterances in it that could only be called truculently suggestive and animated ballads that took arson for their theme. No doubt the writer would have argued that the antidote was to be found there as well as the bane. Writing with the intention of reproducing real life, it was no fault of his if the victims of a system figured in his page who were the prey of resentful passions and breathed murder and revenge. Enough for him if he warned them that violent measures were not the way to redress their wrongs. But looking back on his earlier writings after a lapse of some 30 years, we must admit he laid himself open to the imputations of his critics. It is proof sufficient of their high opinion of the man that they expressed themselves so much alarmed at its influence. Time has belied Kingsley and his critics too. Society was not so welded to its alleged abuses as he represented it, and the realm of his "Mammon" stands firm on the old foundations, while "Alton Locke" has had no appreciative influence in inducing the artisans "to raise barricades." Thackeray said that all clever young men naturally make their *début* as Radicals. Kingsley chanced to have extraordinary powers of expression and composition, and by means of his books he created a sensation far beyond the circle of University debating societies.

When we turn to his later age, to the works that have made his reputation, and must perpetuate it, there, too, we may pick out faults in the scope and the form of the conception, but on the whole their spirit is admirable, and their practical lessons leave nothing to desire. Excellent as works of art in themselves, they were invaluable as a protest against sickly sentimentality and morbid sensationalism, which were the snares and vices of some of his most popular contemporaries. It was plain they were written from a lofty motive, and their fascination was merely incidental to the dominating idea. They addressed themselves not to dreamers, but to men and women who were bracing themselves for the ceaseless battle of life. Hypercriticism said his heroes and heroines stood too high for commonplace imitation, inviting you rather to resign yourself to distant admiration. The force of inborn evil that they triumphed over only made them more like those mythical heroes

whom the ancients deified for their philanthropical labours. We do not think so. Mr. Kingsley's favourite standards of moral power and goodness might be above the reach of most men, just as he was fond of glorifying such bodily strength as rarely falls to the lot of mortals. But his ideals, though high, were by no means beyond the reach of effort, and then it is the right and privilege of a romance writer to ask something of his reader's imagination. As we said, too, there was much of the sermon in his novels, with nothing whatever of professional cant. The "muscular Christianity" with which his name has been identified was only the common-sense principle of the Christian religion in healthy, every-day, unostentatious action. He made it his aim to show that there was nothing incompatible between the Christian life as its founder taught it and the innocent enjoyment of the best gifts of the Creator; that it was the first duty of every conscientious man to make the very utmost of his powers for the service of his fellow-creatures. This is not to be done by secluding yourself from the world, or systematically withdrawing from its anxieties, cares, and temptations. We should say Mr. Kingsley had modelled his self-education very much on one of the characters he introduces in his "Hypatia," the hunting, hard-fighting, hard-working African Bishop of the 5th century. The fact that the bent of his own tastes, his convictions, and his idiosyncracy generally, suggested the subjects and leading characters of his fictions is the great secret of his success. Apart altogether from the scope of his plot, he always appeals to our more generous and earnest feelings. He peoples his pages with knight-errants—generally enthusiasts—chivalrously confuting something or other, but always more or less men like ourselves. "Hypatia" is the struggle of Christianity with Heathen vices and the Pagan philosophy. "Westward Ho" is the crusade of free-born English adventurers against the Spanish and Papal tyranny which had been brooding over half the world. "Hereward" shows that self-sacrificing patriotism is independent of physical conditions, that the men of the Fen country could make as good a fight for their liberties as those who had been bred and trained in inaccessible mountain solitudes. "Two Years Ago" is none the less effective and all the more practical that the story is strictly local and domestic, and the scene is laid in our own days. You may say, perhaps, that Kingsley over-idealizes his characters, in the sense of giving them unnatural force to vanquish their enemies, moral and material, active and passive. But you cannot say that they are not men and women, with their full share of our frailties and imperfections, if they have no ordinary capacity for making themselves perfect. Grace Harvey, the schoolmistress in "Two Years Ago," is unusually ethereal for Mr. Kingsley, one of those rare exceptions which prove our rule. But there, on the other hand, is her lover Tom Thurnall. Thurnall may be taken as the type of what we mean, for it was rather Mr. Kingsley's practice to exaggerate the outcrop of original sin and unattractive qualities in his most favourite creations. Raphael Aben Ezra, in "Hypatia," not only affects but acts cynicism, as he plays at dice with the Prefect of Alexandria, making a slave kneel before them for a table. Amyas Leigh, in "Westward Ho," as rough of speech as he is ready of hand, gives wild rein to his temper throughout, and cherishes the demon of revenge almost to the last moment. He scarcely changes his mood till the flash of the lightning strikes him down in his pride and throws him into the arms of the beautiful Indian. Hereward, the hero of the Bruneswald, is still more intractable. In his earliest boyhood he is hard on his sainted mother, the Lady Godiva; for her *protégés* the monks he feels animosity almost as bitter as that of Amyas Leigh for his enemy Don Guzman; and, while rallying his countrymen to their desperate struggles for freedom, shows himself as cynical on occasions as the *blasé* Jew of Alexandria. Mr. Kingsley's sympathies never go out to the common-place. He sees no merit in those tranquil and lymphatic temperaments who profit by the labours and trials of others to be rich and respectable. It is his pleasure to feel that his "heroes are not so far removed from us after all; they were men of like passions with ourselves, with the same flesh about them, the same spirit within them, the same world outside, the same devil beneath, the same God above." It was the secret of their success, he adds, "that on the whole (though they found it a sore battle) they refused the evil and chose the good." He writes these characteristic sentences in special reference to Raleigh, the favourite hero of his favourite age. With all the faults he freely acknowledges in him, Raleigh is the type of Mr. Kingsley's ideal man, and one of the models on which

we may suppose he would most have striven to give himself. It is one of the secrets of his success in the historical novel, whose scenes he laid in unfamiliar times of which we have but slight and uncertain records, that he recognized that human nature goes on repeating itself; that minds will be moved by similar impulses, independent of the accidents of time, place, and surroundings. We should say he generally took the hints for his heroes from his personal idiosyncracy and experiences; modifying and distributing them their respective parts from the careful study of the nature he had made himself most familiar with. There is never servile reproduction, yet Raphael is much what Thurnall might have been, had Thurnall's lot been cast in the schools of Alexandrine philosophy, while Amyas Leigh, though neither philosopher nor thinker, has very much in common with both.

That Elizabethan age in which Leigh flourished was the golden age of England to Mr. Kingsley, so that "Westward Ho" is the most vivid and stirring of his novels, although it may be less brilliant and picturesque than "Hypatia." His fancy had been so busy with the men, manners, and scenes of the times that when he came to write of them they were so many realities to him. It is true his imagination had been dazzled and captivated till he saw them at last in a golden haze, which threw back into obscurity the crimes and the meaner motives he could not help recognizing and admitting. As for the Virgin Queen, he was as fanatical an admirer of her as Raleigh professed to be when he longed to break out of his imprisonment. He threw himself heart and soul into the great struggle that a handful of hardy adventurers, half soldiers, half seamen, were waging with the Spaniard, the Pope, and the Devil. He sympathized with the great and ambitious spirits who were fired by dreams of realms of El Dorado lying somewhere among the head waters of South American rivers. His indignation flamed up as angrily as that of Richard Grenville against the cold-blooded tyrants of the hapless Indians. He heartily admired the religious daring of high-minded adventurers like Humphrey Gilbert. To him that desperate war that Englishmen were always waging "across the line" was as sacred as any that were undertaken for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Rough instruments volunteered for it, and the lust for gold and pillage was the animating motive with many of them. Violence and horrors were inevitable incidents in a warfare where quarter was seldom asked and less often given; but these reckless filibusters were the men of their times, and the fathers of our national vigour and prosperity. When a low-lying galley swept up alongside of a towering galleon, when the scanty crew scrambled up her tall sides and lowered the standard of Spain in the teeth of numbers, that was the form that English commercial enterprise took in the days of Elizabeth. Well for us that it was so. Had these Devon gentlemen stayed at home, tilling their paternal acres and trying to meet the interest on their mortgages—had Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake confined themselves to coasting voyages in the narrow seas—the story of the Armada would have ended differently, in spite of the elements; and in place of being mistress of her vast Colonial Empire, England might have seen herself a province of the House of Austria. We remember no more thrillingly patriotic picture in any English historical novel than the scene of the Hoe of Plymouth when the outlawed captain brings news of the approach of the Spaniards. If we were threatened by another descent and desired to fire the zeal of our Volunteers we know nothing we should sooner recommend for reading. The mingled group assembled in expectancy bear themselves as chivalrously as the heroes of the Niebelunglied. Yet each of them speaks and acts exactly after his kind and nature. Blunt old Hawkins, taking up his parable against croakers; Francis Drake turning away again to his game at skittles, having seen all ready in his ship beforehand, are as heroic as the Lord High Admiral Howard or Walter Raleigh. Many of these men had been fiercely set on gain, and had compromised their names and reputations in pursuit of it even in the lenient judgment of the times. But when they heard the Armada was at sea, they unloaded the rich cargoes they had freighted for the Virginian voyage, and made ready to put out in their light merchant vessels against Philip's formidable war-fleet. That scene in Plymouth illustrates as well as any we could select the tone and spirit of all Kingsley's writings. Nor although "Westward Ho" is overcharged throughout with sensations of the best and noblest kind is there any want of calm and repose in it. To say nothing of the gentler, but not less courageous, natures who show their

courage in endurance and resignation, we may indulge ourselves to the full with charming descriptions of scenery. Mr. Kingsley loves Devon as well as any of the Devonshire worthies he glorifies. His poetry comes out in the descriptions of land-locked inlets, wooded down to the water's edge, of wild moorland, and savage rocks. And while the landscape outlines are dashed in broadly with unmistakeable truth and force, there are as many of those telling touches of detail as in the "Winter Garden" or the "Chalk Stream Studies," which he published subsequently in his Miscellanies. Nor even when he changes the scenes to the Tropics from the West of England do we find much less reason to admire either his force or his fidelity. It was long afterwards that he visited the other hemisphere, and records his admiration in "At Last," the last of his books that we noticed in these columns. Yet the luxurious vegetation and rich colours of the tropical fields were as much a reality to him when he wrote "Westward Ho" as the banks of the Ganges to Edmund Burke. When he visited the West Indies, it must have been rather like reviving familiar recollections than being startled by new and unlooked-for beauty.

That power of vividly conjuring up the unknown is shown even more strongly in "Hypatia." "Hypatia" is a veritable *tour de force*. It dispels the dim mists of ecclesiastical history, throwing everything out in distinct relief, in a light that is at once powerful and natural. The author's conceptions are so perfectly clear and complete as to impress themselves upon his readers precisely as he wished. If there is anything false in them, at all events the illusion is perfect. The peaceful Lara rises before us in the hot, flickering glow of the desert. We enter into the fierce struggle of its ascetic inmates with the spirits of evil who haunted their solitary cells, a struggle which has turned with the elders into the quiet assurance of victory. Philamonn, with his hot blood and vigorous nature, is no mythical abstraction, but a very living personage, and we follow his fortunes with proportionate interest, when he goes down among the wolves of the world. It is a real touch of genius when, having mastered his Gothic assailant in a desperate grapple, his religion stops him when about to strike, and he seats himself on the deck in meek repentance of his violence instead of cleaving his enemy's skull. We picture the Prefect of Alexandria driven through its streets among his discomfited guards, amid the yells and missiles of the fierce and excitable populace. We fancy that we assist in the flesh at the attack of the armed rabble on the Patriarch's residence, nor can anything be more fearfully dramatic than the scenes in the wasted Campagna of Rome, when the "Court of Africa had thrown for the Empire of the world and lost." Scarcely less stirring is the description of the conflict of the new religion and the old superstition, which effete philosophy embodied in the beautiful. Hypatia in vain strives for a hearing among passions so furiously excited. If Mr. Kingsley's talent makes controversy and dry scholasticism almost attractive, nothing can be more sensationally effective than the contrast of the iron Goths with the effeminate donkey-drivers they despised so utterly. Nothing more touching than the episode of the lives of the unfortunate Aural and the fair daughter of the Cyprian Venus. His descriptions stamp themselves on our mental retina. We seem to see the squire-bishop approaching at a hand gallop through clouds of sand to meet the travellers who come to throw themselves on his hospitality, with his armed horsemen and his hounds at his heels. Then for delicate evolution of character nothing can be more admirable than the artificial cynicism of the brave and generous Raphael, yielding reluctantly to the gentle influence of Christianity and dawning love. We might go on recording remembrances indefinitely, but we have almost been tempted beyond our limits. Nor need we glance, as we had intended, at "Two Years Ago" or "Hereward." We must have already said enough to bear out the assertion we started from—that Kingsley's novels were books to profit by; that it is impossible to read them without feeling stronger and better. For their leading feature is their intolerance of all that is mean and weak; their scornful antipathy to indolence, cowardice, avarice, selfishness—all the vices that debase the mind or rust the faculties. They must often have given an impulse for good to natures hesitating between good and evil, at an age when youth is most impressionable and most in need of a manly counsellor. That they must often do this again we cannot doubt, for there is nothing ephemeral either in their interest or their teaching, and in saying as much, we pay the writer's memory the tribute that Christian man of the world would have most dearly appreciated.

In 1860 Mr. Kingsley was nominated to

the Professorship of Modern History in the University of Cambridge,a post which he resigned nine years later, on being preferred to a canonry in Chester Cathedral. It is comparatively quite recently that he exchanged his stall at Chester for one in Westminster Abbey.

LORD ST. LEONARDS.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.)

We have had during the past week to record two untimely deaths. In announcing that Lord St. Leonards died last night, at Boyle Farm, there can, indeed, be no feeling of this sort, but perhaps, the very age of this illustrious lawyer and Judge renders the concern and sorrow, from another point of view,more poignant. For the full term allotted to man his name has been on men's lips, and it seems almost impossible to number with the departed one who has been appealed to as a living oracle of the law for 70 years.

Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Lord St. Leonards, of Slaugham, Sussex, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, began life in a humble position. Like Chief Justice Abbott (afterwards better known as Lord Tenterden), his father was a hairdresser. Mr. Sugden, senior, was a successful tradesman, and he finally retired from business with a well-earned competence. But the future Chancellor was born at his father's shop in Duke-street on the 12th of February, 1781. He gained the first rudiments of his education at home, and the rest at a private school. Nearly all that is known about the commencement of his legal career is that towards the end of the last century, while still under age, he entered the office of a Mr. Groom, who at that time was in large practice as a conveyancer. The tradition, widely believed, is that while still quite a youth, and employed as a clerk in the offices of a large firm of solicitors in London, he was in the habit of taking matters of business for them to the chambers of an eminent conveyancer—we have heard it said, the late Mr. Duval. The latter one day having occasion to speak to young Sugden with reference to some business that he had brought to him, was so struck with the lad's acquaintance with the law of the case, that, at the suggestion of the firm, Mr. Duval took him as a pupil without the customary fee ; and it was in this eminent man's chambers that he got that insight into the law of real property which afterwards led him to the woolsack. At this period conveyancers were not so generally barristers as they are. now ; and, indeed, they comparatively seldom were called to the Bar. But still it was necessary for them as now to enter their names on the books of one or other, of the Inns of Court. Mr. Sugden, therefore, became a member of Lincoln's-inn at the same time at which he entered Mr. Groom's chambers as a pupil. Having completed the needful number of terms and dinners, and gleaned as large a stock of experience as he thought would be likely to prove a sufficient capital, Mr. Sugden commenced business on his own account ; and, as a good means of making himself generally known in the profession, he wrote as early as 1802 a small legal work, which he modestly entitled "A Brief Conversation with a Gentleman of Landed Property about to Buy or Sell Lands." Even at a much later period of his life, as we shall see hereafter, he showed a great power of putting legal technicalities into a plain and popular form, divesting them of their abstruser points, and popularizing their substance. His little work on the transfer of landed property was the first means of his rise into extensive legal business. But in 1805 he gave the public his larger work "On the Law of Vendors and Purchasers," a treatise which not only proved of great practical utility on its first appearance, but which in its successive editions, each carefully revised and embodying the most recent changes in legal details, has been for far more than half a century the standing text-book and authority on the subject.

Mr. Sugden's practice,always good from the very first, was now rapidly increasing, when a change began to come over that department of the profession which he had hitherto followed. Some of the leading conveyancers resolved to be called to the Bar and to go into the

Courts, so as to support there the draughts which they had drawn in Chambers. Mr. Sugden followed the lead of his elders, and was "called" by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn in or about the year 1807. He now gave his clients to understand that henceforth he would not confine himself to conveyancing, but would take general business in the Courts. The first case in which we find him engaged was that of "Brown v. Like," which he argued before Sir William Grant, then Master of the Rolls. His senior on this occasion was Sir Samuel Romilly, who left him to open the case; and he argued the first of the two legal points which were involved in it with such consummate ability that the counsel for the opposite side abandoned the other point, and the Court decided for the plaintiff. His next case, so far as we have been able to trace him, was the well-known one of "Sloane v. Cadogan," in the Rolls' Court in 1808, The outline of his somewhat elaborate argument on this occasion is to be found by the curious in such matters at full length in the appendix to his "Vendors and Purchasers."

His practice in Chambers grew rapidly, and he began to appear with increasing frequency, not only in the Equity Courts, but in those of Common Law, mostly, however, to argue questions connected with conveyancing and the transfer of real property. Yet, although his services now came to be so constantly in request, he found time, not only to prepare for the press two new and enlarged editions of his "Vendors and Purchasers," but also to compose another legal work, scarcely less learned and scarcely less important as a text-book,—we mean his "Treatise on Powers," which immediately raised him, at the age of only twenty-seven, to a conspicuous position in the first rank of his contemporaries. A writer in "Blackwood" says:—

"This book has ever since continued a text-book of the highest repute and authority. . . . and we regard it as one of the most remarkable performances on record in the literature of the law, though the writer adds, for the benefit of laymen, that an attempt to give a more general reader a fair notion of what a lawyer means by 'powers' would be about as hopeful a task as to explain to a young lady the doctrine of the Differential Calculus."

We may mention that the late Sir Robert Peel once told Lord St. Leonards at dinner, as much in earnest as in jest. that from what he heard of this book he had come to regard it as a sort of legal "Euclid," and that he had found the greatest difficulty in getting over its *Pons Asinorum* by mastering the third section of its first chapter on what is known to lawyers as *Scintilla Juris*. Mr. Sugden dedicated subsequently the third edition of this work to Lord Chancellor Eldon, who, great lawyer though he was, once paid its author the compliment of calling him into his private room and asking him his opinion upon an intricate point of law relating to what are known as "springing uses," and eventually came over to his view.

In 1811 we find Mr. Sugden giving the profession a new edition of the posthumous work of Chief Baron Gilbert on "Uses and Trusts," of which it is not too much to say that its chief value was derived from the introduction prefixed to it by the editor, and from a series of elaborate notes by the same hand, amply epitomizing the points of law to which they relate—chiefly springing and shifting uses and the law of perpetuities. After this date Mr. Sugden's name appeared from time to time before the world as a legal author, mainly as an author of pamphlets on subjects of current interest to the profession, such as the mischievous operation of the Annuity Act, which he succeeded in expunging from the Statute Book; the improvement of the administration of justice in the Equity Courts, the Law of Wills, the Rate of Interest and Redeemable Annuities, the appellate jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery and of the House of Lords, and Mr. Humphrey's proposal to repeal the Law of Real Property, a proposal to which Mr. Sugden offered the most strenuous opposition, publishing against it a pamphlet, which created much interest in legal and Parliamentary circles, and went through some three or four editions.

Already, while practising as a conveyancing counsel, Mr. Sugden, as we have said, went occasionally into the Common Law Courts to argue questions relating to the Law of Real Property, and from about the year 1812 he came to be often specially retained to argue such cases in the Common Law Courts. Most of these cases, we may add, will be found in East's, Maule and Selwyn's, and Barnewall and Alderson's "Reports."

Some years afterwards, we believe in 1822 or 1823, he received a silk gown from Lord Eldon, thereby taking another

step in advance, and surrendering junior for leading business. "His silk gown," says the writer in "Blackwood" :—

"Was a splendid success, silencing all sneers and the whispers of disparagement in every quarter. His consummate knowledge of the principles and details alike of Real Property Law and of Conveyancing and of Equity, his rapidity of perception, his imperturbable coolness and self-possession, his conscientious devotion to the interests of his clients, the pith and brevity of his arguments, his lucid exposition of the most involved facts—these points all combined to invest his advocacy with such charms in the eyes of anxious solicitors and their clients that retainers were soon showered down upon Mr. Sugden from every quarter, and it was almost always a race between rival solicitors who should first retain him."

Such was his position at the Bar when in February, 1828, after an expensive contest of ten days' duration, he was chosen Member of Parliament for Weymouth and Melcombe Regis. He entered Parliament as an adherent of the Tory party, and was shortly afterwards appointed Solicitor-General in succession to Sir Nicholas Tindal. At the General Election of 1830 he was again elected; and he represented the since disfranchised borough of St. Mawes in the short Parliament which passed the first Reform Bill. He had, however, previously stood several contested elections, having been an unsuccessful candidate for Shoreham in 1826, and for Cambridge, if we remember right, more than once, his opponent being the late Lord Monteagle. He had also offered himself as far back as the year 1818 as a candidate for Sussex, in which county he had bought a small property called Tilgate Forest, but he withdrew without going to the poll.

The story of his standing for Sussex and for Shoreham runs as follows. In 1826, as the General Election was approaching, a vacancy was expected in the representation of Shoreham. Mr. Sugden, being in want of a seat, made overtures to the electors, and, considering that it was useless to prosecute a canvass without first conciliating the goodwill of the Duke of Norfolk, he applied to his friend, the late Mr. Charles Butler, the eminent Roman Catholic barrister, to solicit his Grace's interest. According to Mr. Horsfield, the historian of Sussex :—

"Mr. Butler wrote to one of the Duke's most influential friends requesting his support, and stating in this letter that Mr. Sugden was a decided friend of Catholic Emancipation, a measure which at that time was of paramount interest. For some cause or other, however, the Duke withheld his support, and a relation of his own, Mr. Henry Howard, offered his services. On this," adds Horsfield, "Mr. Sugden addressed the electors, stating to them that he sought their support in order to help them to work out their own independence, and, among other things, his hand-bill contained the following paragraph :—'I have pledged myself to vote against the admission of Catholics into Parliament, and that pledge I shall faithfully redeem.' By some means or other, Mr. C. Butler's letter came to the knowledge of the freeholders, who, feeling that they had been treated ill in the matter, declined supporting Mr. Sugden. The result was that his claims were rejected, and he found himself at the bottom of the poll, the numbers being—for Mr. Charles M. Burrell, 865; for Mr. Henry Howard, 545; for Mr. Sugden, 483. In 1818 Sir Godfrey Webster suddenly announced his intention to withdraw from the representation of Sussex, and the Tories endeavoured to steal a march on their opponents by putting forward Mr. Sugden, who was nominated, together with Mr. Walter Burrell, and fully expected to be forthwith girt with the sword of a 'Knight of the Shire,' being strongly supported by Mr. Huskisson and the Government. At the last moment, however, Sir G. Webster was again put into nomination without his knowledge; and at the end of the first day's poll Mr. Sugden was glad to retire from the hopeless contest, having polled only 122 votes."

Sir Edward Sugden, who had been knighted on becoming Solicitor-General, retired with his party from office on the accession of Earl Grey to the Premiership in 1830 with Brougham as Chancellor. He accordingly resumed his practice occasionally in the Courts of Common Law, but more frequently in the Equity Courts, where he frequently found himself obliged to teach and instruct the new Lord Chancellor in the principles of Equity, of which it is agreed on all hands that Lord Brougham's knowledge was not very profound. It was at this period, indeed, that Sugden made the witty and often-repeated remark that "If the Chancellor knew only a little of law, he would know a little of everything."

During this time his health must have been good, and even more than good, for

often when he had been sitting up the best part of the night in "the House," and only returned to his house in Guilford-street, Russell-square, when the day was dawning, he would be up again at 6 o'clock, reading his briefs, then off to Westminster before 9, hold five or six consultations before 10, and be retained, probably, on the one side or the other in every case in either Court, so that he was on his legs incessantly, until 4 o'clock arrived, when he was again at his place in Parliament. His income for those days was enormous, and it is said that it exceeded £15,000, or even £20,000 a year. On one occasion, the evening before a "motion" day, he read and mastered the contents of 30 briefs between his dinner and 11 p.m., and then, instead of going off to bed, called a hackney coach, and drove off to the House of Commons. At the close of the year 1834 his political prospects were brightened by the sudden return of the Tories, under Peel and Wellington, to power. He had been offered place by the Whigs already more than once; but he declined all overtures. In January, 1835, he accepted the Chancellorship of Ireland; and although he held the Irish seals for little more than three months, yet he sat long enough on the woolsack in Dublin to exhibit the highest judicial qualities, and to cause general regret at his sudden withdrawal from office. His retirement from the Irish woolsack offered him the very first real holiday in his professional life; and how do our readers think that he spent his leisure? Not in making a tour to Italy, or Switzerland, or Paris, but in revising, correcting, and preparing for press a new edition of his "Law of Vendors and Purchasers."

Sir Edward Sugden could not now, consistently with professional etiquette, return to his practice at the Bar, and he was free from Parliamentary duties, for he did not again secure a seat until the General Election of 1837. In the July of that year he was returned for the pocket borough of Ripon, which he continued to represent until, on the return of the Conservatives, under Sir Robert Peel, to place and power, he was sent a second time to Ireland as Lord Chancellor in 1841, to find more extended opportunities of exhibiting his judicial and administrative abilities. It is needless to say that he manifested, through a critical and trying time the same acuteness, strength, and exactness of legal judgment which at the close of his former brief tenure of the Great Seal of Ireland, had elicited the spontaneous and unanimous approval of all legal circles in that country. It is said by the writer in "Blackwood," to whom we have already referred, that—

"Every one of his judgments appealed from was affirmed by the House of Lords except two, and a single point in a third. The propriety, however, of these reversals," he adds, "is gravely questionable, and it is denied by Lord St. Leonards himself, who, in his 'Treatise on the Law of Property,' as administered in the House of Lords, elaborately examines the grounds on which they proceeded, and thereby makes those who are competent to do so pronounce an opinion for themselves."

He did not quit Ireland without leaving behind good proofs of his industry; for, in conjunction with the late Mr. Blackburne, then Master of the Rolls, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he consolidated into one uniform code all the Orders of the Irish Court of Chancery, a work of no small personal labour, and a great saving in itself to the suitors.

For some years after his return to England Sir Edward Sugden was "out of harness," condemned to live on without public employment. But he was far from idle. In 1851 he gave to the world two more elaborate legal works, "An Essay on the New Real Property Statutes" and "A Concise and Practical View of the Law of Vendors and Purchasers of Estates," the latter being a condensation of his large and more technical work on the same subject.

In February, 1852, the Great Seal of England, with the customary Peerage, was offered to him by Lord Derby on the formation of his first short-lived Ministry. He speedily showed both the Bar and the public that he justified the appointment, and something more than justified it. In the first appeal case which came before him in the House of Lords—that of "Rhodes v. De Beauvoir"—a most intricate case, depending on the construction of a singular and most obscurely-worded will, when the counsel expected that he would ask for the papers and take time to consider, he delivered, off-hand and without notes, a most elaborate and luminous judgment, which occupies nearly 20 pages in the printed reports. And this he did repeatedly as by intuition, so familiar had he grown with every possible complication that had arisen or could arise in all questions as to the ownership or transfer of real property.

His decisions, indeed, though delivered so speedily, were always weighty and sound. Among them we would particularize his judgment in the great case of "Egerton v. Brownlow" (delivered after he had resigned his seat upon the woolsack), the case which placed the Brownlow family in possession of a large portion of the property of the Dukes of Bridgwater, unfettered by the conditions imposed by the devisor,—conditions which the House of Lords cancelled as being contrary to public policy.

The rest of the career of Lord St. Leonards, busy and industrious as it was, is soon described. Since the close of 1852 he has never again held the Great Seal of England, although it was offered to him by Lord Derby on his return to his second brief lease of power in 1858. Lord St. Leonards declined the offer for reasons, doubtless, best known to himself; and, in default of better reasons, he could at all events easily plead in excuse the weight of 77 years and more. But from that day to the last of his life he was true to the motto that he chose on being raised to the Peerage, "*Labore vinces.*" He was an indefatigable reader and worker and writer upon the subjects with which the long experience of his middle age had made him familiar. His rule was literally *nulla dies sine linea*; and those who have visited him at his pleasant seat, Boyle Farm, near Kingston-on-Thames, knew that to the very last he regularly read and digested the reports of every single Court of Law, and recorded every single important decision in the marginal notes of his legal works, which, thus being "posted up" by their author from day to day, are left in such a state that his executors could easily send to press a new edition of them to-morrow without the necessity of any further revision. One book he wrote subsequent to his retirement from office, his well-known and popular and common-sense "Handy-book of the Law of Real Property," which has passed through several editions.

His speeches in Parliament, though not very numerous, were all upon subjects of great intrinsic importance, and he was as fluent and facile a speaker as he was a writer. Among these speeches, perhaps the best remembered are that against the Bill of 1853 imposing duties on the succession to property; that in November, 1852, on certain projected improvements in the administration of the law: and that on Life Peerages in 1856, in which he urged strongly the illegality of the experiment made by Lord Palmerston on the Constitution in the Wensleydale Peerage.

The hand of Lord St. Leonards can be traced in the Statute Book in more places than is generally known. The Annuity Act of 1813, since repealed, which put an end to a flood-tide of ruinous litigation; the statute of 1825 which rendered valid certain decrees and orders in the Rolls which were open to invalidation on a legal flaw; and the Act passed under William IV. having for its main objects the prevention of long imprisonment for contempt, to afford aid and relief to ignorant and poor parties, and to prevent obstinate parties from impeding the course of justice after the decree or order of the Court—these were his, wholly or mainly. To these may be added another statute of 1830 amending the law relating to illusory appointments, another amending the law for the payment of debts out of the real estate, and a third for extending the powers of the Equity Courts and the powers of trustees and mortgagees to make a satisfactory title to what they have mortgaged or sold. It must be added that for the amendment of the law of lunacy and lunatics the country owes no greater debt to any one than it owes to Lord St. Leonards, and that the same may be said of the law with respect to the imprisonment of debtors. Indeed, we may mention a fact which hitherto, we believe, has never been made public: that in the midst of his most pressing occupations he would find time to pay secret visits to the old Fleet Prison, converse with its wretched inmates, and give them, without fee, the benefit of his advice and counsel, which he often followed up by paying out of his own pocket the costs for which they were incarcerated, and so procuring their discharge.

The attendance of Lord St. Leonards in the House of Peers in appeal cases was constant and unflagging, so long as his health and strength allowed; and it may be said that for 16 or 17 years after his resignation of the Great Seal there was no one more diligent in the discharge of his duties as a "Law Lord." He generally gave his decisions in these cases without the aid of notes, and always without hesitation; and if the staff of our "Law Lords" has ever at times been regarded as weak, that weakness could never have been laid at his door. He was always a fair, but at the same time a severe, critic of all questions of law re-

form as they arose, and therefore he naturally took a deep and special interest in measures relating to the reform of the Law of Real Property. For instance, when Lord Hatherley, in 1869, introduced his Judicature Bills, Lord St. Leonards, though close upon 90 years of age, put forth a clear and lucid criticism on these measures.

Lord St. Leonards married, in 1808, Winifred, the only child of Mr. John Knapp, and by her, who died in 1861, he had a family of three sons and seven daughters.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

(Obituary Notice, Tuesday, March 9, 1875.)

We had to announce yesterday the death of a man who will be missed and deeply regretted in very various circles. In the course of a life of versatile activity, the accomplished author of "Friends in Council" had made himself innumerable friends, both public and private. Sir Arthur Helps was a somewhat rare type of a class which has fortunately grown far more common than it used to be. He sought repose from one form of labour in recourse to another, and relieved the somewhat monotonous daily routine of his official engagements by indulging himself in the toils and pleasures of literature. There are some men who seem absolutely incapable of comprehending intellectual inertia. The late Lord Lytton, in one of his "Caxtoniana," takes it as matter of course that man must always be thinking, and thinking to some sort of purpose. We doubt greatly whether that is so in the vast majority of instances, but it would certainly seem to have been very much the case with Sir Arthur Helps. Although from early youth he had held official appointments more or less responsible, he was one of the most prolific of popular authors. Happily for him as for his readers, the grand secret of his literary industry and success was to be found in the fact that his writings were very much the fruits of his regular labours. Even when he struck a side vein, as when he conceived the idea of his histories of the Spaniards in America, he elaborated and illustrated his favourite theories of humanity, or struck out arguments for the schemes of philanthropy he always had near at heart.

Born in 1817, Mr. Helps entered the public service, when still scarcely of age, as Private Secretary to Lord Monteagle, who was then Mr. Spring-Rice and held the Chancellorship of the Exchequer under Lord Melbourne. In the following year he exchanged the place for that of Private Secretary to Lord Morpeth, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, but better known afterwards as Earl of Carlisle and Lord-Lieutenant. It was just 20 years afterwards that he succeeded the Hon. W. L. Bathurst in the post he held up to his death as Clerk of the Privy Council. In selecting Mr. Helps, Her Majesty and her successive Ministers could hardly have lighted upon a better man. He had the merit—we cannot say the art—of gaining the confidence and regard of everybody with whom he was officially brought in contact. Shrewd, singularly clear-headed, very highly and generally cultivated, he had made it his business to master as matters of personal interest many of the various questions that came under the cognizance of the Council. When Cabinets changed, he did much to perpetuate safe traditions on subjects that lie beyond the scope of Party. Somewhat reserved by nature, his discretion was proof against surprise and temptation. Thrown by his office into frequent intercourse with the Queen, no one had learnt to appreciate his qualities more highly than Her Majesty. In her Clerk of the Council she always could reckon upon a stanch, thoughtful, and capable adviser, whose views had not been rashly arrived at, whose information was ample, and who had neither personal nor party interests to serve. There was another bond of union between the Queen and the subject. Sir Arthur Helps loved and appreciated the late Prince Consort, with whose peculiar bent of mind he had a good deal in common. Not unnaturally, then, it was to Sir Arthur that the Queen turned for advice and assistance when she decided to take the people who had shared her sorrows into some of her domestic confidences. Intrusted with the revision of the Prince Consort's speeches, it was he who subsequently prepared for the press the "Leaves from the Journal of

our Life in the Highlands," and he discharged the flattering duty intrusted to him with excellent taste and judgment.

As Sir Arthur had been "entered" young at public business, so his irrepressible literary instincts broke out early. We believe the first of his many works made its appearance within two or three years of the commencement of his public career, and was named, appropriately and literally enough, "Essays written in the Intervals of Public Business." Ever since and up to the other day, when he paid a graceful tribute in *Macmillan's Magazine* to the memory of his departed friend Canon Kingsley, he has been pouring out his productions in a variety of styles at brief, if irregular, intervals. We have no idea of attempting a *catalogue raisonnée* either of their names or dates. It is enough to say that they may be ranked broadly in the four comprehensive classes of history, biography, social essays, and fiction. It is not to his success as a historian, however, that he has been chiefly indebted for his popularity. In one sense he was very fortunate in the particular subject he pitched upon, and yet, perhaps, his peculiar idiosyncrasy might have served him better in fields chosen nearer home and nearer to our own times. But his imagination was fired by that grand series of epics which may be evolved out of the Spanish discoveries in the New World, and he undertook to write the "Spanish Conquest of America." As he owned frankly in the preface to one of the series of biographies into which that work was subsequently broken up, his "Spanish Conquest" had speedily fallen into oblivion. The truth seemed to be that his especial genius carried him somewhat wide of that picturesque and captivating method of treatment which suggested itself so naturally to Prescott and to Washington Irving. Sir Arthur often appears to stop just short of brilliancy because he is too much disposed to reflection and somewhat too conscientious. He writes by preference from the philosophical point of view. He suspends the action of his narrative in its fullest swing to analyze character and condescend calmly upon motives. He projects his mind forward among remote results, going back again to draw most painful morals, when we would gladly hear more of present achievements. Strange to say, he has almost too little of the ordinary indulgence of the biographer for heroes who, whatever their failings or their crimes, must certainly be pronounced heroes after all. He detested war, being vividly alive to its horrors, and it was not unnatural that he should care but little to dwell upon its glories, to say nothing of its inglorious gains. Characteristically, he is inclined to turn away from the daring but violent deeds, from the heroic struggles and sublime endurance of the iron *Conquestadores*, to bring the gentler beauties of Isabella's nature into the light, or to expatiate indignantly on the curses of that system of oppression and slavery which was to grow out of a series of gallant combats. We do not desire to be misunderstood. In our opinion, that chivalrous feeling for the losing side and the victims of oppression or of circumstances makes one of the greatest charms of Sir Arthur's books; but then it is a feeling that, unless it be duly subordinated to the main theme, chimes in more artistically with an essay or biography than with the broad battle-piece of a warlike history. So we consider Sir Arthur's Hispano-American studies infinitely more taking as he brought them out later in the form of biographies. He is the very man to appreciate the noble aims of Columbus, to sympathize in his mortifications and disappointments, yet to make allowance for the natural vacillations of Isabella, when hesitating between her own generous ambitions and the pressure of Court influence and her husband's narrower nature. His easy and polished style lends itself admirably to such themes as the description of the actual discovery, when excitement had culminated on board the ships; when so much depended on what a single night might bring forth; and when it was first fancied that a fitful light was to be seen glimmering somewhere on the eagerly-scanned horizon. If, too, we have said that we lose something in point of art by Sir Arthur's being scarcely sufficient of a hero worshipper, that scene we happen to have singled out for remark is no bad illustration of how much we gain. Even in the glow of ardent admiration and vigorous description, Sir Arthur will not be betrayed for a moment into blinking the most discreditable meanness of the grand subject of the memoir. He suppresses nothing of the story—how the great Admiral, on the eve of setting his foot upon the New World he had dreamed of, had not the generosity to do common justice to the man who actually sighted it. It was Rodrigo de Triana, a common seaman on the Pinta, who first detected the light on the longed-for shore. It w

Columbus who drew to his dying day the pension decreed to the first actual discoverer.

There is little to be said within the limits of our space of such of his writings as "The Friends in Council," simply because the range of topics embraced by them is so wide. Yet in none of his works did he show his special gifts to so much advantage. Many and varied as were the topics he treated of, his heart was thrown more or less into all of them. Most of them he had studied long, earnestly, and sometimes almost passionately; of many he had an exceptional practical knowledge. Thanks to the system on which he arranged them, he availed himself to the utmost of his special qualifications, and went the best way to work to predispose people to listen to him. He was by no means the first to conceive the idea of making a group of friends assemble socially for an informal and desultory discussion of things in general. To go no further back than the earlier part of the century, Thomas Peacock, whose works have been just republished, had assembled such parties in Headlong Hall and elsewhere, while Christopher North had long presided at the famous Rabelaisan symposia of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." But Sir Arthur Helps banished the rancour of sarcasm and the bitterness of party spirit. His friends confined themselves to literary and social rather than political topics, and they discoursed on them with animation, and yet with the quiet good breeding which elucidates truth rather than provokes angry repartee. No doubt the author, whether represented by Ellesmere or any other of the group, took care to make his favourite points in the end. Still, each subject was very fairly discussed on the whole, and the interest of the reader is sustained throughout the dialogue by finding that his own ideas have been honestly represented, while not unfrequently his hasty impressions have been corrected very much to his enlightenment. As you read, you have a prevailing sense of the author's catholicism of comprehension. Nor is it wonderful that it should be so; for by his nature an honest and earnest inquirer after truth, his duties brought him in frequent and familiar contact with many minds, and with men whose crude impulses had been corrected by responsibility and the lessons of experience. Sir Arthur sometimes seems something of a visionary, as, for example, in certain of his kindly suggestions for the better housing of the overcrowded working classes. But he believed firmly that the miracles of to-day would be the natural incidents in the progress of a more enlightened future.

His novel of "Realmah" is something more of a *tour de force* than anything else he ever attempted. It carries you ostensibly back to a mythical period, and lands you in a chaotic society struggling out of pre-historic ages; yet in reality it veils under transparent names and a very flimsy allegory prominent statesmen and popular questions of its day. We own to having no great faith in such far-fetched means of persuasion where parallel circumstances are necessarily invented or arranged to suit the tendencies of the author's argument. But independently altogether of its primary purpose, "Realmah" had no small merits as a work of art. It might not convert us to the belief that England, like the imaginary Abibah, was so overwhelmingly strong that she could well afford to dispense with her outlying fortresses, that she might give up with impunity, economy, and advantage the Bermudas, Malta, and even Gibraltar; but what is more to the purpose from the artistic point of view, it did succeed in making us forget that its hero — the thinker and schemer far in advance of his times — was an utter anachronism; it even made us follow with a certain tempered interest the fluctuating fortunes of his lovemaking. Yet Sir Arthur was more happy in the choice of a subject for that last of his fictions which we noticed in *The Times* no long time ago. In it also that exact fidelity to fact was conspicuous which is only too often neglected in weaving deceptive historical romances; and the vivid scenes of life in the Siberian wilds, the intrigues and counter-intrigues of favourites of the Czars and Czarinas, the revolutions, *emeutes*, and *pronunciamientos* at St. Petersburg, are strictly historical, as we have reason to know.

We have little more left to add. Those who met Sir Arthur in society as the ordinary acquaintance, those who knew him merely as the agreeable author and cultivated companion of their literary solitude, will alike feel as if they had lost a personal friend. Those social essays of Sir Arthur Helps will bear reading again and again, and no doubt many of his admirers will return to them with revived interest and attention now that the pleasant series has been brought to an untimely end.

REAR-ADMIRAL SHERARD OSBORN.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, MAY 10, 1875.)

Suddenly, in the prime of life, there has been snatched from the Naval Service an officer who from all points of view was one of its most distinguished members. Gifted with the highest professional abilities, pre-eminent for cool self-possession and ready resource in action, daring to the utmost stretch of naval audacity, but as prudent as he was daring, a strict disciplinarian, yet one of the most popular of captains, a very successful administrator,—Rear-Admiral Sherard Osborn had lived long enough to do the State distinguished service, and seemed to be a man to whom in an emergency we should turn for aid of even greater value in the days to come. He was made of too stern materials to be a universal favourite. His opinions were too uncompromising, and his will too determined to be fully appreciated in a time of peace; but during an active and varied career he had won the respect of his profession, and few men had warmer or more devoted friends among those—and they were many—who knew him well, whether civilians, brother officers, or shipmates in the humbler walks of life.

Admiral Osborn entered the Navy as first-class Volunteer in September, 1837; commanded a gunboat against pirates at the capture of Quedah in 1838; served in the East Indies and China in 1843, in Her Majesty's ships Hyacinth, Volage, and Columbine; entered the Excellent in 1843, and passed out in 1844 with a first-class certificate as gunnery officer; was recommended as gunnery mate to Admiral Sir George Seymour, and appointed to the Collingwood, Captain Henry Eden, then fitting for the flag in the Pacific; became gunnery lieutenant for two years in the same ship; was appointed in the Autumn of 1848 to command the Dwarf, and sent to Ireland in consequence of the Irish insurrection. In the winter of 1849 he was selected as a volunteer for the Arctic Expedition sent in search of Franklin, under Captain H. T. Austin, C.B., and appointed to command the Pioneer. In that expedition, as well as the following one under Captain Sir E. Belcher, he held the command of the Pioneer during a protracted service of three winters and five summers in the Arctic seas, and made several long sledge journeys, the last one exceeding a thousand miles on foot.

After a few months' service as Commander of the Norfolk District Coastguard, to re establish his health, which had been shaken by continuous Arctic service, Commander Osborn was appointed to the Vesuvius, in the Black Sea Fleet, under Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, K.C.B. He first assisted the late Admiral Boxer in restoring order in Balaklava Harbour, and, as a reward for his services there, was sent by Admiral Lyons to succeed Captain John Moore as Senior Officer of the Blockading Squadron off Kertch and the Straits of Yenikale. He was present at the capture of Kertch, and was then sent into the Sea of Azov as second in seniority to Captain Lyons, commanding the gunboat squadron. Commander Osborn succeeded, on the death of that officer, to the command of the squadron, which averaged from 14 to 18 gunboats and despatch vessels. As Commander, and subsequently as Captain, he co-operated or commanded in the destruction of the Russian squadron at Berdiansk and the military position of Taganrog; the burning of the Russian transport flotilla; the bombardment of Arabat, and the cutting off the supplies of the Russian armies by the capture of the military store depôts at Genichi and Gheisk—services which were acknowledged by the Commander-in-Chief in a highly flattering memorandum. In the spring of 1856, at the special request of Admiral Sir E. Lyons, Captain Osborn was appointed by the Admiralty to the Medusa gun-vessel, and again sent into the Sea of Azov as senior officer commanding that squadron, and remained there until the signature of the treaty of peace, when he returned to England. For his services during the Russian war, without any solicitation on his part, Captain Osborn was honoured with the Companionship of the Bath, and made an officer of the Legion of Honour and of the Order of the Medjidié, besides being personally complimented at Windsor by his Sovereign and the Prince Consort.

In the spring of 1857, on the news of a rupture with the Emperor of China, Captain Osborn was appointed to the

Furious, and instructed to escort a force of 15 gunboats and despatch vessels to China. Captain Osborn's orders from the Admiralty gave him large discretionary powers as to the route and arrangements, and many essential preparations had to be made at Devonport under his superintendence. Seeing the difficulty other officers had experienced in escorting even two gunboats at a time to China, doubts were entertained of these vessels, some of them of the lightest draught that had ever passed the Cape, effecting the voyage at all during the winter of Southern latitudes. The Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, Admiral Sir William Parker, was so much struck with the arduous nature of the task before Captain Osborn that in giving him his parting orders he said, in the presence of his Secretary, Mr. Charles Richards, "If ever you, Sir, deliver all that squadron safe to your Admiral in China you deserve to be made a Commodore." By going to Brazil, avoiding the Cape, and carrying the squadron on a great circle to the South, the passage was made without one disaster, and within six months all the vessels were safely at anchor in Hongkong Harbour. That squadron of gunboats, it is only fair to say, changed the character of the war in China, and brought our negotiations to a successful issue. Captain Osborn next embarked the British Ambassador, and the Furious took a prominent share in every subsequent operation, from the escalade of Canton to the capture of the Taku Forts in 1858. The gunboat he embarked in was the first to reach the city of Tien-tsin and the entrance of the Great Canal. The Commander-in-Chief praised Captain Osborn most highly in his official despatches, but as he was already in possession of every possible honour for past services no official recognition could then be given him. From China, Captain Osborn carried Lord Elgin to Japan, and on his own responsibility led the escorting squadron beyond the surveyed portion of Yeddo Bay until Her Majesty's ships were anchored in a position within gunshot of the capital. This measure led to a satisfactory treaty between Japan and Great Britain being speedily signed by the Emperors, and Lord Elgin then and subsequently acknowledged the service rendered by Captain Osborn.

On the return of the Furious to Shanghai in September, 1858, a question arose in framing the supplementary treaty with China how far it was possible to declare the great river Yang-tze navigable to Europeans. Captain Osborn was applied to by Lord Elgin, and, confident from his experience of the volume of the river at Nankiu, that it must be navigable for hundreds of miles beyond, he undertook to test the question, and persuaded Captain Barker (of Her Majesty's ship Retribution), senior officer at Shanghai, to make the experiment at once. That officer, shattered by a stroke of paralysis, could only accompany the force just above Nankin, the batteries of which were successfully engaged and silenced. Thence, up a falling and intricate river, Captain Osborn had, as senior officer, to conduct his ship, accompanied by the Cruiser and two gunboats, to Hankow, 600 miles from the sea; the Furious having several times to be cleared to her keel to float her off unknown shoals and reefs. This service enabled the Ambassador to insist on the river being opened to foreign commerce. No war ship of the size or the draught of the Furious has subsequently been able to reach Hankow, although at this moment the river is covered with vessels carrying European commerce. Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, the Commander-in-Chief, on the return of the squadron, issued a general order expressing his satisfaction "at the gallantry, zeal, and perseverance displayed by the captains, officers, and men comprising the expedition." His Excellency the Earl of Elgin, in his official despatch to the Secretary of State No. 1, the 5th of January, 1859, said:—

"The transport of a vessel the size of the Furious to a point so remote from the sea under circumstances so peculiar is, I apprehend, a feat unparalleled in naval history. I consider the successful issue of this undertaking to have been mainly due to the energy, professional skill, courage, and judgment of Captain Osborn and his able Master," &c.

Again, on the 18th of August, 1859, when Lord Elgin found that his despatch had not been officially communicated to the Admiralty, he wrote to the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, begging that this might be immediately done, as he was naturally held in some degree responsible for the fact, and that it exposed him to the double charge of injustice and ingratitude for the "remarkable services" rendered, and his Lordship added:—

"To what I have already said in reference to the services rendered by the Furious, I beg now to add that I ascribe the success of the policy which I con

sidered it my duty to carry out at Tien-tsin, Yeddo, and Shanghai in a great measure to the zeal, energy, and devotion with which I was supported by Captain Osborn and those under his command." And again, in the House of Lords, on the 21st of February, 1860, Lord Elgin publicly acknowledged his obligation to Captain Osborn in the most eulogistic terms.

In the meantime such had been the arduous nature of the service rendered in ascending the Yang-tze that Captain Barker had invalided and subsequently died; Mr. Court, the Master of the Furious, invalided and died; and Captain Osborn had to give up his ship and return home on half-pay to undergo a long series of surgical operations. By the publication of his Naval Journals and by other literary labours, Captain Osborn was enabled to subsist until well enough again to seek service, when, in the spring of 1861, he had the honour to be appointed to the command of Her Majesty's ship Donegal, 101 guns. In her he embarked a portion of the British force sent to co-operate in the allied attack on Mexico. The return of the expedition was followed by the paying-off of the Donegal in 1862, and so creditable was the report upon its efficiency that the Admiralty promoted her First Lieutenant on Captain Osborn's recommendation.

The Emperor of China, in June, 1862, made an offer to Captain Osborn, through his agent, Mr. H. N. Lay, C.B., of the absolute command of a large squadron of vessels to be equipped by him in England for the suppression of piracy on the coast of China. The command was to have been a very lucrative one. Captain Osborn was formally promised that, in order to guarantee such a force not being used against European Powers, or in a way hostile to our naval sense of humanity or justice, he should not be placed under any local authorities, but receive his orders direct from the Emperor. With this understanding, Captain Osborn received especial leave for the purpose from the Admiralty, at the written request of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and officers were lent likewise from Her Majesty's Navy on the same understanding. A squadron of six vessels was constructed, equipped, and carried by Captain Osborn to the near neighbourhood of Pekin in 1863; but on reporting himself at the capital of China, he found that the Emperor repudiated the promises and engagements of his agent, and wished to place a Chinese Mandarin as a superior officer even on board his own ship. This, together with the fact that the representatives of the European Powers were adverse to the institution of a force on such terms, decided Captain Osborn on withdrawing from a position so likely to prove compromising to his own honour as well as to the British interests in China. By direction of our Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, the whole force was withdrawn from China, and Captain Osborn's conduct received his warmest commendations in an official letter.

Returning to England, Captain Osborn again placed his services at the disposal of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and was in 1864 appointed to the command of Her Majesty's ship Royal Sovereign, a vessel adapted to test the new system of turrets invented by Captain Cowper Coles, R.N. He reported on the perfect success with which 12-ton guns were for the first time used at sea in Her Majesty's Navy, and otherwise showed the excellence of the turret system; but the Royal Sovereign was paid off. Captain Osborn was permitted to remain attached to her until the end of 1864, when, having served sufficient time by the regulations then in force to qualify for his flag, he resigned his command.

The short time for which the Royal Sovereign was kept in commission entailed heavy pecuniary loss to Captain Osborn, who had fitted her out at a great expense under the impression that he would be considered one of the active fleet for at least three years, and this circumstance, together with additional losses caused by the bankruptcy of a firm of Navy agents, obliged Captain Osborn to turn his attention while on half-pay and awaiting promotion to the Admirals' List to some employment as a means of subsistence. He first proceeded to Western India and successfully administered as agent between the Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company and the Government a network of railways extending throughout the Bombay Presidency. Finding the climate, however, injuring his health, and being desirous of keeping himself employed on matters more immediately connected with the profession to which he belonged, Captain Osborn resigned this appointment in 1866, and received the thanks both of the Government of Bombay and the Supreme Government of India, who were pleased to express "very sincere regret at the prospect of the loss of Captain Sherard Osborn's ser-

rices, which Government believes to have been most valuable to Government and the public." In 1867 Captain Osborn undertook the office of Managing Director of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company (which had then just successfully laid the Atlantic submarine telegraph cables) for the purpose of giving his professional knowledge to the work of establishing submarine telegraph communication between Great Britain and her Eastern and Australian possessions and colonies. In four years this work was completed by a series of submarine cables from Falmouth, the Mediterranean, and Red Sea to India, the Eastern Archipelago, Hongkong, and Australia; and Captain Osborn might well feel that, from a public as well as professional point of view, he had in this great work served the commercial as well as the military interests of his country. In 1871 Captain Osborn was appointed to the command of Her Majesty's ship Hercules, the finest of our cruising ironclads, but was compelled, by unexpected circumstances, to ask to be relieved before the term of his command expired. In 1873 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral.

In the whole of these services, whether as midshipman, lieutenant, commander, captain, or man of business, the name of Sherard Osborn was highly distinguished. In the first Chinese War he was thrice mentioned in the despatches of Commodore Sir Thomas Herbert and Admiral Sir William Parker, and was publicly thanked as a midshipman by Commodore R. B. Watson for his services at the capture of Shanghai. In Ireland he earned the warm approval of the local authorities, and was repeatedly thanked by his Commander-in-Chief. In 1849 his seamanship and gallantry were reported to the Admiralty as "beyond all praise in remaining by his vessel, the Dwarf, in a sinking state in tempestuous weather." In the Arctic Seas his energy and joviality, and his readiness to undertake the hardest labour, if any of his men were distressed in sledging expeditions, won him the devoted attachment of his crew. In the Crimean War he gained the highest renown and the fullest approval of his distinguished Admiral, Sir E. Lyons, who not only selected him for presentation to the Queen at Windsor, but strained every nerve, and with success, to secure his reappointment to the command of the Sea of Azov Squadron. To no man more than to Captain Sherard Osborn was the opening of our trade with Japan and China due. We believe that his social qualities and knowledge of men assisted Lord Elgin in his difficult negotiations almost as much as the professional nerve and seamanship which carried the Furious to Yeddo and Hankow. It has been often said that naval officers make the best diplomatists, and probably Sherard Osborn, as Admiral on a foreign station, would have been a marked illustration of this rule. Like Lord Dundonald, whom, in many respects, afloat and ashore, he resembled, he carried his fighting temperament into the arena of civil controversy. For ten years he struggled energetically to advance the views of his friend Captain Cowper Coles, and had the satisfaction of eventually witnessing the Chief Constructor of the Navy, whose great qualities he always fully recognized, pronounce in favour of the turret ship for fighting purposes, and the Admiral in command of the Channel Fleet report that the lamented "Captain could destroy all the broadside ships of the squadron in detail."

His untimely death will cast a gloom over the Arctic Expedition, which he did so much to promote. To-day, which witnesses his funeral, had been fixed for a meeting of the Geographical Society, at which he and other Arctic celebrities were to have assisted. At such a time it seems well to recall that he himself attributed to his own Arctic experience and the example of his first Arctic Commander, Captain Austin, two naval lessons of first-rate importance; first, the practice of commanding men sympathetically, as human beings and not as machines; and secondly, the habit of prudent daring, which the struggle with an Arctic winter always, he declared, engenders. He believed he could get out of his men the utmost exertions of which they were capable, and he told his intimate friends that in the unknown waters of the Sea of Azov and the Yang-tze he was always congratulating himself on his Arctic training. He will be remembered by the Expedition now about to start, whatever its success, for no one did more to furnish his comrades with the opportunity of distinction.

BISHOP THIRLWALL.

(LEADING ARTICLE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1875.)

With Bishop THIRLWALL, whose death we to-day record, a name passes away which, on the whole, has, perhaps, been the greatest of those which have adorned the English Episcopate of this century. His greatness, indeed, did not lie in the customary paths of Episcopal labour, though he was far more successful in the administration of his diocese than might have been supposed by those who judged him from a distance. But his characteristic distinction lay in the unique combination of qualities which he represented—a combination to which justice can only be done by a review of his singular career. His life and mind might not unfitly be regarded as reflecting in a calm mirror the successive disturbed influences of a turbulent age, and it was his function, if not to unite the rays of thought thus variously reflected, at least to prevent their dissipation. His life combined a variety of mental experience in which he has left few compeers. It commenced in a period which the excitement of subsequent movements has obscured, but in which the true source is to be found of many an influence which to the present generation seems comparatively novel. In the third decade of this century two schools of religious and philosophical thought were silently growing, which were destined, in the active period which ensued, to develop side by side, with frequent, though often unintentional, collision. At Oxford was silently maturing that vigorous revival of ecclesiastical life and patristic thought which soon became so potent. But there existed at the same time, and more particularly at Cambridge, a school of what might be called "the new learning," attracted by the brilliant light which German scholars were throwing over ancient history and literature, and not less by the broader human foundations on which they were seeking, with whatever errors, to base the life and truth of Christianity. Bishop THIRLWALL was the contemporary and friend at Cambridge of men like the late Archdeacon HARE; and one of his first and most characteristic performances was to publish, in conjunction with HARE, a translation of NIEBUHR'S "History of Rome." That translation was the means of introducing to English readers what to many of them seemed mere disintegrating speculations, and the seeds of all subsequent suspicion of German thought and theology may be seen in the suspicion which this publication aroused. NIEBUHR, as is well known, became subsequently almost the animating influence of the mind of Dr. ARNOLD, in whom perhaps the school of thought which THIRLWALL did so much to start lost the character which might have given it the practical force it has lacked. It was at this period, also, that Bishop THIRLWALL similarly brought to the notice of English theology some of the more important German criticisms on the Gospel history. It is a curious illustration of the two influences we have noticed as then prevalent that Dr. PUSEY at the same period wrote in vindication of German theologians against the suspicions entertained of them. His lot was soon cast with a very different school, but THIRLWALL at this time was reviewing, in the labours of a candid and laborious scholarship, the very foundations of that ecclesiastical edifice of which the superstructure was soon to be the object of such vehement enthusiasm.

This, it must be allowed, however valuable in its distant results, was not the temper to gain a hearing in the stormy time which followed. England was about to experience the recoil of the revolutionary wave which at first she had successfully resisted, and the moment was come for men with distinct principles, a compact and imposing theory, and a genuine and uncalculating enthusiasm. Nothing is more evident in the records of the Oxford movement of 1833, as they have been furnished by the principal actor in it, than that the eager minds which led it formed their theories, or, as they would have said, their principles, before ascertaining their facts; and that their theories were animated by the necessity of finding some effectual basis of resistance against the attacks with which the Church was menaced. The admirable genius who then poured upon the world for about twelve years the accumulated stores of his meditation and his reading, and whose personal character, no less than his writings, kindled a fire of enthusiasm in the younger men of his day, could not but carry all before him. The success and the long predominance of the Tractarian party were due, as was from the first acknowledged by competent observers, to the unrivalled vigour and

beauty with which the claims of the ecclesiastical system which it revived were presented. ARNOLD alone in some degree stemmed the tide ; but it was not really checked till it was broken by the force of its own impetuosity against the rocks which lay i its course. The secessions of Dr. NEWMAN and his followers were the first, but at the same time the fatal, interruption to its career, and the steadier stream which it had so long submerged soon began to make its way to the surface. Dr. THIRLWALL was no longer at the head of that current, but he was in a position in which his peculiar abilities had, perhaps, even a greater opportunity of being useful. Between 1830 and 1840 he had found a refuge from the prevailing turmoil in those historical and philosophical researches which, on whatever subject, were most congenial to him. In that decade he had published his "History of Greece "—a work which later researches may have largely supplemented, but which will always retain the charm of a pellucid and judicial narrative. Before, indeed, entering the Ministry he had studied law, and had actually been called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn ; and if the Church gained in him a valuable Prelate, it is not less certain that Equity lost in him an incomparable Judge. It is not difficult to imagine the serene ratiocination with which he would have rivalled even the greatest masters of the modern Equity Bench. But he carried the temper, and perhaps the habit, of Equity into all his subsequent work ; and when his learning was rewarded in 1840 by promotion to the See of St. David's, it was promptly shown that an invaluable moderating influence had been brought to bear upon the counsels of the Church. His early studies, instead of precipitating him into a partisan opposition to the influence which for the time obscured them, were used by him, on the contrary, as furnishing the means for a more impartial and calmer estimate of the excitement around him. He gauged its real value—if perhaps a little too coolly, yet with a justice for which, perhaps, coolness was in those days an essential requisite. In one of his earliest Charges, when the Tractarian movement was at its height and was arousing the fiercest antagonism, he distinctly vindicated the learning, and in some points the fair claims, of its promoters ; and he thus gave a conspicuous pledge of the spirit in which, for the future, he interposed in ecclesiastical warfare. His voice after that time was chiefly heard in his periodical Charges, and always with the effect of dividing the real from the unreal in the questions of the hour, and of dissecting with the hand of a perfectly skilled anatomist the mental and religious phenomena which successively arose. He was not so much a force as the supervisor of other forces ; and if the function is comparatively rare in such hands, it is at least not uncongenial to the idea of the Episcopal office. He remained, however, in great measure, to the last the critic and historian he had been in earlier life ; and when the history of the English Church in this century comes to be written, Bishop THIRLWALL's Charges will be the most valuable source of illumination to his successor in historical labours.

On one occasion, however, of late years, he did enter into a grave public contest, and the manner in which he acquitted himself rendered it impossible to avoid a regret that nature should have endowed him with so exceptionally and supremely judicial a temperament. When others were hesitating and wavering as to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, he asserted the duty of decision, and vindicated the claims of the juster side in a speech which seemed to concentrate the experience and the lucidity of a long life of thought and observation. Such a career does not win the loud applause elicited by the capacities which appeal more directly to the feelings. But it has its reward in the silent gratitude of perplexed contemporaries and in the more conspicuous recognition of history. The world rarely does justice to the men whose function it is to hold the balance between contending parties, to check enthusiasm, and thus to give all truths fair play ; but they perform, perhaps, at least as important a function as those who are the motive powers of life. The particular school of thought to which THIRLWALL gave an early impulse has since risen to a position more worthy of its claims ; but he did it, probably, as great a service in his old age by discouraging its extravagances as in his youth by furnishing its earliest nourishment. There passes away with him the only mind which could survey all schools and forms of English religious thought with equal knowledge and justice ; but his memory will always survive as the most conspicuous proof that there is no true learning and no genuine piety which may not be harmoniously combined in the English Church.

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1875.)

Our readers will have learnt the news of the death, in Paris, of Sir Charles Wheatstone, one of the greatest of modern inventors.

Charles Wheatstone was the son of Mr. W. Wheatstone, a citizen of Glocester, where he was born in the year 1802. He received his early education at a private school, where he imbibed a taste for mechanics and physical science; and he devoted his youth and early manhood to the manufacture of musical instruments. Entering into business on his own account in London when he was scarcely as yet of age, he soon showed a capacity for higher and more philosophical studies, his mental powers being concentrated not so much on the actual manufacture of the instruments themselves as upon the principles which underlay their construction. In 1823 he first attracted attention by the publication of a work entitled "New Experiments in Sound." He now devoted his attention to a study of the close analogy he found existing between the phenomena of light and of sound, and proceeded to illustrate the subject by numerous models and an apparatus of his own contrivance.

After numerous investigations in this double field of inquiry, many of which were published in the "Journals" of the Royal Institution and in the *Philosophical Magazine*, some ten years after the date of his above-mentioned work, he was led to communicate, through Professor Faraday, a paper on Acoustic Figures, and another on certain experiments made to measure the velocity of Electricity and the duration of Electric Light. In 1834 he was appointed Professor of Experimental Philosophy at King's College, London, which had been founded some five years previously, and two years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, when he read before its meeting a paper entitled "Contributions to the Physiology of Vision." The first part of this paper treated of some remarkable and as yet unnoticed phenomena of binocular sight, and it is remarkable as containing the first mention *totidem verbis* of the stereoscope, now the constant companion of our drawing-room tables. It would take long to enumerate all the inventions which proceeded from that fertile brain, but it was as a pioneer in the invention and application of the electric telegraph that the name of Charles Wheatstone will be remembered. We do not forget the claims of Sir William Fothergill Cooke to equal recognition in regard to this discovery when we state that as far back as June, 1836, in his lectures as Professor at King's College, Wheatstone had exhibited certain experiments on the velocity of electricity with a lengthened circuit of nearly four miles of copper wire, which he then and there proposed to convert into an electric telegraph. In the following month of February (1837), he made, through the intervention of Roget and Faraday, the acquaintance of Mr. W. F. Cooke, who had lately become acquainted abroad with the electric experiments of Baron Schillin and other German philosophers. In the month of May in the same year Wheatstone and Cooke took out their first patent "for improvements in giving signals and sounding alarums in distant places by means of electric currents transmitted through metallic circuits." The various improvements which, by the joint discoveries of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke, were successively introduced into the telegraph we need not describe at length; but we may as well record here the fact that the first line of electric telegraph actually laid down for public purposes was constructed on the Blackwall Railway in 1838. The terms of partnership were afterwards more exactly defined and confirmed in the November of the same year, when a deed expressly vested in Mr. Cooke the exclusive management of the invention in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies, with the exclusive management of the engineering department, while, as partners standing on a footing of perfect equality, they were to divide equally all proceeds arising from the granting of patent rights and licences, a percentage being first payable to Mr. Cooke as manager.

We quote from an award formally made by the late Sir Mark Isambard Brunel and Professor Daniel on the subject, when difficulties arose out of this partnership, a few sentences which will serve to show how the honours of having discovered or invented the electric tele-

graph are to be divided between the two claimants. The arbitrators write, under date 1841 :—

"While Mr. William Fothergill Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the electric telegraph as a most useful undertaking, promising to be of national importance, and Professor Wheatstone is acknowledged on all hands as the scientific man whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application, it is to the united labours of the two gentlemen, so well qualified for mutual assistance, that we must attribute the rapid progress which this important invention has made during the five years since they first became associated."

Professor Wheatstone was one of the jurors of the Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1855 in the class for "heat, light, and electricity," on which occasion he was appointed by the late Emperor a Knight of the Legion of Honour, on account of his "application of the electric telegraph." He was also chosen a correspondent of the French Imperial Institute of Sciences, and an honorary member of the principal academies of science in Europe.

It only remains to add that the late Sir Charles Wheatstone married, in 1845, Emma, daughter of Mr. J. West, by whom he has left several children. He received the honour of knighthood in 1868 in recognition of his scientific services.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

(Obituary Notice, Thursday, June 29, 1876.)

We regret to announce the death of Miss Martineau, on Tuesday evening, at her residence, The Knoll, near Ambleside. She had just completed her 74th year. So far back as the year 1832, Miss Lucy Aikin wrote to Dr. Channing, "You must know that a great, new light has arisen among Englishwomen;" and a still greater authority, Lord Brougham, remarked to a friend about the same time :—

"There is at Norwich a deaf girl who is doing more good than any man in the country. You may have seen the name and some of the productions of Harriet Martineau in the 'Monthly Repository:' but what she is gaining glory by is a series of 'Illustrations of Political Economy' in some tales published periodically, of which nine or ten have appeared. Last year she called on me several times, and I was struck with marks of such an energy and resolution in her as, I thought, must command success in some line or other of life, though it did not then appear in what direction. She has a vast store of knowledge on many deep and difficult subjects—a wonderful store for a person scarcely 30 years old; and her observation of common things must have been extraordinarily correct as well as rapid. I dined yesterday in the company of Mr. Malthus and Miss Martineau, who are great allies. She pursues her course steadily, and I hear much praise of her new tale on the Poor Laws. I fear, however, that it is the character of her mind to adopt extreme opinions upon most subjects, and without much examination. She has now had a full season of London 'lionizing,' and, as far as one can judge, it has done her nothing but good. She loves her neighbours the better for their good opinion of her; and, I believe, she thinks the more humbly of herself for what she has seen of other persons of talent and merit."

Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich on the 12th of June, 1802. In her biography of Mrs. Opie she gives us a picture of life in this eastern cathedral city in the early part of the 19th century, when its Bishop was the liberal and enlightened Dr. Bathurst; and she tells us how the proclivities of the city, alike towards clerical exclusiveness and to intellectual stagnation, were largely corrected by the social gatherings of one or two highly-cultivated families, and by a large infusion of French and Flemish manufacturing industry, the result of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Martineaus were among the families whom that measure drove to our shores; and at Norwich they had flourished for the best part of a century, part of the family devoting itself to silk weaving on a large scale, while other members were

in practice as surgeons, enjoying a high reputation in the city of their adoption. Not much is known of Harriet's father, who died early, except that he had eight children, of whom she was the youngest. Her education was conducted under the supervision of her uncle, one of the most eminent surgeons in the east of England, who took every means to give his nephews and nieces the best instruction Norwich could afford. Like most persons of a high order of intellect, however, young Harriet Martineau at an early age resolved to walk alone, and not in educational leading-strings, and practically taught herself history and politics while her brothers and sisters were reading their 'Goldsmith" and "Mrs. Markham." Not that she had any lack of teachers or instructors; but from a child she resolved to practise the virtue of self-reliance and to fit herself for life in earnest by such literary exertions as sooner or later, she felt, would at least make her independent.

She was barely of age when she appeared before the public as an author. Her first work, however, was not one which gave any great scope to literary talents, and must be regarded rather as a proof of her internal piety, on the model of the Unitarian school in which she had been brought up, than as a criterion of her intellectual ability. It was entitled "Devotional Exercises for the Use of Young Persons," and was published in 1823. It was, however, the harbinger of a long series of far more important works which were destined to appear thenceforth in rapid succession. In 1824 and the following year Miss Martineau came before the public as the authoress of two tales, entitled "Christmas Day," and a sequel to it' "The Friend;" these she followed up with several other stories all more or less dealing with social subjects, and more especially illustrating by argument and by example the rights and interests of the working classes. The best known of these are "Principle and Practice," "The Rioters," "The Turn Out," "Mary Campbell," and "My Servant Rachel." It is needless to add that in these the work of helping the weaker and poorer members of society is not only enforced upon the wealthier classes as a duty, but shown to be no less the common interest of both the one and the other. These publications carry down the story of the life of our author to about the year 1830 or 1831.

With this period we come to a new era in the literary career of Miss Martineau. This is shown by her choice of more elevated subjects, and possibly a more elevated tone is to be discovered in her treatment of them also. Her first publication after that date was a charming collection of "The Traditions of Palestine," and her next, if we remember right, her "Five Years of Youth." About the same time also she made her name known far more widely than before by gaining three prizes for as many separate essays on subjects proposed by the Unitarian Association. The subjects were independent of each other, though mutually connected in their plan; and on opening the sealed envelopes containing the names of the writers, it was found that on each of the three subjects the successful competitor was a young lady, just 30 years of age, named Harriet Martineau. The three subjects were respectively, The Faith as Unfolded by many Prophets; Providence, as manifested through the dealings of God with Israel; and the Essential Faith of the Universal Church. These essays were published, and thoroughly established the writer's claim to the credit of being a profound thinker and reasoner upon religious as well as on social questions.

The next subject to which she applied her fertile and versatile pen was a series of "Illustrations of Political Economy," in which she attempted to popularize, by familiar and practical illustrations and examples, the principles which—speaking generally—Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and Romilly, and other men of original minds, had laid down in an abstract and strictly philosophical manner. These "Illustrations" extended to above 20 numbers; they were afterwards republished in a collective form, and, having since been translated into French and German, have helped perhaps more than any other work of modern times to spread abroad, in other countries as well as in our own, a knowledge of that science which till our own day had been so little known and studied. These she followed up by two similar series, on cognate subjects—"Illustrations of Taxation" and "Illustrations of Poor Laws and Paupers."

In the year 1834 Harriet Martineau paid a visit to the United States, whither she found that the fame of her social writings had travelled before her. There she met with a most cordial reception from the leaders of thought and action on the other side of the Atlantic; and on

her return to Europe she published her comments on the social, political, and religious institutions in the United States, under the title of "Society in America," and her observations on the natural aspects of the Western World and its leading personages, under that of "A Retrospect of Western Travel." On returning to England she found awaiting her plenty of offers of literary engagements from the leading publishers; but she chose to throw in her lot mainly with Mr. Charles Knight, who was then in the zenith of his high and well-earned reputation, as the publisher of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, under the auspices of such men as Lord Brougham, Grote, Thirlwall, and Lord John Russell. To Charles Knight's series of cheap and popular publications she contributed a most useful little manual called "How to Observe," which she followed up by others respectively intended as guides for the Housemaid, the Maid-of-all-Work, the Ladies'-maid, and the Dressmaker. With the object of lightening her literary labours by variety, she next employed her pen on a series of tales for children, which she gave to the world under the title of "The Playfellow." Of these graphic tales the most popular were "The Crofton Boys," "The Settlers at Home," "The Peasant and the Prince," and "Feats on the Fiord." At the same time she addressed to children of a larger growth two novels of a very marked and distinctive character, called "Deerbrook" and "The Hour and the Man," the latter of which works passed through several editions.

About this time her health, which was never of the strongest, appears to have suffered so much from the continual strain of her literary exertions, that she was obliged to lay aside her pen, and Lord Melbourne offered and, we believe, even pressed upon her acceptance a literary pension. But she wss either too proud or too independent to accept it; and possibly also even a higher motive came into play; at all events, in declining it she was largely influenced by a feeling that "she could not conscientiously share in the proceeds of a system of taxation which she had reprobated in her published works." Her illness lasted several years; but she found means to turn even sickness to account by writing and publishing her "Life in a Sick-room,"—a book suggested by her own experiences of suffering, and, therefore, appealing powerfully to the sympathies of many of her readers.

In 1844, soon after her restoration to health and strength, we find Miss Martineau once more at work upon her favourite themes—social subjects—and publishing three volumes of tales and sketches, illustrative of the evil effects of our "Forest and Game Laws," which she followed up with a more fanciful work, "The Billow and the Rock." In 1846 she varied the monotony of her quiet and laborious life by a visit to the East; and she recorded her impressions of the scenes and countries through which she travelled in a book which she published in 1848, and which is still most justly popular—namely, "Eastern Life, its Past and Present."

In 1850 or 1851 appeared a work by Miss Martineau of a totally different character from all its predecessors—namely, a volume of "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development," which had passed between herself and a philosophic friend named Atkinson; and it was this work which first gave the public a hint that when she had reached something more than middle life she was inclined to adopt the teachings of the "Positive" school of philosophy, founded by Auguste Comte. Two or three years later she still more thoroughly identified herself with this school of thought and faith by giving to the world a condensed version of Comte's "Positive Philosophy." But while thus employed in the study of scientific and semi-religious subjects, she found time to devote to her "History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace," a book which is to be admired for its singular clearness and the studied impartiality of its views.

We next find the indefatigable pen of Miss Martineau employed in contributing to the "People's Journal," and her essays in that periodical soon came to be so widely in demand that they were subsequently republished under the title of "Household Education." About the same time she employed her leisure hours in compiling a work of less pretension—we mean her "Complete Guide to the Lakes," which appeared in 1854, and for which her long residence at the pretty cottage near Ambleside, which she made her home during her declining years, eminently qualified her. From and after this date it was mainly as a contributor of leading articles and of biographical and other literary papers to the *Daily News*, and as a writer of social articles,

"historiettes," and graphic personal reminiscences of the celebrities of the present century, in the early volumes of "Once a Week," that we must look mainly for evidence of Miss Martineau's literary activity; but the weight of increasing years began to tell heavily upon her, and after a long illness in or about the year 1865 she almost entirely withdrew from those engagements. Her biographical contributions to the *Daily News* and "Once a Week" were republished in a collected form in the early part of 1869.

In this brief sketch we have had no space to mention the other works, mostly of a more or less ephemeral character, which are identified with the name of Harriet Martineau. Of these the best known, perhaps, are her "Essay on British India" (1851); "The Factory Controversy; a Warning against Meddling Legislation" (1855); "Corporate Tradition" and "National Rights and Local Dues on Shipping" (1857); "Endowed Schools in Ireland" (1859); "England and her Soldiers"—a work on the vexed question of Army Reform (1859); and "Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft," a collection of stray papers contributed to some of the leading serials of the day.

At her charming home near Ambleside, so long as health and strength remained to her, Miss Martineau rejoiced to entertain a circle of attached literary and political friends, and to receive the visits of such strangers, both English and foreign, as cared to travel in order to gratify some higher interests than those of mere pleasure. From mere pleasure, apart from the business of life, and to mere pleasure-seekers and idlers and triflers, she had an unconquerable aversion; but if any one sought to benefit his fellow-creatures, high or low, rich or poor, and to lead a useful life as a social being, and a member of the busy hive of English labour, or, indeed, of humanity at large, to him or to her the doors of Miss Martineau's house and of her heart were at once open. To the last, in spite of a painful chronic illness, she took the greatest interest in every movement which had for its object the social, physical, and moral improvement of the world in which her lot was cast, and she corresponded largely with the various leaders of such movements, who seldom sought in vain for her counsel and advice. If any lady of the 19th century, in England or abroad, may be allowed to put in a claim for the credit of not having lived in vain, that woman, we honestly believe, was Harriet Martineau.

DUC DE SALDANHA.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1876.)

The Duc de Saldanha, whose death yesterday morning from congestion of the brain we have to announce to-day, was born so long ago that, when he was recently stated to be ill, many well-informed people may have been startled to find that he was still alive, and now that he has passed away he almost seems to have belonged to another age. He was at one time the most prominent of Portuguese statesmen, and his career was so eventful as to be worthy of a place beside that of Espartero. Saldanha was, in truth, the Espartero of Portugal; but he played his part on a more provincial stage. Wretched as the political contests of Spain have been for half a century, they have, on the whole, been somewhat less contemptible than those civil wars of Portugal in which Dom Miguel stands for Don Carlos. Saldanha was once, however, the chief figure on the side of the reigning family. Now a victorious General, now a Prime Minister, now an exile, and then a dictator in all but the name, he went through such a circle of vicissitudes as we can find only in the politics of the Peninsula. His career is as remarkable for the space it covers as for the events it includes. It is rather startling to remember that he was old enough to have served in the army during the French occupation, that he gave a great deal of trouble to Canning, that he was the hero of the famous expedition to Terceira, that he was an exile in England nearly fifty years ago, and yet that he has now died as Portuguese Minister in this country. A considerable interest is given to his story by the fact that so much of it has been connected with England.

Saldanha was born on the 15th of

November, about the year 1790 ; but the exact date does not seem to be above dispute. His family was noble ; and, being the grandson of a man famous in Portuguese history, the Marquis de Pombal, he had an easy introduction to public life. But in his youth Portugal gave slender chance of a public career for anybody. First came the French occupation, and then the presence of the English army. After the restoration of peace, Lord Beresford and a party of English officers virtually disposed of the military forces, and were believed to be also the masters of the Government. King John VI. had gone to Brazil, leaving the supreme power to a Regency, which did not consult the national will. There was a revolution, and a somewhat slavish copy was made of the Democratic Constitution with which the Spaniards had tried to replace despotic rule. The return of the King, a counter revolution, and the virtual declaration of independence by Brazil are events which fill the next few years with weary strife. The King himself was a well-meaning but feeble creature, ready to obey any constitution that the Cortes might frame, but too afraid of his wife and his second son to be master of his own actions. Queen Charlotte was a woman of violent and despotic temper. She allowed herself to be banished from the kingdom, or at least from the capital, rather than sign a constitution which took away much of the Royal power. Her second son, Dom Miguel, was like herself in temper and beneath her in the brutality of his nature. The worthy pair made some astonishing efforts to get the Royal power into their own hands. They once shut up the King in his palace, pretending that his life was in danger, and he was rescued only by a deputation of Ambassadors, headed by the Papal Nuncio. The scene was one of the most astonishing pictures even of Portuguese story. Soon afterwards he had to take refuge on board an English ship of war. The Court of Lisbon was a small Pandemonium in those days. When the King died, the Regency fell to his daughter, Princess Isabella Maria, pending the decision of his eldest son, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. The Constitution of Brazil required that Prince to choose between Brazil and Portugal. He chose the American throne, and gave the European one to his young daughter, Donna Maria, but he provided that she should marry her uncle, Dom Miguel. Meanwhile Portugal was plunging into fresh troubles. A new Constitution had been passing through the Cortes, and the Queen and Dom Miguel had been actively conspiring to seize the throne.

Now begins the prominent part of Saldanha's career. He had remained in Portugal after the approach of the French soldiers had made the King abandon his subjects in a cowardly fashion and take refuge in Brazil. Saldanha, however, submitted to the invaders, like most other Portuguese, and it is recorded that in 1810 he fell into the hands of Wellington, who caused him to be sent to England. Passing to Brazil, he served in the army, and he did not come back to his native country until the King had returned to accept the position of a Constitutional Monarch. Saldanha's rise then became rapid. In 1825 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and after the death of John VI. he was made Governor of Oporto. His position gave him great power in 1826, when, as we have already said, the Miguelites were conspiring to overthrow the Constitutional party and keep Dom Pedro's daughter off the throne. Saldanha did much to put down the friends of Dom Miguel, and he was naturally made Minister of War. The year 1826 was one of the most stormy in his whole life. The new Constitution of Portugal being too Liberal to suit the tastes of the Spanish Court, the Miguelites found powerful friends there, and the Minister of War had soon to take the field against them in person. He found little or no opposition in the field, but when he came back to Lisbon he was seized with a violent illness, which was supposed to prove that he had reason to dread more subtle enemies than open foes. It was believed that he had been poisoned, and suspicion fell on some clerical allies of Dom Miguel and Queen Charlotte. He recovered only to find that the Miguelites had thrown off all disguise and were in open rebellion. But at this stage came the intervention of England. The English Ministry contended that our treaty with Portugal bound us to protect her against foreign foes, and that, as Dom Miguel was covertly aided by Spain, we must protect the independence of the country. An expedition being hastily sent off to Lisbon, the Spanish Court drew back, and the Miguelites soon dispersed. Meanwhile, the illness of Saldanha had forced him to withdraw from the Ministry, but a mutiny among the soldiers at Elvas brought calls for the return of so resolute and energetic a spirit to power, and, obey-

ing the summons, he showed that he was worthy of it by the vigour with which he suppressed the revolt and brought the culprits to trial. But his Ministerial colleagues were jealous of his power and popularity. They complained that he acted as if he alone were the Government, and they hinted that he designed to supplant the Regent. They also complained that a love of notoriety and a want of dignity had made him run to the theatre with the news of the victory over the mutinous troops and read the despatch aloud to the audience. But Saldanha was not to be put down by such a protest, and, telling the Princess Regent she must choose between him and his colleagues, he managed to get rid of them. His triumph, however, was short-lived. Dom Miguel continued to plot, and he had won over to his side some high officials. Saldanha was certain that the chief of the traitors was Bastos, the Intendant of Police, and he urged the Regent to dismiss him. But the Regent had begun to fear the power of her Prime Minister, and instead of instantly signing the decree of dismissal, she carried it to her country house for consideration. Hurrying to her presence, Bastos and his friends accused Saldanha of revolutionary ambition, declaring that he was an agent of the Jacobins and the secret societies. Hence the Princess dismissed her best friend, and he instantly sought refuge in England. Lisbon was not a safe place of residence for a fallen Minister. The Press was gagged lest it should speak well of him. Then followed a weary season of misrule. Dom Pedro being so ill advised as to confer the Regency on Dom Miguel, the supreme power passed into the hands of Queen Charlotte; the new Regent evaded the duty of swearing to observe the Constitution; and then there began a period of usurpation, Dom Miguel openly taking the title of King. The violence of his temper led to an extraordinary scene between him and his sister. Believing that she had sent her jewels to England in order to put them beyond his reach, he rushed to her chamber in a fit of mad passion and menaced her with a loaded pistol. She flung him off in the struggle, and his Chamberlain rushed to defend her. Dom Miguel stabbed him in the arm, and, in the madness of his fury, fired at the Princess. She escaped, but the ball killed a servant by her side. Such was Dom Miguel, and such were the incidents of his Court. Meanwhile, in ignorance of his treachery, the real heir of the throne, Donna Maria of Brazil, was on her way to Portugal; but when she learnt the conduct of the man who was to have been her husband she went to England. At this stage Saldanha is the chief figure in a chapter of our naval and political history which Englishmen would wish to forget. Fitting out a warlike expedition he and other military refugees in England sailed from Portsmouth, giving out that they were bound for Brazil; but in reality they sailed for Terceira, a place which had never accepted the rule of Dom Miguel. Thus, the English Ministry believed they had committed a breach of neutrality, and our fleet was ordered to prevent them from landing. Hence the ship Ranger fired at Saldanha's vessel, killing one man and wounding another. He made an indignant protest against the aid thus given to the Miguelites; the conduct of the Tory Ministry was held up to reprobation in France and in all the countries which had any sympathy with Liberal ideas; and the explosion of anger in our own Parliament was quickened by the official declaration of Dom Miguel himself that the conduct of England had been above all praise.

The English Government displayed no such activity when Dom Pedro—who had resigned the throne of Brazil in favour of his son, and had come to Europe to restore the rights of his daughter—sailed from Liverpool for Belleisle at the head of a second military expedition. Saldanha did not go with him, but, when Dom Pedro had gained possession of Oporto, he distinguished himself in the defence of that town against the Miguelites. Dom Pedro was able to enlist English sailors in his service, and one of them, Admiral Napier, destroyed the opposing fleet. Another displayed an equally English characteristic by resenting Dom Pedro's haughty airs and keeping the fleet in pawn until the officers and men should be paid. During the weary months of the war Saldanha gained, on the whole, more distinction than any other soldier. It was he who, in concert with the Duke of Terceira, forced Dom Miguel to submit and to sign a convention of surrender on the 26th of May, 1834. Scarcely a month afterwards the usurper formally declared the compact to be null and void; but by that time the rights of the young Queen were secure. Saldanha, who had become a Duke and a Marshal, was made Prime Minister. A fresh set of troubles, however, was brought to the country by new and bitter quarrels about the Constitution, and by the jealousy

with which the governing classes regarded the power that the Queen had given to her second husband, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. He insisted on the fulfilment of the pledge in the marriage treaty that he should be made Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He insisted all the more, perhaps, because the same condition had been exacted by her first husband. The Cortes violently protested against such a surrender of power into the hands of a foreigner, but the Ministers yielded to the importunities of the Court, and the Prince signified his rights to the army in a proclamation marked by unwise haughtiness. The knot was cut by the dissolution of the Cortes. Fresh battles about the Constitution, a military revolution, and the surrender of the Queen disturbed the year 1836. Saldanha, who had left office in the previous year because he had no sufficient majority in the Chambers, was again pushed to the front by his restless spirit. In 1837 he supported a rebellion which was secretly favoured by the Queen, and the object of which was to replace the existing Constitution by the less democratic charter which Dom Pedro had granted in 1826. Thus he fell under the ban of the Liberals, and hence he had to undergo another long exile in England. In 1846 he again, however, suddenly became the first man in Portugal. Sent for by the Queen and made Minister of War, he distinguished himself by the vigour with which he opposed another insurrection. The next year was also a most stormy one in his life. The Miguelites joined their forces to the other discontented subjects of Queen Maria, and Saldanha himself took the field. Although he gained a considerable success at Torres Vedras, the struggle was so threatening to Portugal as again to demand, in the opinion of the English Ministry, foreign intervention. When the Quadruple Alliance restored peace, Saldanha obtained a new lease of power. But he owed much of it to the tactics of his rival, then the first of Portuguese statesmen, Costa-Cabral, the Comte de Thomar. Costa-Cabral had been received with great favour by his countrymen on coming back from exile in 1847, and the elections had, perhaps, given him a majority in the Cortes; yet for a time he was content to support Saldanha. The Marshal, however, rapidly lost favour by the vacillation of his opinions, his inability to manage the details of public business, and the helpless way in which he allowed the financial business to fall into confusion. He therefore resigned in 1849, and Costa-Cabral took his place. For a couple of years he was content to revenge himself on his rival by the bitterness of his attacks. Thus he lost the favour of the Queen, and even his political friends fell away from him. But in 1851 another turn of the revolutionary wheel again made him supreme. In a letter publicly addressed to his old companion-in-arms, the Duke of Terceira, he accused Costa-Cabral of "prevarications, peculations, and continued infractions of the Constitution." The proclamation was almost frantic in the violence of its appeals to the Duke to save the State by forcibly driving Costa-Cabral from power. The Duke did not respond, and for a time nobody seemed inclined to support Saldanha. His prospects were so dark that he had to hide himself to escape an arrest which might have been very embarrassing. But the people of Oporto stood by their old Governor, and in a moment they made another marvellous change in his fortunes. Taking his side, they helped to turn the tide of popular feeling; the soldiery declared themselves in favour of their former chief, and the excitement was so menacing that Costa-Cabral had to fly. Making the best of the situation, the Queen telegraphed to Oporto for Saldanha, urging him to come to Lisbon immediately, as "the good of the State" required his presence. Thus did he once more become Prime Minister. He held office until 1856, when he was again dismissed on account of differences of opinion between him and the new Monarch, Pedro II. As the leader of the Opposition in the Cortes, he became as restless as ever. In 1861 a dangerous illness checked his activity, and little more was heard of him beyond the confines of Portugal until 1869, when he went to Paris as Minister. But he resigned a post which kept him away from the intrigues of Lisbon, and he has had a hand in all the subsequent half-military, half-political changes of the Court. He headed a successful military demonstration in 1870, and once more became Prime Minister; but he resigned the office in February, 1871, and came as Minister to England, where he has died. Most of his struggles were for petty or personal objects, and all his restless activity was expended in a very confined sphere. Nevertheless, his life possesses considerable interest as that of a man who for 50 years was a central figure in the civil wars and political agitations of Portugal.

SIR TITUS SALT.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876.)

The death of Sir Titus Salt occurred yesterday afternoon at Crow Nest, his seat near Bradford, after a lingering illness. His age was 73.

Sir Titus Salt was born on the 20th of September, 1803, at the old Manor-house, Morley. His father, who was a woolstapler, moved with his family from Morley to Crofton, near Wakefield, and at Heath Grammar School, near that town, his son received his education. It was just at the time when the worsted manufacture was beginning to rise from a domestic operation to a factory institution; and as the change was distasteful to the older stuff manufacturers in the district around Wakefield, the trade shifted its quarters and settled at Bradford. Among those who moved with it were Daniel Salt and his family. The father continued to confine himself to the purchase and sale of wool. The more ambitious son determined to attempt the manufacture of stuffs, and gave the first intimation of his speciality in the utilizing of raw materials heretofore unappreciated. The wool called "Donskoi," from the south-eastern parts of Russia, grown on the banks of the River Don, was a coarse and tangled material, then considered unavailable for purposes of manufacture. How to overcome the difficulties of spinning and weaving this article was the first problem Mr. Titus Salt set himself to solve. For this purpose he set up his machinery in what was known as Thompson's Mill, Silsbridge-lane, Bradford. Successful in this enterprise, he extended his operations in this and other branches of the worsted manufacture, and added a large factory in Union-street. His trade grew rapidly under his hands, and in a few years he was carrying on his works not only in the two places just named, but also at Hollings' Mill, Silsbridge lane; at Brick-lane Mill, and in Fawcett-court. It was in the year 1836 that he achieved his greatest success, in becoming for practical purposes the discoverer of the wool or hair now known in almost all parts of the civilized world as alpaca. The existence of the animal called the paca, or alpaca, had indeed been known nearly 300 years before, and its long fleeces were boasted of by the Spanish Governors of Peru in the 16th century. But no one in England had operated upon the article with much success, and it was shown to Mr. Salt by a Liverpool broker as a novelty in 1836.

While thus founding his private fortunes, he was not unmindful of his more public obligations. He was elected Mayor of Bradford in 1848, and discharged the duties of that office with punctuality and efficiency. Meanwhile his reputation as a manufacturer was advancing, and the increased demand for his goods rendered necessary improved facilities for their production. Accordingly, in 1851, the year of the "Great Exhibition," the works at Saltaire were commenced. They were opened on the 20th of September, 1853, the 50th anniversary of their owner's birthday, on which occasion he gave in one of the vast rooms of the factory a banquet, at which he entertained 2,500 workpeople. The works started with such *éclat* received subsequently various additions and improvements, and furnish employment to a very large number of persons, for whose accommodation he erected the dwellings now grown into the town of Saltaire. These comprised, at the last census taken, 820 houses, occupied by 4,389 persons. In 1859 he erected the Congregational church at Saltaire. In 1863, by erecting buildings for baths and wash-houses, he provided for the cleanliness and consequent self-respect of his workpeople. He had before this furnished them with facilities for the education of their children by building a large schoolroom; but as, with the extension of his works and the increase in the numbers of his workpeople, this provision had in his judgment become inadequate, he built a fresh range of schoolrooms in 1868, with accommodation for 750 scholars. During the past summer a new Sunday school was built by Sir Titus in connexion with the Saltaire Congregational church, costing, with site, nearly £10,000. It may be mentioned, also, that he contributed in a munificent manner towards the cost of the handsome Congregational church at Lightcliffe, and has very recently offered a site for a Board School at Saltaire.

A hospital and infirmary have also been added to his erections, so that the needs of the sick might be relieved; while for the widows and aged he provided 45 alms-

houses, with a lawn and shrubbery in front, all so neatly kept as to be models of cleanliness and comfort. The married couples receive 10s. per week, the unmarried inmates 7s. 6d. In 1871 a beautiful park, 14 acres in extent, on the banks of the River Aire, and within an easy distance of the factory and the town, was given by Sir Titus Salt for the use of the public; and in November of the following year a large and handsome building was provided by him to serve as a Club and Institute, where a large library is to be found, evening classes assemble, lectures on science and literature are delivered, and the games of chess and billiards may be played.

In the year 1859 he was elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Bradford. So long as he filled this post he attended regularly the sittings of the House of Commons, but the post was somewhat of an irksome one to him, and he resigned his office in 1861 and came back to his admiring followers and friends. Previous to entering Parliament, however, he had filled a number of important public offices. Besides being a magistrate for the borough of Bradford, he was appointed on the Commission of the Peace for the West Riding, and was also made a deputy-lieutenant of the Riding. In 1857 he filled the office of President of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce. In September, 1869, the Queen conferred a baronetcy upon him—an act which was universally recognized as a well-merited bestowal of the Royal favour. During the last few years he has lived in retirement at Crow Nest, although never relinquishing his connexion with the works at Saltaire. During the 23 years over which the history of Saltaire now extends there have been many public manifestations of the high esteem in which Sir Titus Salt was held both by his own workpeople and the public generally. On the 20th of September, 1856, a marble bust of Sir Titus, executed by Mr. T. Milnes, was presented to him by the people of Saltaire. In July, 1869, the residents of the almshouses presented him with a pair of gold spectacles and a silver-mounted staff. In September, 1870, two silver-plated corner dishes were given to him by the children of Saltaire. An oil portrait of himself, painted by Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., was subscribed for in 1871, and on the 26th of August in that year was presented to him in the Bradford Mechanics' Institute, along with an address expressing in flattering terms the affection and esteem of the subscribers. In 1829 Sir Titus married Caroline, daughter of Mr. George Whitlam, of Grimsby, by whom he had a family of 11 children.

Sir Titus Salt's public donations during the last quarter of a century have amounted to many hundred thousand pounds. The estimate of a man's charitableness of nature is not, of course, to be formed merely from the money value of his gifts. But those who were best acquainted with Sir Titus Salt knew that he felt genuine compassion for distress, however much it might be unconsciously veiled by an outward appearance of impassiveness and reserve. Though unable, from advancing years and physical infirmity, to take a prominent part in public matters, his influence and his purse were ever at the disposal of patriotism and benevolence. He remained true to the Liberal political opinions he had formed in his youth. He had been a Radical reformer ever since he attained to manhood, and he was not a person to give up convictions that had become part of his character. A conscientious Dissenter when comparatively poor, he would not throw aside his religion when he got rich. And, having always sympathized with the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, his practical manifestations of the feeling increased with his power of exhibiting them.

SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1877.)

Sir William Fergusson, whose death we record to-day, was born at Prestonpans, in East Lothian, on the 20th of March, 1808, so that he had not quite completed his 69th year. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and passed from the School into the University, with the intention of ultimately practising the law; but he soon abandoned this intention in favour of the more congenial pursuit of surgery, in which he was destined to become pre-

eminently distinguished. Even as a pupil, Fergusson displayed the manual dexterity for which he was so remarkable in after life; and this quality attracted the attention of his great teacher, Robert Knox, who sought and secured his services as Demonstrator of Anatomy. Those were the days before the passing of Warburton's Anatomy Act, when teachers were dependent upon the so-called "resurrection-men" for a supply of subjects; and soon after the commencement of Fergusson's career as a demonstrator the storm caused by the discovery of the murders perpetrated by Burke and Hare burst upon the Edinburgh school. Knox was compelled to fly for his life; but his more fortunate assistant succeeded in passing through the trouble of the time unscathed. He taught anatomy with great earnestness for many years, and devoted much of his spare time to the preparation of dissections, which are still preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh as examples of his skill; but he constantly looked forward to surgery as his eventual calling, and as early as 1831 he began to deliver surgical lectures as one of those extra-academical teachers from among whom the list of Edinburgh Professors is usually recruited. He was appointed Surgeon to the Royal Public Dispensary, where he soon became noted for his skill and dexterity as an operator; and upon the removal of Mr. Liston to London, in 1835, he was left with no rival in his own department, excepting Mr. Syme. In 1836 he became Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, and in 1840, when King's College Hospital was established in London, the then Professor of Surgery in King's College, Mr. Arnott, decided to relinquish the chair rather than to quit the Middlesex Hospital; and it became necessary to find a successor. The rival institution, University College Hospital, had so largely profited by the accession of Mr. Liston, and by his fame as an operator, that the Council of King's College not unnaturally turned their eyes northward and made proposals to Fergusson. After some negotiation he accepted the post of surgeon to the hospital and the Professorship, and settled in Dover-street. Having at first no professional following, and with the expenses of a family pressing upon him, he, like others, found the road to success a steep and difficult one, and it was only the possession of some private fortune through his wife which enabled him to hold his ground. Before long, however, medical practitioners began to flock to King's College Hospital in order to witness the performance of operations with a dexterity equal to that of Liston, and with a certain finish and carefulness which Liston had never displayed. In 1842 Fergusson published the first edition of his work on "Practical Surgery," which has since been the text-book of many generations of students, and which exerted well-deserving influence upon his success as a consulting surgeon. The medical school of King's College was also a constant source of practice, for its numerous pupils carried the name of their teacher to every part of the world.

Fergusson was in many respects much aided by fortune. Sir Astley Cooper died, full of years and honours, in 1842; Liston was cut off in his prime in 1847; and Aston Key, the most brilliant operator of the day, fell a victim to cholera in 1849. Sir Benjamin Brodie, who had never been remarkable as an operator, was glad in his later days to commit many cases which required the use of the knife to the hands of younger surgeons, and thus Fergusson soon found himself almost without a rival in London in his own department of the profession. He was fully equal to the position in which he was placed, and rose rapidly in the estimation of the public. His fine, handsome person and winning manners were passports to the confidence of his patients, and his unhesitating adoption of ether and chloroform as soon as these agents were introduced into practice not only enabled him to accomplish more than had been possible to his predecessors, but to do this without the infliction of pain. His powerful hand rendered him especially fitted to deal with large and formidable tumours in a way which had never before been attempted, and, at the same time, his refinement of touch gave him great advantages in the performance of more delicate operations, among which those for the cure of deformities of the mouth, such as hare lip and cleft palate, were particularly remarkable for the improvements which he introduced and for the increased success which attended them. His greatest surgical work, however, was in the treatment of diseased joints, and generally in the treatment which he called by the apt name of "conservative surgery." To him is almost entirely due the modern practice of removing the actual disease of a joint only, in cases which, before his time, would have been treated by amputation of the whole of the affected limb.

In 1843 Fergusson was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and soon afterwards a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1849 he was chosen to succeed Mr. Aston Key as surgeon to the Prince Consort; in 1855 he was appointed Surgeon-Extraordinary, and in 1867 Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen. In 1865 Her Majesty was pleased to elevate him to a baronetcy, the offer being conveyed in very flattering terms by the then Prime Minister, Earl Russell. Sir William was President of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1870; and previously, but for a few years only, had held office as an Examiner, the duties of which post were not congenial to him. In 1863-64 he was Professor of Human Anatomy and Surgery to the College, when he delivered two valuable courses of lectures on the progress of surgery, which were afterwards published; and in 1871 he was Hunterian orator.

As a surgeon, Sir William Fergusson was both enterprising and cautious. Fully reliant upon himself, he could often venture to perform operations which others had declined to undertake; and his perfect self-possession in the most trying emergencies has more than once converted into a surgical triumph what might in other hands have been a catastrophe. Deliberate in his movements, he yet completed his work more rapidly than more showy operators; since no action of his hand was thrown away, and no step had ever to be retraced. Thoroughly painstaking in his attention to details whenever such attention was likely to contribute to success, he despised the fussiness of complicated instruments and apparatus, and employed the simplest means for the accomplishment of the ends which he had in view. With an apparently intuitive knowledge of what ought to be done in a given case, he was not fond of long explanations or elaborate statements either to patients or to their friends; and his favourite phrase that he would "do a little something" was often applied to some of the most formidable proceedings in surgery. This reticence rendered his teaching a matter rather of example than of precept. Though not without a certain native eloquence on subjects which deeply interested him, he lacked clearness as a lecturer, and his speeches on public occasions hardly carried the weight to which they were entitled by the position of the speaker. Kind of heart, and ready to help all who were in need, he was endeared to his many pupils and friends; and, fond of society, he acted the host both in George-street and at his Scottish home in Peeblesshire with geniality and genuine hospitality. His death leaves a blank in his profession which will not be easily filled, even though the event has now for some months been expected and foreseen. The immediate cause of his death was renal disease, from which he had long suffered, insomuch that his recovery was almost despaired of in the spring of 1876. He so far rallied, however, as to spend some months in Scotland, and within the last few weeks he has been able to see a few of his old patients who wished for his advice. The symptoms then returned in great severity, and he died at his house in George-street on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock.

M. THIERS.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1877.)

Very few men have played so conspicuous a part in the great arena of European politics as the statesman whose death we profoundly regret to have to record today.

M. Thiers was born, if we may believe the statements often made while he was alive to contradict them, the son of either a small locksmith or a poor dock labourer at Marseilles. Be this, however, true or false, it is certain that his parents were descended from a stock belonging to the plebeian part of the community, the village *bourgeoisie*. Marseilles was the place of his birth; and its date was the 16th of April, 1797. He was baptized by the names of Louis Adolphe. His education he owed (according to Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*) to a "bourse" or exhibition, which took him when young to the Lycée of his native city. This help he gained, it is said, through the influence of his mother, who was a member of the well-known family of Chénier. He was brought up in the Protestant faith, to which it is said his

parents before him belonged; but little respecting the early struggles of his life has transpired, except that on leaving his Lycée, at 18 years of age, he studied law, with more or less success, at Aix, and two years later "passed as an *avocat*."

M. Thiers now engaged in the contests of political controversy, and became a member of the circle who assembled in the well-known political *salons* of the banker, Laffitte. Such was his position when, in 1829, the Bourbon dynasty, in its last phase, under Charles X., with Polignac as his Minister, blundered into their fatal conflict with the defenders of "the Charter." M. Thiers joined Armand Carrel and his old friend Mignet in founding and editing the *National*, in which he wielded his pen most effectively in the cause of "Constitutional liberty." It was at this period that M. Thiers invented, or, at all events, put into currency, the well-known phrase, *Le Roi règne et ne gouverne pas*—a phrase which cannot be well surpassed in neatness and precision, as expressing the creed of citizens living under a Constitutional Monarchy of our English type and pattern. But Charles X. and his advisers did not understand or appreciate it in the 19th century any more than our own King Charles I. had understood it two centuries before. M. Thiers did his part, along with other men of still greater standing than himself, to carry on that contest against the Royal prerogative which brought about the "Revolution of July." But he endeavoured at that time to dissuade the people from actual insurrection, thinking that, whatever course was abstractedly true and right, they had not then the strength to insure success. The people, however, showed that they knew their own "strength" better than M. Thiers; they raised the standard of the tricolor and flew to the barricades, and found their cause crowned with success. It should be mentioned here that on the day of the promulgation of the famous "Ordinances" (July 26) it was M. Thiers who was commissioned by the Liberal Deputies and journalists of Paris to draw up a formal protest against them. It was he, too, who, on the abdication of Charles, proposed the nomination of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, to fill the vacant throne. It was he, too, who went to Neuilly along with the painter, Ary Scheffer, the personal friend of the Duchess of Orleans, to convey the offer of the Crown to her husband, who happened at the moment to be away from home.

At first, however, under the new *régime*, being returned as Deputy for Aix, he showed no ambition for any high office, but contented himself with the very subordinate post of Assistant-Secretary of State for the Finance Department, the head of which was his friend Laffitte the wealthy banker, the Baring, Rothschild, or Overstone of Paris at that date. Under him, and supported by him, however, he soon made his presence and his power felt, and entered heart and soul upon the task of reforming the whole French system of Finance. He now acquired a high degree of Parliamentary influence and importance, as being acknowledged on all sides to be one of the ablest debaters in the Legislative Assembly. "Gifted by nature with a small figure and a weak voice," wrote one who knew him at this time, "M. Thiers's power is not that of a physical, but of an intellectual presence, With a mind wonderfully swift, sharp, clear, and acute within a certain range of thought, adroit in logical discussion, in rhetorical insinuation, in the statement of a case for effect, he pays attention to every subject of political or administrative interest as it arises in France, and makes the most of it, turning it always to account in some way or other." This was especially true of his career for the first ten years of Louis Philippe's reign, when his amazing activity was shown in the long list of political measures with which he was concerned, either as deviser, promoter, or opponent, whether in or out of office, proving himself the most versatile of the statesmen of his time. With the fall of the Laffitte Ministry, M. Thiers resigned office, and, somewhat to the surprise of his political friends, now figured in the Chamber as a fervent opponent of the programme of his successor, speaking in favour of an hereditary peerage, and supporting various measures of repression directed against the Ultra-Revolutionary party. In October, 1832, he succeeded M. Casimir-Périer as Minister of the Interior (in which capacity it fell to his lot to arrest the Duchesse de Berri in La Vendée), but exchanged that post within a few months for the Ministry of Commerce and of Public Works. In consequence, however, of the growing activity of the Ultra-Revolutionary party, M. Thiers soon returned to the Ministry of the Interior, and had the satisfaction of putting down an insurrection at Lyons and another in Paris without any great effusion of blood. He held this position—his unpopularity with the pronounced

Republicans being augmented by the zeal with which he enforced the "Laws of September" against the Press, which were enacted after the dastardly attempt of Fieschi and his "infernal machine" against the life of the Citizen King—until the commencement of 1836, when he gained the summit of his ambition, being appointed to the President of the Council, together with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. But Louis Philippe chose not only to "reign," but to "govern" as well; and, as M. Thiers could not persuade the King to second his own ambitious schemes of intervention in Spain, he resigned.

At the end of this decade M. Thiers was authorized by the King—upon whom he had been forced by the flowing tide of circumstances—to form a new Ministry; and as he had a very large majority of supporters in the Chamber, he might have long maintained his position as the "foremost man in France," if it had not been for his proclivity to embroil himself in contests with foreign Powers. His lease of place and power, consequently, on this occasion was brief. Thinking fit to flatter the national vanity, or to conciliate the Bonapartist party, he arranged (with the consent of England) to fetch the body of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, where it was re-interred with great pomp and magnificence in the Hospital of Les Invalides. One immediate consequence of this act was the landing of Louis Napoleon in the August of the same year with his "Eagle" and his proclamation of "the Empire," an effort which had no more immediate success than the former abortive effort of the Prince at Strasburg four years before. But a further natural effect of it was to be seen in the excitement in France of an ignorant wish to avenge upon England the real or fancied wrongs suffered by the fallen Emperor upon that rock in the Atlantic where we had kept him imprisoned. As Lord Palmerston was in office here when M. Thiers became War Minister at Paris, it was at one time probable that a pretext for raising a war-cry would soon be at hand. This pretext arose in the occupation of Egypt and Syria by Mohammed Ali Pasha, whom M. Thiers chose as his assistant in an effort to wrest those dominions from the hands of the Sultan of Turkey.

But events were unpropitious, and, accordingly, M. Thiers resigned in October, 1840, and gave place to M. Guizot, retiring into private life, and devoting himself to the labour of collecting materials for his intended "History of the Consulate and the Empire," to which he looked forward as the *magnum opus* of his life. Thenceforth peace between France and Europe was tolerably safe under Louis Philippe, although the scheme of fortifying Paris, which M. Thiers had announced as necessary, could not well be abandoned, and, in fact, was fully developed in 1841 by a Committee which was presided over by M. Thiers, though out of office. From this date down to the year 1848 M. Thiers continued to act as leader of the "Centre Left Opposition" in the Chamber, advocating a "Liberal domestic policy," together with a restless interference and defiance of England and Austria in foreign affairs.

The Revolution of February found him dressed in the uniform of a National Guard—in spite of his diminutive stature—and carrying a musket in the streets of Paris. He was invited, along with M. Odillon-Barrot, to make an effort "to save the Monarchy," but the invitation came too late for him to respond to its call. At that crisis his chief efforts in the cause of order, in antagonism to the Communists and Socialists, were the publication of his treatise, "Du Droit de Propriété," and in the following year of another of a kindred nature, entitled "Du Communisme." Elected to the Assembly for the Department of the Lower Seine in the June following the Revolution, he attached himself to the Moderate party, and opposed the Socialist principles of the day with all his eloquence. It is worthy of note that, in spite of having up to that time opposed Prince Louis Napoleon's pretensions to the Presidency of the Republic, he now gave his vote in his favour. But this he probably did because, though never a Republican at heart, he accepted the Republic and desired to give it a Conservative turn and tendency. With the same strong Conservative feeling working within him, he supported the French intervention at Rome, and, though not a Catholic, he upheld against all Radicals, Republicans, and other enemies the temporal power of the Pope as a matter of policy necessary in order to insure the peace of Europe. In 1850, with the aid of the Conservative majority, he helped to carry the restriction of universal suffrage, in order to prevent, if possible, the re-election of the Prince-President. At this time Louis Napoleon had become obnoxious to that party, who suspected him of a secret design to seize upon absolute power; while he, on the other hand,

suspected them of an intention to restore the Orleans Monarchy, if they could see a chance of doing so. Such being the case, M. Thiers, in spite of his vote the year before, had become by the force of circumstances one of the Prince's chief antagonists; and, consequently, when the *Coup d'Etat* of December, 1851, was struck, M. Thiers was one of those leading statesmen whose arrest was ordered and carried into effect. He was seized and forcibly taken out of his bed at an early hour of the morning, and, by the Prince's order, confined for some days in the prison of Mazas. He was, however, soon released, sent off to Strasburg by railway under guard, and set free on the other side of the Rhine. He now sought a refuge and a home at Frankfort, where he wisely made the most of his time by paying visits, for the purposes of his History, to the chief battle-fields of the Empire. In August, 1852, however, he availed himself of Louis Napoleon's permission to return to Paris; but it was not until after the appearance of the Imperial decree of November 24, 1860, that he was able, with any appearance of self-respect, to resume his place in the arena of politics. Entering the Corps Législatif, after the adoption of a more Liberal Constitution for the Empire, he attached himself to the Opposition, and made many effective speeches, particularly in opposition to every approach to Free Trade, consistently and strenuously advocating a Protectionist commercial policy. He denounced the financial extravagance of the Imperial Government, and censured its wars in Italy and Mexico as political blunders, and also its abstinence from hostility towards Prussia in 1866, and incessantly protested against ignoring the movements made by the Italians and the Germans towards the completion of their national unity respectively. It cannot, therefore, be denied that M. Thiers was as much responsible as any of his countrymen for evoking the feelings of irritation which gave rise to the war against Prussia in 1870; and though he disapproved its actual declaration, it was not that he censured the war *per se*, but only because he thought the opportunity ill-chosen, since France was not adequately prepared.

When the Empire fell at Sedan and the German Generals pushed on to invest Paris, M. Thiers came again to the front, and was returned to the Assembly which professed to represent France, for a time at least, by more than 20 different departments, the aggregate number of votes recorded in his favour being upwards of a million. He now became, almost without seeking it, the foremost man in France. He was one of the few distinguished persons who had never held office under the late Emperor, and, such being the case, the nation saw at least one reason for accepting him as the *Deus ex machinâ* who should solve their difficulties and rid them of the invader. Were not the forts round Paris M. Thiers's work 40 years ago? And would he not be the saviour of the nation now? And during the war, when in his 75th year, did not the brave and courageous old man make the tour of all Europe in the winter, visiting London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Florence, in the hope—vain and idle as it proved—of persuading the neutral Courts to intervene with Germany on behalf of his fallen and defeated countrymen? Did he not, with the same object in view, hold parley with Count Bismarck in the Prussian camp before Paris? Thus the virtual dictatorship of France passed into his hands. He was declared President of the existing Executive Government, having the responsibility of selecting the members of his Administration.

He soon found, however, that it was not only the Germans with whom, as President of the Republic of France, he had to contend. Establishing his head-quarters at Versailles immediately after the evacuation of that fair city by the Prussian forces, he prepared to set to work without delay at the task of "reorganizing" France, her army, and her institutions, when he suddenly found himself confronted by the Communists, who had seized upon Paris as soon as the backs of the Prussians were turned. Aided by Marshal MacMahon, but only after a delay which enabled the Commune to burn down half the public buildings of Paris, and to murder her Archbishop and a number of helpless and unoffending priests and nuns, he was able to retake Paris, and in the end to restore order, though not until his own hotel in the Place de St. Georges had been razed to the ground. In spite, however, of all this discouragement, the brave old man never lost heart, and though, as soon as "order" and the forms of judicial trial could be observed, the Communists were brought to justice, we never heard it said that M. Thiers insisted on bringing any special vengeance down upon the heads of the ringleaders in that special act of *trahison*. In spite, it may be added, of a civil outbreak worse than foreign

war ; in spite of streets which had been made to run red with blood, M. Thiers contrived, as President of the Republic, to pay when due the first instalment of 20 millions which, on behalf of and in the name of the French people he had agreed to pay towards the war indemnity demanded by the German conquerors. It is to his credit, considering his Conservative tendencies and personal convictions, that, in spite of all temptation to adopt a reactionary policy, upon receiving at the hands of the Assembly a two years' lease of power, M. Thiers should have adhered strictly and loyally to the "Republic" of which he was the head, and should have neither worked in the interest of the Orleans dynasty nor have selfishly sought in any way to create himself a Dictator in name, though he really possessed a more absolute and irresponsible power than any Sovereign of France had done since the reign of Louis XIV. Occasionally during those two years rumours were spread to the effect that old age, or illness, or dissatisfaction with his colleagues, was about to tempt him to resign ; but he adhered with a steady and persistent vigour, like a far younger man, to the *rôle* which he had undertaken to play ; and it was not until in May, 1873, just as that lease was about to expire, and not long before seeing his last instalment of the crushing war indemnity paid, that he found himself threatened with being left in a minority, and, after months of anxious endeavours to work on in alliance with the Right and to rule above all party or parties, was driven from office. After his final retirement from the Presidency the voice of M. Thiers was not often heard in public ; but though he spent his leisure in the pursuit of those literary studies to which he had been devoted as a young man and in middle life, he was not the less regarded as the chief and centre of French Constitutionalism.

Whatever estimate we may form of the political capacity of M. Thiers as exemplified in the two years during which he practically held the dictatorship of France, it is certain that Marshal MacMahon spoke only the truth when, on proroguing the French Assembly in July, 1873, he ascribed to his predecessor in the Presidential chair the credit of having brought about the "great event" of ridding the French soil of the last of its German invaders. All classes of Frenchmen, from the highest to the lowest, as the Marshal then said, had contributed to this end, but the guiding spirit was M. Thiers himself. Nor, indeed, is this the extent of the debt of France to the ex-Dictator ; for it was he who "reorganized" that army on which Marshal MacMahon relied so confidently, next to God, for the restoration of order ; and he also established that public credit which enabled the country, in spite of its Communists, to pay the last shilling of the German ransom.

It was M. Thiers's boast to the last that he had striven during his tenure of power, and had striven not wholly without success, for the establishment of a "Conservative Republic." In a letter which he addressed to a friend, an inhabitant of the town of Nancy, a few days after the election of Marshal MacMahon, he said :—

"I have retired from public life because I have a strong conviction that party government in a country which is so sadly divided as ours was a mistake, and could but add to the existing divisions. A Government acting energetically against all disorder, and moderately, amicably, and peaceably towards all parties which are not factious, is the only Government capable of appeasing political passions and of restoring to France a certain amount of union and well-being. Consequently, I have preferred to retire rather than pursue a policy which was not my own, and which, in siding with the Right, was far from siding with the majority of the country. I turn to the repose of my books and to my friends, desiring nothing but the restoration of France."

But repose amid books and retirement from public life were conventional phrases, hardly, perhaps, meant to be taken very seriously. It was certain that when France again had need of M. Thiers he would be at her call. Thus, when all eyes turned to him after the Dissolution of the Chamber, the veteran statesman appeared to be quite ready to take the lead in opposing reaction, and his moderate speeches in the departments helped greatly to calm public feeling. During the last few weeks there has been overwhelming evidence to show that, in the opinion of the majority of his countrymen, the continuance of Republican institutions now offers the best guarantee for good order and good government in France. It was to him chiefly that this conviction was due, and it was on him also that the *bourgeoisie* chiefly relied for prudent counsel and wise forbearance in the moment of victory. To the Republican cause, therefore, his sudden death on the eve of the elections is a great blow. Other chiefs the Republicans have, but these

have not proved their moderation and self-control in high office, and are not sufficiently identified in the public mind with a policy which is Conservative as well as Republican. It depends on M. Gambetta's demeanour during the present crisis whether or not the death we to-day deplore of the one Republican statesman of European fame gives to the Marshal-President and his advisers the very opportunity they would have vainly sought during the life of M. Thiers, of standing before the French constituencies as the only present source of stability and safety for the Government of France.

(LEADING ARTICLE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1877.)

The death of M. THIERS has come upon France and upon Europe with a sense of suddenness which demonstrates the magnitude of the loss. A statesman who had passed his eightieth year, and who had taken a prominent part in public affairs for more than half a century, could not, in the natural course of things, look forward to the prolongation of his career. Yet so difficult was it to frame any theory of French politics without taking account of M. THIERS, that Frenchmen for the most part abandoned the attempt, and accepted his influence in every estimate of political probabilities. His position in this aspect was unique, but in many other respects it was scarcely less extraordinary. To his antagonists as well as to his followers and allies he was indispensable; no policy, Conservative or Republican, could be devised without reference to his peculiar claims. The Bonapartists, even when they affected to talk contemptuously of his services, showed by their restless animosity that they were enraged because they could not set aside his authority as obsolete or null. The Orleanists never forgave his desertion, as they chose to consider it, of the Constitutional Monarchy patronised by the Duc DE BROGLIE and they pursued him for this offence with a persistent malice that was the highest tribute to his power. With the Legitimists, as with the *ancien régime* which they represent, his quarrel was irreconcilable, for M. THIERS was emphatically a child of the Revolution of 1789, and, in spite of his Roman policy, the champions of divine right in Church and State could never pardon his practical and sceptical spirit. All these enmities were among the commonplaces of political discussion in France, and it is difficult to conceive how public questions will now be argued without reference to them. The respectful homage which M. THIERS attracted during the last four years from Republicans of every shade was, in its way, an equally remarkable testimony to his character. It was strange to see Radicals like M. GAMBETTA willingly accepting the leadership of the author of the Laws of September, the Chief of the reactionary Opposition in the Legislative Assembly of 1849, and the stern chastiser of the Communalist Insurrection. But M. THIERS was not only the centre towards which all the hopes and fears of French politicians converged; he was also the connecting link between many chapters of history in France which have been separated from one another by revolutionary catastrophes. In the Assembly at Versailles there was no one who like him had not only witnessed but borne a part in the strifes of the Restoration, the July Monarchy, the Republic of 1848, and the Second Empire. He had amassed a wealth of experience, he had attained to a plenitude of power and renown, such as none of his contemporaries had equalled. In spite of the burden of his eighty years, life, it seemed, was fresh in him as ever. Energy, subtlety, dexterity of management, brilliancy of intellectual display, were gifts as conspicuous in his age as in his youth. His ambition was not quenched, nor was his patriotism cooled. Fortune, indeed, appeared to open to him a new career of gratification to his generous vanity—he was too genuine a Frenchman not to be a little vain—and of service to his country. At this moment, when all men's eyes were turned upon him and the political destinies of France were dependent upon his authority with the nation death has laid him low.

There is a character of immaturity in this ending, which is now perhaps felt more acutely than it would have been twelve months ago. Then it was believed that Marshal MACMAHON would be content to work with Republican advisers and would gradually liberalize his policy. There was no immediate suggestion in the aspect of affairs that it might be necessary

to bring back M. THIERS to the helm. Yet even at that time Frenchmen rested in the unspoken but firmly held conviction that in case of need the country could rely upon the tried capacity, the long experience, the moderation, the prudence, and the political watchfulness of the statesman who had raised France from her abasement after the peace of 1871. Europe shared this confidence. The character of M. THIERS was an element of stability in the shifting politics of France, upon which foreign statesmen habitually reckoned. A loss such as this is nothing less than irreparable. So, indeed, it is felt to be in France, where the Government, with creditable promptitude, have decided to honour the memory of the illustrious dead with a State funeral, to be solemnized under the gilt dome of the Invalides, consecrated to those traditions of military glory of which M. THIERS was the most passionate devotee and the most eloquent rhapsodist. We cannot doubt that France will respond, as Paris has already responded, to this invitation to honour the most remarkable Frenchman the present generation has known. His country cannot forget the services that M. THIERS willingly rendered during the conflict with Germany and the years of depression which followed. Nor are Frenchmen unmindful of his earlier career, which is in truth an epitome of the history of France for more than half a century. Born upwards of eighty years ago, when the passions of the French Revolution were cooling, M. THIERS grew up from childhood to manhood under the iron rule of NAPOLEON. He was a lad of eighteen when Waterloo overthrew his Imperial hero. The return of the BOURBONS was distasteful to him ; his humble birth, his literary devotion to VOLTAIRE and the great *libres penseurs* of the 18th century, his independence of character and sharpness of wit threw him soon into opposition, literary as well as political. His historical works, no less than his journalism, were aimed at the BOURBONS, and his opportune boldness in protesting against the ill-fated *Ordonnances* of CHARLES X. gave him quick Ministerial promotion under the ORLEANS dynasty. He was only thirty-five when he became Minister of the Interior. Both in home and foreign affairs a certain restlessness allied with his sprightly intelligence made him rather a dangerous adviser, and he was never a favourite with the CITIZEN KING. But by the time he finally retired from office in 1840 he had established a reputation as a Parliamentary leader unsurpassed by that of any contemporary. As Chief of the Opposition during M. GUIZOT'S Administration M. THIERS'S fame as an orator increased, while at the same time his "History of the Consulate and the Empire"—the Napoleonic superstition—procured him an immense literary popularity. Under the Second Republic his credit waned, and it was only in part redeemed by his arrest on the night of the Second of December, 1851. For twelve years he, like other distinguished Frenchmen, held aloof from public affairs, which had passed into the hands of the PERSIGNYS and the MORNYS. But in 1863, when some small measure of freedom had been given back to France, M. THIERS reappeared as the champion of Parliamentary liberties in the Corps Législatif, and, though even then advanced in years, his perseverance, his skill in logical fence, his incisive wit, his mastery of phrases, and his imperturbable temper were the admiration of Europe. The Empire knew how dangerous an enemy he was, and hated him in proportion. At last the day of retribution came. M. THIERS, though unfortunately he had fanned the flame of Chauvinist jealousy in France, had protested against the declaration of war, and the subsequent collapse of the French arms struck him with anguish, but not astonishment. Then opened the most glorious chapter in his life. Refusing a place in the Government of the National Defence, the indomitable old man accepted the thankless and weary task of seeking to find an ally for his country among the European Powers. But the tortuous policy of NAPOLEON III. had too hopelessly entangled the web of diplomacy, and M. THIERS returned to France. He attempted to negotiate an armistice with the Germans in October, 1870, and had nearly succeeded when the insurrection broke out in Paris and defeated his plans. He was more successful in the following January, when, after the final ruin of French hopes, the Germans consented to suspend hostilities while the Bordeaux Assembly decided upon the question of peace or war.

M. THIERS was elected to the Assembly by 26 departments. His popularity was amazing. The majority named him Chief of the Executive Power, with full authority to conclude peace. In the negotiations with Germany he laboured hard to secure concessions for France, and it is to his persistence that the retention of Bel-

fort was due. His next task was more arduous. It was to deliver the soil of France as quickly as possible from the presence of the German Army of Occupation by paying off the enormous indemnity. To this work M. THIERS devoted all his powers. He strove to maintain a truce between contending parties in the State, so that credit might revive and trade flourish again; and after the suppression of the Communalist insurrection he found this for a while comparatively easy. The confidence which his administration inspired, and the energy with which he appealed to the public spirit of his countrymen, enabled him to achieve his most magnificent success, the loan of three milliards, which was subscribed for fourteen times over. With this assistance the Germans were paid out of the country much more rapidly than any one had supposed it possible, and very little to the satisfaction of Prince BISMARCK. This gigantic financial operation was almost finished when in May, 1873, M. THIERS was overthrown by a coalition of the Monarchical parties in the Assembly. The reason was obvious. In his Presidential Message of November, 1872, M. THIERS had declared in favour of the Republic as a definitive form of government for France, and the Monarchists perceived that unless they made haste the country might extend its confidence in M. THIERS to the Government he approved. His defeat did not disturb M. THIERS's equanimity. He took up a dignified position out of office, and, though his counsels were ever since of great weight with the Republican coalition, he abstained from interference in the ordinary conflicts of the political arena. No doubt this sagacious and scrupulous conduct brought him increased public confidence. Every blunder that was made by the advisers of Marshal MACMAHON, by the Duc DE BROGLIE, M. BUFFET, and M. DE FOURTOU, redounded to M. THIERS's advantage and to the profit of the party with which he had become more and more thoroughly identified. It is too early to speculate on the fortunes of the Republican party now that they have to stand alone without the guidance of M. THIERS's sagacity or the shelter of his reputation. But to the Republicans his loss is terrible. It is not a light matter that Republican policy, instead of being represented by M. THIERS's mature wisdom, should be dependent upon the eager temper of M. GAMBETTA, who is now without a serious rival. And even if, as we hope and believe, the growing moderation of the Leader of the Left should be developed still further by a new sense of responsibility, it will be long before the mass of the French people can be brought to bestow on the *fou furieux* of days not very distant the trustful affection with which bourgeois and peasant regarded "the liberator of the territory," the aged statesman whose death they are lamenting to-day.

M. CANARIS.

(LEADING ARTICLE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1877.)

One veteran succeeds another in going to his rest. France had looked to M. THIERS to assume once more the direction of the national Government, and to reconcile the jarring factions of the State under his supremacy; but before the moment for taking up the work had arrived the body was worn out, and the statesman's task was left for another to accomplish. In a situation of equal perplexity all the statesmen and politicians of Greece turned, three months since, to the aged CANARIS to save the nation from anarchy by consenting to accept, for the fourth or fifth time, the office of Prime Minister, and the old man yielded to the unanimous prayer of his fellow-citizens. But on Friday last CANARIS was summoned away as suddenly as THIERS, and on Sunday his body was committed to its grave amid mourning as profound and national as that which accompanied the funeral progress from the Place St. Georges to Père Lachaise. Nor was the mourning less deserved. Each of these old men, now passed from us, had lived through revolutions that may almost be deemed innumerable; each had been foremost in crisis after crisis in endeavouring to bring order out of disorder and to

reduce anarchy and lawlessness to law and peace ; and each has died at a time when his countrymen were filled with uncertainty at the prospect of the immediate future, and sought guidance out of difficulties that seemed almost inextricable. Their careers were, indeed, unlike ; but so also are the circumstances which at this hour weigh down France and Greece with an intolerable burden of anxiety. The great enemy with which M. THIERS contended throughout his life was the spirit of national disunion, threatening the peace of the community now from Red Republican, and now from reactionary sources ; and the need of France at this moment is that this spirit, so rashly evoked by the Ministers of Marshal MACMAHON on the 16th of May, should be once again laid. The heroic years of the life of CANARIS were spent in freeing Greece from Turkish tyranny, and he was called to the councils of the KING in the crisis of the present year because it seemed that the time had come when Greek Provinces still unfreed might be rescued from the PORTE and added to the kingdom of Hellas. The sailor-volunteer who distinguished himself by deeds of heroic daring more than half a century ago might not repeat in his old age the exploits of his youth, but his experience invested him with an authority no one else could exercise for the prevention of premature demonstrations.

The early years of the life of CANARIS were thronged with adventures such as rarely allow the man who passes through them to see old age. Even if he does not perish in some wild deed, the bodily tenement is often prematurely fretted away by the unmeasured energy of the spirit which occupies it. At one time the commissioned officer of some Provisional Government, at another a privateer, and then, again, acting with an authority that would probably defy the definitions of international law, CANARIS was the GARIBALDI of the Insurrectionary War of Greece. He had the same faith and the same power. He was nothing but the simple captain of a small trading vessel plying between Constantinople and Odessa when the insurrection broke out, and it was not until after the massacre of Chios that the wondrous career began which wrought such havoc on the Turkish navy. He took his fireships right into the midst of the enemy's squadrons, and not until he had completed the work of destruction did he save himself for further efforts of similar daring. In exploits like these CANARIS recalled something of the memory of our own Elizabethan mariners, and the comparison may be extended from the fearlessness of his courage to the unconscious simplicity of his patriotism. It may probably be said of him also, as of his forerunners, that he was more distinguished in isolated attacks than in the planning of campaigns or in the organization of an extended squadron. He was an old sea-dog in his valour and his modesty, and when at length the war was over, and the internal dissensions of the new State seemed to be appeased, he retired to his cottage, to spend, as it has been expressed, "the autumn of his life in gardening, carpentering, and the feeding of chickens." He was called out again and again to join Ministries or to form Ministries ; but after a very few weeks he invariably returned to the more congenial pleasures of country life. It is not surprising that the Greeks should have turned to him three months since. The Greeks themselves have never been unconscious of the importance of the Hellenic element in the Eastern Question, and the moment the war began they put themselves in readiness for whatever contingency might happen. Some of them have been more, and some of them less eager, but they have all the same hopes and pursue the same ends. No nation similarly situated has ever denied itself, or could deny itself, the determination to seize the earliest opportunity to recover what it believed to be its own. The native Ipsara of CANARIS has remained to this day under the Turks, and we may be sure that he could not consider his work done until its liberation was accomplished. When, at the beginning of June, he was entreated to quit his cottage for the Presidency of the Greek Cabinet, he did not remember his ninety years, and came at once to the call. Under his leadership factions could be appeased and jealousies reconciled. For three months he had remained at the head of affairs, not plunging his country into war, but not ceasing to make the nation more and more ready for war should the moment for war arrive. The announcement of the death of CANARIS followed immediately upon the publication of M. NEGROPONTE'S letter to us, and a certain light is thrown upon that letter by the publication, in our Athens intelligence of yesterday, of a despatch from the Greek Government in reply to a despatch from Lord DERBY. The wild statement that Mr. GLADSTONE had written to a Greek merchant at Con-

stantinople to incite the Greeks to make war upon Turkey, so eagerly made and eagerly believed three weeks since, turns out to be an absolutely false perversion of an innocent fact, no knowledge of which could have been made public without a breach of honour. M. NEGROPONTE wrote to Mr. GLADSTONE, and the latter replied in a letter not having any such meaning as that imputed to it; but the fact that any letter existed seems to have been enough for the accuser—"a person of consequence," who got at the knowledge of its existence in an unsatisfactory manner. The circulation of such foolish tales—to call them by no worse name—would be impossible if men would endeavour to realize the relation of Greece to the Eastern Question. We fear we must add that, if the same comparatively easy feat of the imagination had been accomplished, the note Lord DERBY addressed to the Greek Government would never have been written. The FOREIGN SECRETARY asked whether the Greek Government would authorize him to assure the PORTE that Greece will neither go to war with Turkey nor encourage an insurrection in the neighbouring Provinces. What can be the use of asking a question like this? The only reply it has received is that the Greek Government must reserve their entire liberty of action, and no other answer could have been reasonably expected. Lord DERBY cannot doubt that if the moment comes when the Greeks shall see a reasonable chance of adding to their country such a Province, for instance, as Thessaly, they will seize it. The Pashas at Constantinople are as conscious of this as the Ministers at Athens, and preparations on one side can be matched by preparations on the other. The PORTE may be disposed to take time by the forelock in commencing the attack, and the Foreign Office Despatch may, perhaps, be explained by the feeling that if this should be threatened it would be our duty to protest against it; but if this was Lord DERBY'S motive, he should have made a confidential communication to the Turkish Government, instead of addressing to the Government at Athens an inquiry to which no reply could be given.

M. LE VERRIER.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1877.)

The death of Urban Jean Joseph Le Verrier, as our Paris Correspondent of this morning shows, happened yesterday morning. On many occasions during the last few years M. Le Verrier's failing health has been a cause of anxiety to his friends, and the need of rest has been repeatedly urged upon him. It was his own wish, however, to die at his post, and that wish has now been realized. No astronomer has left such an amount of completed work. The range of his work was nothing less than the recomputation of the tabular places of all the planets on the basis of the analysis of Laplace, and the comparison of these theoretical places with actual observation. This practically amounted to a rediscussion of the theories and a re-examination of the observations made of the solar system, and involving incidentally the reduction of the right ascension of 36 fundamental stars which had been diligently observed during the century. As his friend and fellow-worker rather than rival, Professor Adams, last year said,—

"That any one man should have had the power and perseverance required thus to traverse the entire solar system with a firm step, and to determine with the utmost accuracy the mutual disturbances of the primary planets which appear to have any sensible influence on each other's motions, might well have appeared incredible if we had not seen it actually accomplished."

If on no other than selfish grounds, England, as a maritime country, cannot fail to pay a tribute of respect to a man whose work has been of the utmost practical importance in the construction of tables used in guiding ships across the seas. Nor has England been, in fact, niggardly in rendering him honour. On four occasions living words of respect and friendship from England have been addressed to M. Le Verrier by Presidents of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society when presenting medals, which are by tradition regarded as the highest tribute the societies can offer of their appreciation of the value of work done. In 1846 the Royal Society, under the presidency of Lord Northamp-

ton, presented to him the Copley Medal. In 1848 the Royal Astfonomical Society, under the presidency of Sir John Herschel, awarded a testimonial; in 1868, under the presidency of the Savilian Professor, the gold medal; and again in 1876, under the presidency of Professor Adams, M. Le Verrier's "rival" in the discovery of Neptune, a second gold medal. Two years ago the University of Cambridge, at the suggestion of Professor Adams, conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. Perhaps the most valued, because most practical, recognition that could be offered was the fact that for years past his tables have been employed in our Nautical Almanack, superseding all others for the computation of the places of the planets.

M. Le Verrier, who was born at St. Lô, March 11, 1811, commenced his career as an astronomer 40 years ago, when he attempted the calculation of the secular inequalities which occur in planetary movements. The first paper he published, four years after leaving the Ecole Polytechnique, and while he held a post under the "Administration des Tabacs," was a chemical one, but mathematics in connexion with astronomy soon absorbed his attention, and though he latterly expended considerable energy in organizing systematic weather reports by telegraph, and took an influential part in the arrangements of higher education in France, his life work and that with which his name will ever live was the study of the movements of the planets. In 1839 he contributed to the Academy two papers, in which he discussed the limits of the eccentricities and inclination of the orbits of the planets; and one result of the attention these papers aroused was that he was requested by Arago to calculate afresh the perturbations of Mercury with reference to the attraction of other bodies. The way in which he was able to correct the tables for Mercury was so successful that he was induced to attempt those of Uranus, and in doing this he had to take into consideration the disturbing effects of Saturn and Jupiter. It is well known how in the course of this work he was led to infer the existence of an unknown planet which also produced disturbing effects, and how, almost coincidently with our own Adams, be announced where the new planet—Neptune—was to be found. In 1846 he was elected a member of the Academy. and shortly afterwards a chair of Astronomy was established for him by the Faculty of Sciences of Paris.

During 1848 political movements attracted his attention. He was then 37, and the year following he was elected to the Legislative Assembly for his native department of La Manche. His work in the Chamber principally concerned subjects of public education and laws having reference to scientific discoveries. His influence on scientific instruction in public education and in the organization of the Ecole Polytechnique has been great.

These occupations, however, did not draw him away from his astronomical work, and between 1849 and 1853 he laid before the Academy several papers on the motions of the planets. On the death of Arago, in October, 1853, M. Le Verrier was appointed his successor as Director of the Imperial Observatory. He found it in a condition of lamentable deficiency, and his earliest work was to see to the improvement of instruments. He then commenced his great work, the records of which he has left in those astounding volumes, the "Annales de l'Observatoire," and his communications to the Academy. The first volume of the "Annales" contains the preliminary work of the re-investigation of the whole theory of planetary motion on the basis of the method pursued by Laplace. He has left the general theory in such a state of advanced development that its practical application to the case of any particular planet is very much simplified. The second, third, and fourth volumes are also occupied with preliminary work. The preliminary calculations being disposed of, M. Le Verrier proceeded to their application in the construction of tables for the positions of the Sun, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, the movements of Mercury being published in 1859 (Vol. V.), and of Venus and of Mars in 1861 (Vol. VI.). From 1863 till 1874 no more of M. Le Verrier's work appeared in the "Annales," and from 1870 to 1873, on the ground that his rule was too despotic, he was displaced from the directorate of the Observatory. On his being reinstated, his papers in the "Annales" were continued. In 1874 the tables for Jupiter appeared, and in 1876 the secular variations of the orbits of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. It was in the February of last year that for the second time the Royal Astronomical Society awarded the gold medal to M. Le Verrier "for his theories of the four great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and for his tables of Jupiter and Saturn founded thereon."

The work involved in these was spoken of by the President as "appalling."

One prominent feature in M. Le Verrier's character was his readiness to help others in astronomical work. Any visitor of any nationality was welcomed to work at the Observatory, in so far as the routine work was not interfered with. The arrangements for M. Janssen's Observatory, so far from arousing feelings of jealousy, only afforded an opportunity for generous assistance. The kindly way in which he placed instruments at the disposal of M. Flammarion, so that while he wrote "popular" books he might have practical experience, will not be forgotten by those who are familiar with the circumstances.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

(LEADING ARTICLE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1878.)

By the death of King VICTOR EMMANUEL, at the age of fifty-eight, one of the most memorable and dramatic careers of modern times is prematurely closed. It is closed, moreover, at the very moment when its full satisfaction seemed on the point of being achieved. A week ago no one would have supposed that the spiritual Monarch of Rome would have outlived the temporal. To all appearance the POPE was gradually fading away, and in a short time VICTOR EMMANUEL might have hoped to enter into relations with the Papacy which would not have been embarrassed and prejudiced by the immense personal authority of PIUS IX. He had seen everything else in old Italy pass away like a dream, and PIUS IX. alone remained as the embodiment and the relic of that former world. Had the POPE died first, VICTOR EMMANUEL would have been freed from his only remaining opponent, and the last word would have been spoken in the great drama of his reign. But it is the POPE, after all, who is destined to see the world of his early manhood pass away, and he now remains in the Vatican the sole survivor of thirty years of revolution. There is something striking and pathetic in the fate which brought so near together on what are, after all, two death-beds, the representatives of the spiritual and the temporal power; and the fact that their last communications were those of goodwill ought to be a presage and a symbol of future relations. The KING has long lain under excommunication on account of his usurpations of Papal authority and Church property; but in his last hours these censures were waived. Two Papal chamberlains were sent from the Vatican to the Quirinal with the Papal benediction, and the KING received the last sacraments. The POPE is even said to have exclaimed that were it not for his own malady he would have gone to the KING and given him the last sacraments himself. It is a pity that so gracious an act of conciliation was unavoidably hindered by physical infirmities, but the will cannot fail to be taken for the deed. It is worthy of two men who, whatever their faults, have been both great in their way thus to close their stormy careers in mutual forgiveness; and the incident eminently bespeaks that real harmony of Italian feeling which has been too strong in the past, and will prove too strong in the future, for the artificial barriers of a priesthood.

But what revolution has been witnessed in Europe, even in this momentous century, which can be compared in its strange destiny with that which has brought VICTOR EMMANUEL to die in Rome as King of ITALY with the benediction of the POPE? We are carried back in imagination to that scene at the commencement of PIUS IX.'s reign when, as the POPE of revived and reformed Italy, he pronounced a solemn benediction on the banners of the Roman Volunteers who were setting out to join the war of Italian independence in Lombardy. Had PIUS IX. adhered to the spirit which prompted that act, he might have shared, if he had not wholly commanded, the allegiance of the Italians. But in a few weeks the fatal genius of the Papacy resumed its sway. The POPE irrevocably identified himself with civil reaction and priestly rule, and amid disaster and confusion a new leader arose for the Italian nation. The only remaining hope of the national movement appeared to be crushed in the battle of Novara. Piedmont had gallantly led the revolt against foreign rule, but she scarcely escaped with independence, and her gallant

Monarch, CHARLES ALBERT, was forced to abdicate. No one surmised that in the young man in whose favour that abdication was made would be found a centre of union powerful enough to baffle at once internal and external foes. VICTOR EMMANUEL II. was then only 28. He was known as a bold sportsman and a gallant soldier. He combined that half-Teutonic, half-Southern nature which marks the inhabitants of his subalpine kingdom; and the whole of his subsequent career, like the career of the statesmen who surrounded him, is characterized by the same combination. From the very first he displayed the character which afterwards distinguished him, and to which his great success was mainly due. The Austrians and the Papal party spared no efforts after 1848 to put down the constitutional movement which had asserted itself in Italy at that time; and the greatest pressure was brought to bear upon VICTOR EMMANUEL to induce him to abrogate the privileges and rights which CHARLES ALBERT had guaranteed to his subjects. But he boldly refused, and remained resolutely faithful to the oath that he had sworn to the Constitution and to the charter which his father had established. He thus at the outset laid the foundation of the character with which he became afterwards identified—that of IL RE GALANTUOMO. By this conduct he provided, so to speak, an intrenchment behind which the two most essential conditions for the peaceful consolidation of Italy—faith in her rulers and the practice and habits of constitutional life—could be matured. The main talent of all distinguished Kings has been that of choosing good Ministers and adhering to them, and VICTOR EMMANUEL at once displayed his possession of this royal art. He gathered round him such men as D'AZEGLIO, DELLA MARMORA, and, above all, CAVOUR, and he steadfastly supported them in developing Parliamentary government and carrying into effect a series of thorough reforms in the kingdom. CAVOUR gradually organized Piedmont upon the model of a free Constitutional kingdom, and destroyed the dominance of the priesthood. He could not, probably, have achieved this perilous task had Piedmont been contiguous to the Austrian instead of the French dominions, and his great art was to utilize the French alliance without being subservient to it. Immense patience, sturdiness, and honesty were essential to the triumph of such a policy, no less than art and even craft All were combined in the KING and in the statesmen who surrounded him; but the KING afforded, perhaps, above all the rest the rugged solidity upon which alone the great edifice could be gradually erected. Again and again, in his anxious career, when events seemed to conspire against him, subtle and persistent attempts were made to shake his adherence to the course he had chosen. More than once he was struck by severe illness, as well as by domestic afflictions, and in every such moment the emissaries of the priesthood were at hand to work upon those religious apprehensions to which he was by no means insensible. But the KING never wavered, and no spiritual terrors could affect his resolution to be true to his oath, to the Constitution of his kingdom, and to his people. Gradually, around this central pillar of the State, were the fortunes of Piedmont built up. Patient economy and good administration enabled the KING to send 17,000 good troops to join the Anglo-French forces before Sebastopol, and to assert for his country an independent place among the European Powers. The reputation thus laboriously achieved rendered VICTOR EMMANUEL and his country the natural and obvious centre of the national aspirations when the Emperor NAPOLEON forcibly overthrew Austrian predominance in the Peninsula. It had been made plain that there was a King in Italy who could be trusted, and who commanded the service of statesmen who could be followed. It was no usurpation in the ordinary sense of that word which made VICTOR EMMANUEL King of all Italy after 1860. It was simply the recognition of a fact. Every other kingdom, every other civil and military authority, had vanished like a phantom. VICTOR EMMANUEL, with his trustworthy character, his proved administrative and military power, stood alone erect amid fallen thrones, disbanded armies, and general disorganization. He seized the reins of government because they had fallen from all other hands, and the people allowed him to take them because he had proved that he could be trusted.

It is this which will always remain the grand achievement of VICTOR EMMANUEL'S career. Very powerful influences were, through the greater part of his reign, at work in Italy which were hostile to Monarchy. A very religion of Republicanism was preached by ardent enthusiasts, and the most powerful of these anti-monarchical leaders had rendered incalculable services, both by the pen and

by the sword, to the cause of Italian unity. That which saved the Monarchy and founded a stable organization for the new kingdom was that VICTOR EMMANUEL was the most trusted man in Italy. The people were not ignorant of his private faults, and they did not attribute to him the genius of his great public servants. His hold over them was sustained by no imaginative glamour. It was based upon a full knowledge of him, and upon the assurance, which that knowledge gave, that he would at all costs be true to Italy. In times of revolution these are the characters around which nations rally and to which almost everything is forgiven. It is this, again, which is tacitly acknowledged by the homage paid him in his last moments by his great adversary the POPE. He was born to a duty and a commission, and he was faithful to them to the last. On the continuance of the same qualities among the leading men of Italy muss mainly depend her future progress in the career which VICTOR EMMANUEL has given her. He will be always remembered, and deserves to be remembered, as the founder of his country in a sense in which few Kings have ever been; and the grief which the Italians now suffer at his loss is founded on a just appreciation of his great merits.

POPE PIUS IX.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1878.)

The long sufferings of the Pope, Pius IX., are at last at an end. We have outlived the longest and one of the most eventful Pontificates on record. The name of Pius IX. will probably be the last in the roll of the Pope-Kings, but it will be added to the number of the Pope-Saints—a high compensation, for the canonization of Roman Pontiffs has been an extremely unfrequent occurrence during the long lapse of centuries since Peter's successors added to the Bishop's mitre a Monarch's diadem. Pius IX. will take his place among the Pope-Martyrs by the side of the many of his predecessors who underwent persecution, waged home and foreign wars, were the victims of conspiracy and rebellion, made experience of dethronement, restoration, exile, and captivity, of the various vicissitudes to which earthly sovereignty is liable—all calamities partly owing to the storms of the transitional period in which it was his lot to live, but partly, also, the consequences of the rashness and waywardness of his own physical and moral temperament, and of his attempts at unpractical and dangerous innovation. He lived "to see the years of Peter," an unprecedented distinction, and hailed as miraculous, violating a rule to which time had given almost the consistency of a destiny, and portending a change which marked the close of an exploded system and laid open the prospect of a new order of things. It was only as head of a Church, not as ruler of an ecclesiastical State, that Pius IX. exceeded his allotted span of 25 years, and thus broke the spell of that fatal tradition. It was no longer a temporal sovereignty that he, in compliance with the solemn oath taken at his accession, was able to hand down "intact" to his successor, but merely a spiritual dominion, to which he endeavoured to give a world-wide extension, and which he exposed to contests the issue of which will long be doubtful. A failure as a prince, Pius IX. aspired to achieve transcendent success as a priest. With a mind of no breadth and a character of no real firmness, he flattered himself that he could crown the edifice of which the genius of Hildebrand had laid the foundation. It was only when the sceptre broke in his hand and the Royal mantle fell from his shoulders that he put forth his claims to the authority of a king of kings. His ambition rose in the same measure as his territory dwindled; his pretensions expanded in proportion as his sphere of activity was limited.

Pius IX. was born at Sinigaglia, in the Marches, a province in the States of the Church, on the 13th of May, 1792, or, according to other accounts, two years earlier. His name was Giovanni Maria Mastaï-Ferretti, and his family, of Lombard extraction, belonged to that provincial nobility, ancient but impoverished, the number of which is prodigiously great in Italy, and especially in the Roman and Neapolitan districts. His brothers, whose number was considerable, and among whom longevity seemed to be the rule, were destined to a military career; and some of them achieved distinction in their

youth in those wars of the First Napoleon in which the Italians had to take part now with one, now with the other, of their foreign invaders. Giovanni, as one of the cadets, is also said to have served either under French or Austrian colours, or perhaps both; but this could only be for a short time, and the real particulars of his life at this period are involved in some rather unaccountable obscurity. For such education as he received he was indebted to the Ecclesiastical College of Volterra, not a very renowned institution, where it seems he spent five or six years, and which he quitted in 1810. On the restoration of Pius VII., five years later, he entered the Guardia Nobile of the Vatican, but probably the limited fortunes of his family and the impression wrought upon him by an epileptic fit, apparently the first attack of a complaint which became chronic, induced him to make choice of the ecclesiastical profession; he was ordained, said his first mass, and lived in Rome for a few years as a chaplain or spiritual director of some hospitals, and was generally employed in deeds of charity, thereby winning, as it is stated, the goodwill of Pius VII., though filling no post at his Court.

In 1823 he went out in the suite of Monsignor Muzi, who was appointed Apostolic Vicar in Chili, and travelled over a considerable extent of South America. He came back not long after the death of Pius VII., and found equal favour with the new Pontiff, Leo XII., who appointed him a Prelate in his household, gave him a canonry in Santa Maria di Via Lata, and seconded the inclination of young Mastai to deeds of charity by naming him President of St. Michael's Hospital in Via Grande.

In 1827 Monsignor Mastaï-Ferretti was created Archbishop of Spoleto, and five years later was transferred to the see of Imola. In the interval Leo XII. had died (1829) and had been followed by Pius VIII., after whose death, in February, 1831, Gregory XVI. came to the throne. Those were years of great political commotion in France and throughout Europe, and especially in Italy and in the Roman States, where the successors of Pius VII., needing the support of Austria, had departed from the mild and wise rule introduced at that Pope's restoration by Cardinal Consalvi, and hardened their hearts against their subjects, aggravating temporal misrule by the reckless exercise of spiritual tyranny. The accession of Gregory XVI., whose election was well known to have been favoured by Austrian influence, was the signal for an outbreak in Central Italy, where the insurrection, triumphant at Parma, Modena, and Bologna, overran the Papal territory as far as Otricoli and up to the very walls of the Pontifical stronghold of Civita Castellana. Mastaï-Ferretti, who, in his diocese of Spoleto, had to stand the brunt of this overwhelming movement, had no little trouble in assuaging the violent passions which raged around him, and was greatly aided in this arduous task by the reputation he had established as a man of liberal and benevolent opinions. "On one occasion," his biographer says, he "harangued the rebels in circumstances of personal risk, and peaceably disarmed them." The revolutionary attempt of 1831, which had been secretly stirred up by French intrigue, was crushed by the Austrians in the month of March in the same year, but broke out again in the following spring of 1832 upon the withdrawal of the foreign bayonets, determining a new enterprise of Austria, which was in this instance seconded—under pretence of opposing it—by a French expedition to the Adriatic and the occupation of Ancona, much to the astonishment of the world and to the utter disappointment and discouragement of the Italian patriots.

It was at the end of these turmoils that Mastaï-Ferretti was made to pass from the see of Spoleto to that of Imola, a strange promotion from an Archbishopric to a Bishopric, which clerical writers, after the event, described as "a first step towards the Papacy, as Imola had already given two Popes—Alexander VII., in 1667, and Pius VII., in 1800—to the Church. It is by no means unlikely that this falling-off in the episcopal dignity was owing to displeasure given to Pope Gregory by Mastaï-Ferretti's humane and enlightened views of the duties of a Pontifical Government; and these views, whether sincerely entertained or merely imposed by the exigencies of his perilous position, could hardly fail to be confirmed by the sense of his undeserved punishment, and by the atmosphere, as it were, of his new diocese, where about half a century before another Bishop, Chiaramonti, afterwards Pope Pius VII., had edified his flock by homilies which Botta quotes as specimens of Catholic Democratic eloquence, and which won the Prelate of Imola the appellation of the Ecclesiastical Jacobin. At Imola Mastaï-Ferretti is said to have remained true to his

liberal convictions, to have shone as a reformer of abuses, to have encouraged the development of a more extensive knowledge in his diocesan seminary, and to have founded an *Accademia Biblica* somewhat on the plan of the Protestant Bible Societies, aiming at the diffusion of Hebrew history and the discussion of Scriptural subjects. He had also the credit of founding an orphan asylum and one for discharged convicts, bestowing some of his own money on these and similar institutions. As a reward he enjoyed a high popularity among his flock, who hailed him as "the Good Bishop," and held him up as a model for the edification of other Prelates. He was during this period sent on a temporary mission to Naples, where his Nunziatura coincided with the year of the cholera, "when, in a spirit worthy of San Carlo Boromeo, he disposed of his plate, furniture, and equipage, employing the produce of the sale for the relief of the poor sufferers, observing that 'when God's poor were dropping down from sickness in the streets, his ministers ought not to be going about in their carriages.'"

At last, whatever might be the disposition of mind of Pope Gregory and of his Secretary of State, Cardinal Lambruschini, towards Mastaï-Ferretti, they deemed it expedient to give in to popular opinion by raising the Bishop of Imola to the Cardinalate in December, 1840, when he assumed the title of St. Peter and St. Marcellinus. He, however, continued to reside in his diocese till the year 1846, when, upon the death of Gregory XVI., on the 1st of June, he repaired to Rome to attend the Conclave.

Nothing could be more deplorable than the condition of the Ecclesiastical States at this juncture. Pope Gregory, who, after the removal of the French garrison from Ancona, relied for existence on Austrian support, and made himself a passive tool of Imperial policy, was seconded in his blind reactionary work by his State Secretary, Cardinal Lambruschini, a truculent, narrow-minded, avaricious Genoese monk, whose influence was irresistible both in Church and State, and was but feebly counteracted by Pellegrino Rossi, an Italian exile, formerly a Professor at Bologna, then filling at Rome the place of French Ambassador to the Holy See, and by the Diplomatic Agent of Charles Albert, of Sardinia, who was then won over to the views of the Piedmontese Liberals and bent on resisting the pressure of Austria by appealing to the national aspirations of the people throughout the Italian Peninsula. The Cardinals, in Conclave assembled, felt that the deceased Pope had not only, by his despotic rule, diminished the ascendency, but also, by his indulgence in ignoble pleasures and by his subjection to unworthy favourites, compromised the dignity of the Holy See; they had become aware of the necessity of rehabilitating a declining and, indeed, rapidly sinking institution by the election of a Pontiff who should correctly interpret the spirit of the age, and take the lead in the way of thorough political reforms. The party displaying the most earnest zeal in this movement was called the Roman party, and was headed by Cardinal Gizzi, an accomplished Churchman and a thorough man of the world, who would have secured in his favour a sufficient majority of suffrages had it not been for his pursuit of gallant adventures. The votes of this portion of the Sacred College eventually centred, therefore, on the Bishop of Imola, against whose elevation no other obstacle was apprehended than the well-known and uncompromising enmity of Austria. The party among the Cardinals, bent on resistance to all innovation, and disposed to cling to the old system in all its repulsiveness, mustered under the leadership of Cardinal Lambruschini, the Secretary of State (from whom it took the name of the Genoese party), and looked upon him as their own candidate for the Tiara.

The Conclave was opened on the 14th of June, and only lasted 50 hours. Cardinal Lambruschini, who, with all his aptitude for intrigue, was too violent and impetuous to wait for the arrival of some of his partisans then on their way to Rome, attempted to carry his election by a *coup de main*, by which he determined the prompt action of his Liberal opponents, and alienated the support of Cardinal Franzoni, and of a considerable knot of his Conservative colleagues. The result was the return of Mastaï-Ferretti by a majority of 36 votes out of the 50 electors present; thus more than fulfilling the exigencies of the rule followed in all Conclaves, which requires a candidate to have secured at least two-thirds of the suffrages. On the following day, the 17th, the expected Cardinals arrived, and among them Cardinal Gaysruck, Archbishop of Milan, who was the bearer of the secret instructions of the Court of Vienna to veto the elevation of the Bishop of Imola. Gaysruck came in too

late by 12 hours, the election of Mastaï-Ferretti having already been publicly announced on the previous night at midnight. Had the Milanese Prelate been more expeditious in his movements, or had post-horses served him better, Mastaï-Ferretti would have lost his chance, and the course of Roman, Italian, and, indeed, of the world's history would probably have been something very different from what has now to be written.

The election of Mastaï-Ferretti, who took the name of Pius IX. in honour of his early benefactor, Pius VII., was decided on the 16th of June, 1846. His coronation followed on the 21st. The intelligence of his exaltation took Rome and the world by surprise, because the common expectation was that the choice of the Conclave would fall upon Cardinal Gizzi, and because the name of the Bishop of Imola, though revered and beloved in his diocese, was obscure beyond its limits, and almost utterly unknown even to many of the members of the Sacred College. But it was soon understood that Mastaï-Ferretti was the candidate of the Gizzi party, and his many virtues, as well as his Liberal politics, were easily taken on credit. It is an old maxim in Rome that a new Pope should usher in his reign by undoing whatever has been done by the old Pope; and in this case there was a general conviction that a continuation of the system on which the Government had been carried on under the last three Pontiffs would be fraught with inevitable ruin both to Church and State. Pius IX. was advised that it behoved him to strike out an untrodden path; and to begin he threw open the prisons into which his predecessors had crowded as many as 2,000 political offenders. The decree, bearing date the 18th of July, was a *bonâ-fide* general amnesty, releasing all prisoners, recalling all exiles, and restoring them to their civil rights on the sole condition of their signing a simple declaration of allegiance. It took away the world's breath. The deed of mercy was interpreted as an act of retributive justice. The vanquished, it was understood, were henceforth to have their *revanche*; the prisoners on their deliverance were expected to become the rulers; and they were numerous, and almost strong enough to impose themselves upon the Pope, to haunt and beset him as a legion of monsters of his own creation, and to hurry him into a headlong career of reform—to plunge him into deep waters, neither himself nor any one knowing whether he would sink or swim. The Holy See was actually taken by storm. The Bishop of Imola had attempted improvements; the new Pope should try reforms. The Bishop had founded academies; the Pontiff should inaugurate Constitutions. The clamour of the multitudes was deafening and bewildering; it electrified Rome; it crazed all Italy; it spread throughout Europe. Never had there been so universal or so genuine a commotion in the Catholic, or even in the Protestant world. There was no limit to political aspirations; none to religious expectations. The Millenium was at hand. Not only were Rome and Italy to be free and independent; not only was a new era to begin for all suffering nations, but there was to be a reconciliation of all creeds, a healing of all schisms, a recantation of all heresies, a Church of true, universal Christian charity, a regenerated world, with a "benevolent Pope" for its soul. No man of the present generation can imagine what frenzy seized the generation of 31 years ago; no one could believe how powerful, how wonder-working a talisman there was in those three words, "*Viva Pio Nono!*" The new Pope's portraits, his plaster casts, his tin medals, became household gods in huts and palaces; libertines and infidels were seen at masses and benedictions; the *Te Deum* was sung in all churches, in all chapels; even ranting Radicals began to think that their business was over—that a priest would take the bread out of their mouths. Mazzini apostrophized the Liberal Pope with those words, "*Abbiate fede, Santo Padre, siate credente;*" and Carlyle, the hero worshipper, acknowledged that "the Old Chimera was rejuvenized."

Pius IX. was, indeed, "benevolent," but he was weak and vain; he had many of the virtues and some of the faults which are supposed to be peculiar to a feminine character. He had been modest, somewhat timid, as a Prelate. The world's acclamation naturally inspired him with faith in himself. Greatness was thrust upon him; he was determined to achieve greatness. He made up his mind that his Pontificate should be memorable; that it should be an epoch of epochs in the annals of the Church and of the world. In all that admirable accord of cheering voices, however, the Pope, or the well-meaning advisers he had at first by his side, soon detected a jarring note. The Austrian Ambassador wore an ominous frown at all that pageant of Roman festivities. The

French Envoy, that same Pellegrino Rossi who had been recommending reforms to Pope Gregory, shook his head and looked grave as he heard of the intended reforms of Pope Pius. These were the last years of Louis Philippe, who, when asked by Charles Albert of Sardinia, in 1831, whether, in the event of his granting a constitution to his subjects and thereby incurring Austria's displeasure, he could always rely on French support, answered that "he, the Citizen King, was too sorely plagued with his own constitution to trouble his head about those of other people." In obedience to the same views Rossi was now instructed to give the Pope to understand that if His Holiness ventured beyond mere milk-and-water reforms, why, he would have to take the consequences.

France was not encouraging, but Austria was hectoring and bullying. She stood on her rights to keep her garrisons at Ferrara and Comacchio, which she had occupied during the disturbances of Romagna, in 1845, really upon the *J'y suis, j'y reste* principle, but nominally on the ground of the Treaty of Paris of 1815, which empowered her to take possession of those strongholds whenever it might be needful. But the new Pope protested that this occupation could only be at the request of the Court of Rome, and for its benefit; and that, as the new Pontificate had now no occasion for foreign aid, it had a right to demand the immediate evacuation of its territory and the removal of the obnoxious garrisons. It was a pretty quarrel, and the Pontiff was well-nigh expected to make good his words by deeds, and, as a new Julius II., to don Scipio's helmet, ride at the head of his Guardia Nobile, and reduce the citadels of Ferrara and Comacchio by siege or storm. Austria showed at that juncture the best part of valour—she withdrew across the Po, but the impression remained that in the event of a collision between Italian patriotism and foreign domination, Pius IX. and the flag of the Cross Keys would not fail to take their place at the head of the national ranks.

Events, meanwhile, were maturing. Charles Albert of Sardinia, wounded in his pride by Austrian ill-treatment, and bent on recovering a popularity which the early years of his reign had grievously compromised, made his peace with his subjects by concessions which greatly exceeded whatever had been hitherto attempted in Rome, and assumed towards Austria a dignified attitude, which, backed as it was by a valiant and tolerably well-disciplined army, was entitled to more serious consideration than a mere unarmed Papal protest. In Naples and Sicily at this same period King Ferdinand tried all that fire and sword could do to quell the rebellious spirit of his subjects, and, though successful on the mainland, he met with repeated failures in the island. The eventful 1848 now dawned. The Throne of Louis Philippe was overthrown in February. German monarchs strove to prop their own by free charters, and Constitutionalism was now the word throughout Italy. The first movement was made by King Ferdinand in Naples; it was followed in self-defence by Charles Albert in Turin; by Leopold II. in Tuscany; and the Pope, who had vainly endeavoured to keep his ground in his people's affections by an abortive *Consulta*, summoned a lay Ministry about him, and directed them to draw up a scheme of representative Government with two Chambers, a free Press, a national guard, and all the trappings with which people wished to be harnessed in those days.

Constitutions, however, were not all the Italians wanted; they were by no means what they most particularly wanted. Their wish was to drive out the Austrians, to be masters in their own houses, to rule the destinies of their country, establish its independence, and give it some bond of union or unity. The first interpreters of these national aspirations were the Milanese, who overpowered Radetzky within their own walls after the fight of their five ever-memorable March days. Next followed Charles Albert, who led his victorious Piedmontese to the Mincio, thereby determining the success of the revolution throughout the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. With him the youth of all Italy came up to the rescue, and in their rear, and not without reluctance, the Royal army and fleet of the Neapolitan Bourbon. Pius IX. was a Liberal, he was a patriot, he was all that his subjects wished him to be; but he was a Sovereign, he was a priest, he was a man. As a Sovereign he considered that his gain in any military enterprise could never be as large as that of the Piedmontese King, who already showed a decided inclination to secure the lion's share for himself. As a priest, he found out that his sacred ministry forbade him to shed blood and to wage war against any Christian nation, a theory which did not prevent his using a neighbour's armies to go to war with his

own subjects. He seemed also to have been startled by some pointed warnings from Vienna that, if he persevered in his national crusade, Austria would also, for her part, nationalize her own Church and withdraw her bishops from all spiritual allegiance to Rome. As a man, besides, and a vain man, the Holy Father was hurt by the visible turn the tide of public opinion had taken in Italy, where the shouts of "*Viva Carlo Alberto!*" were rapidly out-crowing the now bated cry of "*Viva Pio Nono!*"

The benevolent Pontiff yielded to a fit of petty feminine spite. He sent an order to Durando, who, with 12,000 Pontifical troops and volunteers, had already joined Charles Albert, to recross the border instantly—an order to which his General, of course, could not and would not attend, and he issued that fatal Encyclic of April 23, the moral of which was that his office as a Pontiff was not compatible with his duty as an Italian.

The sequel was sorrowful. Charles Albert, forsaken by Naples, harassed by Mazzini, and clogged by his own military incapacity, was overpowered in Lombardy. Freedom in Naples, in Tuscany, in Parma, in Modena, was stifled in blood with or without Austrian aid, and Pius IX. found himself face to face with his subjects, bound by his own rash engagements to an impracticable, impossible Constitution, thoroughly disgusted with his own work, and fully determined to undo it, if skill and opportunity could be of any avail. He built up one Ministry after another, and at last made choice of Rossi, who, after the fall of Louis Philippe, had remained at Rome in a private capacity, and who, as a *doctrinaire* of the Guizot school, was paradoxical enough, after all recent experience, to conceive that he could reconcile the theory and practice of Constitutional freedom with the pretensions and privileges of the Roman Catholic Church. But he fell the victim of a cowardly assassination at the door of the Parliament he was going to open on the 15th of November, and after his death all the fiends of anarchy ran riot in the streets of Rome, and the Pope, threatened by the mob at his own Palace at the Quirinal, where his secretary was shot by his side on the balcony from which the Pope attempted to address the multitude, saw no way of safety except in flight, which he effected by the help of the Bavarian Minister, or his wife, the Countess Spaur, who smuggled him away in her carriage disguised as a domestic or as a common priest, and conveyed him safely across the frontier on the 24th of November, 1848. Some of the Pope's biographers give the credit of saving him at this crisis to the French Ambassador, d'Harcourt. Matters did not mend in Rome in the Pope's absence. The Mamiani Ministry, which he had left behind him, broke down at once. Men of extreme views and of no scruple came into power, and a Roman Republic was proclaimed in February, 1849, of which Mazzini was invited to take the direction as one of the Triumvirate on the 30th of March. This did not suit the Government and Assembly of the sister Republic of France, whose President, Louis Napoleon, making himself the interpreter of the national will, organized an expedition to Rome under Oudinot, by whom, after a first repulse, the Italian patriots, who fought with heroism under Garibaldi, were overpowered. The city was compelled to surrender on July 3, and everything was made ready for the restoration of the Papal Government and for a return of the Pontiff, who, however, put off his entrance into his capital till the beginning of April, 1850.

The choice of Naples—Gaëta at the beginning, and Portici towards the close of his exile—as a land of refuge, in preference to France, Austria, or English Malta, which were equally open to him, was an earnest of the frame of mind in which the Pope quitted Rome and returned to it. He brought back the spirit of his host, the Bourbon King. Those who gave him credit for "benevolence," for the mildness and clemency befitting the name of Pius, by which he chose to go down to posterity, merely judged from the set smile on his dimpled face, from the pleasing gentleness of his voice and address, and from an habitual jocularity which was not always good-natured or amiable. But the truth is that he was, or became, at least, at this period of his life, both obstinate and vindictive. He had been subjected to ill-treatment and outrage by some of his subjects, it is true, and the punishment of the assassins of Rossi and of Monsignor Palma, as well as of the other authors of the November movement, would have been just, however severe. But the Pope did not seem to consider that upon his departure his people were scarcely any longer responsible for their doings—that their allegiance had passed from him to the Government which, whatever might be thought of its origin or of its constitution, upheld that national principle which

the Pope had first proclaimed and then abjured, and stood up in defence of their country's territory against an invader who made religion a pretext for political party manœuvre. The Pope drew no distinction between the innocent and the guilty among his people. He betrayed an indecent joy at the defeat of his adversaries, and applauded Prince Doria, who raised the monument to the memory of Frenchmen who had come to slay Italians without provocation and without good cause for a quarrel on their own part. Those who were by the side of Pius IX. at his return, those who saw and heard him even in what should have been his guarded moments, never allowed him the merit of that meek and forgiving temper which ought to be the badge of every Christian, and ought especially to become the head of Christianity. The fact is he never forgave himself for having once said, "*Benedite o Sommo Iddio all' Italia!*" Repentance of that short whim, or *velléità*, of patriotism and liberalism sank deep in his heart, and he seemed determined that the penance should fall on his subjects, and that his Government should be like that of King Bomba—that of a Sovereign at war with his subjects.

It must be said, also, by way of exculpation, that his rule had, on his return, lost much of its personal character, and the responsibility of the worst acts of his Government weighs in a great measure on the men, or man, to whom, in his estrangement from temporal interests, he intrusted the management of public affairs. The Cardinals upon whom, out of gratitude for their support at the Conclave, Pius IX. had at first bestowed the highest offices in the State—such as Bernetti and Gizzi—had fallen away from him in their alarm at the subversive policy into which their Sovereign was being urged by his longing for popularity. Among the members of the Sacred College who showed the greatest readiness to share his adverse fortune, no one made himself so conspicuous as Antonelli, a man who had already risen to influence in the Councils of Gregory XVI., and whom Pius himself had raised to the Cardinalate, and to a place in the Ministry in June, 1847. Antonelli was the insepar able companion and sole adviser of his master at Gaëta and Portici, and enjoyed his unlimited confidence on his return, even before he was raised to the supreme dignity of Secretary of State, in September, 1850. The Secretary was from first to last rather feared than loved by his master, who was nevertheless only too happy to leave him all the odium of the reactionary policy upon which there was perfect agreement between them. To all the solicitations of his subjects, to the remonstrances of his wiser and more humane councillors, and to the incessant warnings, and even threats, of the Emperor Napoleon, who had to answer at Paris for the misrule of his *protégé* at Rome, the invariable answer of the Pope was a reference to his Prime Minister; and this man, whose ability was unquestionable, but who was restrained by no scruple, was at no loss for plausible arguments by which he could justify as necessary the conduct to which the stubborn will of his Sovereign never failed to give a tacit approval. The ascendency of Antonelli in all State matters outweighed all the joint efforts of those disinterested friends who had crowded the Pope's ante-chambers in the early stage of his career, and whom now death, or disgust, or intrigue removed from his side, and who were gradually superseded by Court minions, whose business was complaisance to the master and subserviency to the useful servant. Only in one instance was Pius IX. advised to perform the part of a personal temporal ruler, and this was in 1857, when he made the tour of his dominions "for the purpose of seeing with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears, what were the wants of his people;" but the result, as might be expected, was only to add to the irritation of the Pontiff and to widen the breach between him and his subjects. The tour only added to the public dissatisfaction, and extinguished such sparks of the Pope's popularity as might still linger in those provinces in which Cardinal Mastaï-Ferretti's "good intentions" were still a matter of innocent belief.

In his heart of hearts, and in spite of the suggestions of pernicious flatterers, Pius IX. felt that his political career on the throne had been a failure; but no disappointment could cure him of the fond conceit that his Pontificate was destined to eclipse the glory of his most renowned predecessors. Full of this ambition, and impelled by the restlessness of his nervous temperament, he now turned to the Church that attention which before his flight and banishment he had almost exclusively bestowed on the State. He summoned Jesuit theologians to his side; he recalled and reconstituted their discomfited and scattered order; he canonized saints, lavished indulgences,

countenanced miracles, attempted and enforced conversions, marked out new dioceses in Protestant communities, and at last ventured on subtle polemic discussions and daring definitions of new dogmas. An absolute ruler by all his instincts, he liked to surround himself with all the pageant of a large retinue, and, not satisfied with his ordinary Court, he sought every opportunity of calling together a full array of his hierarchy. It was now for the hallowing of the Japanese martyrs, now for the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, now for the 1800th anniversary of the death of St. Peter, that the Bishops of all Christendom were invited to assemble round the tomb of the Apostles; and it was from this series of great solemnities, from the gratification which the homage of so many Prelates ministered to his overweening vanity, that the idea of an Ecumenic Council, vague at first and undefined, but irrepressible, sprang up and grew and absorbed all the Pope's faculties.

A Council, he well knew, was a Church Parliament. Its institution had become an anachronism since, at its last meeting at Trent in the sixteenth century, a packed majority of Latin, chiefly of Italian, Prelates, had made over all the powers of the hierarchy to its supreme head, and virtually abolished the Constitution of the Church, submitting it to a close, absolute, Pontifical government. The Vatican Council of 1869 was originally intended as a mere pageantry, like all the other previous festivities. There was no programme for this great priestly gathering; no notion of discussion, or of any opposition to such order of the day as it might please the *Curia*, the knot of Roman Monsignors, to propose. The dogma of Papal Infallibility was an afterthought, a subtle cavil and quibble of some of the Pope's Jesuits, a Passaglia or a Curci, who thought on these subjects as Italians, and held that, as the infallibility of the Church was universally accepted by all Catholics, this divine gift, which resided in the whole establishment or in its Councils so long as the Church was a free or representative community, had become vested in the Pontiff since, by the act of the Synod of Trent, the Holy Father had been empowered to say, "*l'Église c'est moi.*"

The Jesuitic Cabal at Rome and its uncompromising partisans abroad had, indeed, good reason to be surprised and alarmed at the storm which the first announcement of these arrogant designs of the Papacy raised beyond the Alps, and especially in the German and Austrian dioceses. But they were re-assured when they saw that, trusting in the justice of their cause and in the soundness of their arguments, the Prelates of the Opposition consented to travel to Rome and to take their seats in the Sacred Assembly, and that, waiving for the sake of union and harmony the fundamental question, they limited their objections to matters of expediency, such as the opportuneness of the discussion at this crisis, the unfriendly disposition of their flocks, and the displeasure of the lay potentates, whose presence at such gatherings had been an almost invariable rule, and who had hardly ever suffered them to be held without their approval. The Pope and his advisers, however, relied on the enormous majority of the Latin, and especially of the Italian, Episcopate. They had not the best of the argument, but they carried everything by their overwhelming vote, and reduced their opponents to a loud but unavailing protest, which they were soon compelled to repent and abjure; and in July, 1870, Pius IX. had the consolation of proclaiming that "the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedrâ—i.e.*, when in discharge of the office of pastor and teacher of all nations he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the universal Church—is, by the divine assistance promised to him in the person of the blessed Peter, possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that his Church should be endowed in defining doctrines regarding faith or morals, and that, therefore, such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church, irreformable."

It was a great achievement, and its magnitude will, perhaps, be better understood, its importance better tested, and its consequences, good or bad, better developed under some of the successors of Pius IX. The result, in so far as that Pontiff himself was concerned, was considerably affected by the political vicissitudes in which his reign was involved only two months later.

The restorer of the Papal Throne in 1849 had ample leisure to appreciate the effect of his own work in subsequent years. Beset by the cares of his precarious position, bewildered by the maze of his wavering, tentative policy, the Emperor Napoleon looked upon his occupation of

Rome as an incubus of which he vainly wished to rid himself on any terms. His suggestions to the Pope's Ministers of measures by which they should remove the scandal of the ecclesiastical rule, were met in every instance by Antonelli with his inexorable *Non possumus*. It became evident to Napoleon III. that the Pope either must remain the same as he had always been or must cease to be. The time came when, to the difficulties by which the Emperor was hampered at home, no other remedy suggested itself than some *coup de tête* of an adventurous enterprise abroad. *Il lui fallut déborder*; and Italy was chosen as the field of his compulsory activity. The victories of Magenta and Solferino determined the occupation of the Papal Legations, which were not allowed to return to their allegiance at the peace of Villafranca and Zurich in 1859. In the following year France, won over by the cession of Savoy and Nice, countenanced the further spoliation of the Marches and Umbria and their annexation to the Italian Kingdom, which soon extended its sway over Naples and Sicily, including the Papal enclaves of Benevento and Pontecorvo. The Pope's dominions were now reduced to the City of Rome and its Province, together with St. Peter's patrimony, Viterbo, and the district of Velletri. Further than this the Pope's patron did not mean that Italian encroachment should extend. In his anxiety to wash his hands of the Pope and to withdraw from Rome his protecting garrison, the successor of Pepin and Charlemagne extorted from the feeble Italian Government the Convention of September, 1866, implying a removal of the Italian capital to Florence, and a more or less openly acknowledged renunciation of the claim to Rome. The French tricolor was thus let down from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Pope was left to the protection of his own Zouaves. Rattazzi's intrigues and Garibaldi's rashness broke through that Convention, and the bands of adventurers which had overthrown the Bourbons in the Two Sicilies pressed forward into the shrunken Papal territory till they were in sight of St. Peter's dome. Here, however, the French Emperor again interposed; the tide of invasion was forced back by De Failly's chassepots at Mentana, on the 3d of November, 1867, and M. Rouher pronounced that emphatic "*Jamais!*" which was meant to assure the Pope from all future molestation. Less than three years later Napoleon surrendered his sword at Sedan; the French Imperial Zouaves again filed off at Porta Pancrazio, and, presently, on the 20th of September, 1870, the *Bersaglieri* of General Cadorna burst in at Porta Pia.

Thus ended the temporal power and the actual reign of Pius IX., in the third month of its 24th year. The Pontificate outlasted the years of St. Peter, even reckoning the time of his Government of the Church at Antioch. The Pope was left in possession of the Vatican, and his independent position was insured by the Law of Guarantees, establishing the inviolability of his person as well as of his attendants, and of his postal and telegraphic correspondence, with a free diplomatic intercourse, and all the honours and privileges becoming a Sovereign rank, with a competent Civil List of £260,000 yearly. Pius IX. ignored the guarantees, declined the assignment, and maintained a sullen, hostile attitude, allowing his partisans to declare that he was under restraint, and considered himself a prisoner in the Vatican. To that palace and its garden he, in fact, confined himself with great determination year after year.

The incessant bickerings between the apostolic recluse and those whom he designated as his sacrilegious persecutors, the endless complaints of the Pontifical retinue, and the petty gossip and scandal of the rival diplomatic establishments which France and, after her example, if not at her instigation, the other Catholic Powers accredited to the two hostile Courts of the Vatican and the Quirinal, kept up a ferment in Rome which would have been repeatedly attended by violent collision had it not been for the marvellous discretion and long suffering of the Italian authorities on the one side, and, on the other, for the timely intervention of the soundest party among the Pope's advisers, and especially of the wary and worldly-wise Antonelli during his lifetime. It was by the crafty and temporizing astuteness of the latter that the Pope was at first dissuaded from venturing on so desperate a course as a second flight from Rome would have been, a resolution from which His Holiness, whatever might be his inclination, was in later days debarred by advancing age and infirmity, which put any thought of his again setting out on his travels altogether out of the question. Advised, or compelled, to stay where he was, the Pope was determined to make the most of his position, and to turn his alleged captivity

to the best account. He filled the world with his grievances, and vented his withering displeasure in those endless jeremiads of his allocutions and encyclics, which, freely printed in every newspaper in Italy and abroad, made a display of his scribe's eloquence, and won him a reputation which was not acquired without some detriment to his dignity. His complaints found, however, very ready sympathy throughout the Roman Catholic world, and especially among the Ultramontane party, which studied everything that could enliven the Pontiff's solitude and soothe his weariness and chagrin by incessant visits, by pilgrimages, and by the tender of pecuniary subventions, which made both himself and his vast *entourage* independent of Italian bounties, and heaped treasures at the Vatican which strangely contrasted with the destitute condition of the Italian national exchequer. Through all these years of hope-deferred and disappointment, the faith of the sanguine old man never deserted him. To the very last he cherished the expectation that something would turn up; that Providence would interfere on behalf of a cause which, in his opinion, was the cause of Heaven. In his deep conviction that the independence of the Church was bound up with the existence of the temporal power, he looked for friends among all those nations which he fancied inimical to Italian interests, and shaped his ecclesiastical policy by the dictates of his worldly views. Thus it happened that he almost invariably found himself committed to the losing cause, and gave his countenance to the party against which fortune, or, as he called it, Providence, gave sentence; and this so constantly, so perseveringly, that he was at last suspected by the vulgar multitude in Rome of having the "evil eye," and bringing misfortune to all those upon whom his favour rested. It is thus that Francis Joseph of Austria, Napoleon III. of France, Queen Isabella of Spain, Don Carlos, the Sultan, MacMahon, and many others came to ill-fortune as soon as they were known to rely on the Pope's support and to have secured his blessings. Not satisfied with the open war he was waging against Italy, he brought upon himself a variety of other quarrels, chiefly arising from the pretensions he grounded on the newly-established principle of his own Infallibility. The most formidable of these was connected with the solidarity established by their common interests between the Italian and the German nationality, and the apprehended determination of France to make the disruption and subjugation of the weaker country a stepping-stone to that revenge which she was supposed to meditate against the stronger one. With Russia, with the Latin Churches in the Levant, and even with the Spanish Republics of South America, some of which, as that of Ecuador, voted half their yearly revenue to be consecrated to the Pope under the denomination of Peter's pence, the Court of the Vatican did, at various times, within the period of its worldly dethronement, contrive to be at strife. In France the Vatican Court was the chief cause of that dissension between the Republic and its President of which the Pope could scarcely hope to live to see the permanent termination, or even the immediate consequences; and in Turkey his predilection for the Mussulman cause, or his ill-will to the Greek Church, led to the grievous distress of his own treasury and of the purses of his supporters; large sums of Ultramontane money having improvidently been invested in the Ottoman funds. As years and infirmities advanced, and the Pope began to apprehend that the fulness of the times to which he looked forward with most persevering confidence was no longer likely to be accomplished during his own life, he was haunted by some anxiety as to the condition in which the Church would find herself upon the Holy See becoming vacant; and he debated in his own mind, and discussed with his advisers, the project of attempting to influence the choice of his successor. The number of Cardinals who had attended the Conclave of 1846, which had led to his own elevation, had been reduced by death to three or four; and the ranks of the hundred or more whom he had created at various stages in his career had been so rapidly thinned from the same cause that, in the year 1874, the Sacred College consisted of only 45 members. As six years had elapsed without any distribution of red hats, it began to be surmised that the Pope had an object in his proceedings; that he thought his authority in attempting to influence a future Conclave would be more easily exercised on a small number of voters, and especially on the majority of those he had at hand in Rome—*Cardinali di Curia*, as they are called, habitual frequenters of the Vatican, and men accustomed to an almost unbounded submission to the Pontiff's behests. The votes of a sufficient majority of these were supposed to have been secured on behalf of a Papal

nominee, and it was stated, moreover, that a sealed brief, or bull, in the Pope's hand, was laid in some of His Holiness's drawers, whence it would be drawn out by a trusty hand the moment the breath was out of his body, the seal broken, and the contents of this Papal last will and testament communicated to the knot of Cardinals, whose compliance could be reckoned upon as fully as their discretion.

The bull, however, had probably no existence, except in the fervid brain of some quidnunes, and it was long before the death of Cardinal Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, whose name was mentioned as that of the candidate of the Pope's choice, that Pius IX., at once changing his mind, or, at least, his conduct, began to create one batch of Cardinals after another with such good effect that before the middle of the year 1877 the members of the Sacred College were 62, and as there was every appearance of the Pope's intention to reach the full number of 70. It was also observed that while, in 1868, the roll of the foreign Cardinals was limited to one-fifth of the whole College, being thus kept within the proportions established by usage, the Pope from that date seemed to deal more liberally towards the foreign Prelates, the proportion being 26 foreign out of a roll of 62 Cardinals; a line of conduct on his part leading to the surmise that he had abandoned all hope of being able to bias the minds of those who were to gather in Conclave round his death-bed, as the election could now no longer be held, as it were, *en famille*, and he could not presume to find so large an assembly as the next meeting must be amenable to his posthumous suggestions, nor could he count on the compliance of so many men placed by the duties of their office in distant dioceses altogether beyond reach of his influence.

In the midst of these plans for the future, and of the anxiety of mind attendant upon their discussion, the Pope's body was gradually, but perceptibly, succumbing to the infirmity of which the end had long been predicted. Gifted with a marvellous vitality, in spite of his liability to an illness which so often counterfeited death, he contrived to battle, and, so to say, to dodge the enemy, and almost to reach the age to which nature seemed to entitle the majority of the members of his family. Deprived during the summer months of the power of locomotion, then, as the autumn advanced, denied the benefit of the free air of his garden, to which the mildness of the climate allowed him to be carried in his arm-chair, he was at first condemned to a sitting, then to a recumbent position, till it was at last understood that he would never leave his bed, except to be removed to his coffin. From that prostrate state he had short intervals of apparent recovery; but a restoration to the free use of his limbs was out of the question. Little rest was permitted to him even at the last stage of his sufferings; for of all men a Pope is the one whose active personal rule can be least dispensed with, the one whose infallibility can least be deputed to a proxy, the one whose sovereignty least admits of a regency, the one on whom the duty of dying in harness is most inexorably incumbent. In the case of Pius IX. the freshness and lucidity of mind, which never forsook him to the last, and his jealousy of a power of which he loved at least the semblance, precluded the possibility of those delusions and jugglerie by which the will of a dying Pontiff has been in many instances forged by the by standers. Pius IX. died with all his wits about him.

The repeated failures of Pius IX., both as a spiritual and a temporal ruler, were in some measure redeemed by his character as a private man. He was benevolent, liberal, affable in his general intercourse, sharpwitted, sanguine and cheerful, chatty and sociable, never so happy as when he could doff his Apostolic dignity and come down from his Pontifical pedestal. Even among the stiffness of his State receptions he would indulge in a little by-play, and would turn to his trusty attendants with an occasional aside, which did not always escape the visitors among whom he chose the butts of his humorous shafts. At the fag-end of one of these levées his Chamberlain informed him that some young ladies were still in the antechamber waiting to be admitted to the honour of kissing the Apostolic ring, and the Pope, nodding his consent and looking towards the door, presently descried the damsels who were being ushered in, conspicuous for the towering head-gear with which Fashion, at that season, cumbered her female votaries. "*Santo Padre,*" said the Chamberlain preceding and announcing the fair bevy, "*Le Signorine Guerrieri!*" "*Me ne sono accoto dai cimieri,*" quoth His Holiness, and forthwith he put on his most winning smile, and bestowed on the high-crested maidens his most solemn benediction. There was almost something personal in the pun

and quibbles he was fond of perpetrating, even at the expense of his best friends, and quite without a shade of bitterness or malice. He wondered at De Angelis, the Cardinal Bishop of Fermo, "*da tanti anni infermo senza morir mai.*" The dying state of Cardinal Barili suggested to him the consolation that *Se anche si perdesse il barile rimarrebbe sempre la botte*, the "butt" or cask in the case being the Falstaff-like corpulence of Cardinal Bartolini. The jokes were harmless and almost childish; but it should be borne in mind that Pius IX. was 86 years old, and that sternness, or even great earnestness, was no part of his idiosyncrasy.

Naturally joyous and buoyant as was his disposition, the Pope was, however, subject to fits of sudden irritability, touchy and impatient, and above all things he was resentful of any presumption on his condescension, any approach to disrespect towards his person or dignity. He was easily ruffled by direct and frank contradiction. If it came to any divergence of views, who should know better than the Infallible? His instincts tended to goodwill to all men, and in youth he had friends; but there was something indiscriminate and somewhat instable in his affections, and, after his elevation, he was too full of himself to be capable of much expansion to other men. It was attested to his credit that he was free from the besetting sin of other Popes; he was no Nepotist; but it is well to observe that, after his return from Gaëta, it was not he who would not befriend and promote his relations; the estrangement was owing to his brothers, who condemned his reactionary policy, and would not come near him. On the throne Pius IX. found solitude. That same necessity of his position which compelled him to put up with men whom he feared, like Antonelli, closed his heart against those whom he might have felt prompted to love.

On the other hand, he was severe and even terrible to those who had, justly or unjustly, incurred his displeasure; but it must be said, in justice to him, that the implacability of his enmity arose from his consciouness of his unerring judgment, and from the conviction that opposition to him was as unpardonable a sacrilege as rebellion to Heaven. The world has not forgotten his treatment of Cardinal D'Andrea, but has not heard much of his harshness to more obscure persons, upon whom his wrath was poured out with even more unsparing measure. Not naturally strong in argument, and not provided with a large stock of knowledge, the Pope relied on vehemence for the means of overcoming his adversaries in controversy. Many of the Italian and even some of the foreign Prelates were convinced against their will about the dogma of infallibility; some because unable to withstand his cajoling, some because unwilling to expose themselves to his wrath and reproaches.

The Pope's health, after declining throughout the summer, threatened to give way in the autumn, and on the 23d of November he was deprived of the use of his limbs, and never rose from his bed except to be laid in an arm-chair in a reclining position. Even in that state, however, he held two Consistories, created new Cardinals, appointed bishops, and received the visits of diplomatists and other distinguished personages. In the early part of the present year the illness and death of Victor Emmanuel caused him deep emotion, and awakened sympathies which induced him to send words of forgiveness and gave rise to some vague hopes of reconciliation between Church and State. But the hostile suggestions of uncompromising Ultramontanes again hardened the old Pontiff's heart, and one of his last acts is said to have been to prepare an allocution protesting against the accession of Humbert as King of Italy.

(LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1878.)

PIO NONO, on whom for more than thirty years the civilized world has lavished an amount of interest, admiration, curiosity, and even affection, far beyond the due measure of mortal man, is no more. As we read these words we seem to sever a great link with the past, and to see the world itself collapsing, shifting, moving onwards to a new stage of human affairs, if not to a new order of things. About this name, as to a common focus, have gathered all the questions that occupy the larger heart of man. Whatever is believed, or hoped, or feared, or designed, on any scale beyond that of private need, PIUS IX. has had inevitably a place in the calculation. If any one wished to realize the unseen, or to forecast the future, to unite the scattered, to elevate the base, to inform the rude, or to

do any one of the good works that are the works of the age, he had to count PIUS IX. for a friend or a foe, directly or indirectly working for, against, or beside him. Such is the aim, and, in this instance, the actual achievement, of the system which recognizes almost a present divinity in the personage it has created, and sustains him with all its faith, all its energy and resources. As one singled out to act a superhuman part, and thereby condemned to continual shortcoming and inevitable failure, PIUS IX. has been for nearly thirty-two years daily before the world, toiling in one way or another to justify his choice, to prove his Divine mission, and to govern the world. Hence there is hardly a capacity in which man can be distinguished in which PIUS IX. has not been prominent, whatever his success or the meed of his merit. His suggestive energy and ambition have been so multifarious that even the laborious race of biographers will recoil from the enumeration of all that he has attempted. They will not agree as to his merits, for his warmest admirers will have something to qualify and excuse. His beginning was not as his end, and the third of a century which makes so great a figure in the annals of the Papacy was nearly all occupied by an abandonment of his original policy and by a retractation of solemn professions. This, however, has only added to the versatility of a really remarkable career, and to that picturesqueness which interests even more than consistency. Whatever anybody has been that he could boast of in this century, excepting only what even a Pope could not with propriety wish to be, PIUS IX. has been likewise. He has presented himself to the world as a reformer in Church and State, a purifier of institutions, an enemy of abuses, an organizer of society, an arbitrator of differences, the unbounded dispenser of dignities and powers, the patron of art, the guardian and representative of the grandest traditions in the world. Words fail to describe a part so ambitious as to include all parts in one, and to claim not only all the world, all space, and all time, but the infinite and eternal also, for its proper and rightful sphere. Whoever essays duties so various and a dominion so wide must needs have either preternatural gifts or most plausible accomplishments. That a man should wish everything can only be justified by a true warrant from HEAVEN, or excused by delusion, or have the palliation of time and circumstances. On the spiritual part of the wonderful career just ended there will, of course, be differences beyond our province. In all that comes within human measurement PIUS IX. could only expect, and has accordingly received, the judgment of man, and his most ardent friends and admirers cannot point to his temporal successes as the pledge and earnest of preternatural powers.

Yet he was so remarkable a man that he might be said to be born and constituted for what he had to do, and what he has, indeed, done. Nobly born, with gentle surroundings and generous aspirations, he had withal a kindly and winning nature which gave him the full benefit of these advantages. He had a melodious voice and graceful delivery, mother wit, and an unfailing flow of language. He had the royal gift of knowing everybody, and everything in which everybody was interested. Nothing ever shook his self-possession or, perhaps we might add, his self-satisfaction. His knowledge of Scripture and of theology was equal to all persons and all occasions. Every day he had a life in ceremonies, a life in society, and a life in the politics of his Church, yet was as much at home in all as if each were his sole occupation. As the reasonable part of mankind have long since come to the conclusion that no one man is equal to the absolute government of a State, let alone the whole world, for a single day, much less thirty years, we need not say that it is only a mode of life and a dramatic action we are speaking of; but it was something to assume such a part. Long habit, a gentle strain, and friendly aid made that easy which to most people would be intolerable. He seemed to live in a restless activity that just stopped short of killing him. Perhaps it could hardly be called peculiar to him that he won the special affection of those who incline to what is called the feminine side of thought and feeling. He knew well in which sex the majority was with him; in which it was against him. But that is only to say the feminine nature is the more imaginative, the more susceptible, and the more inclined to reverence and devotion. Take the late POPE all in all, one could not imagine a man better fitted to perform the part of Priest and King, were it now possible, and had it a place in things as they are. Could anybody bear unbounded honours so meekly, or wield more than giant's strength so gently? If all the world is to gather at the foot of such a Throne, and submit all

its differences to such a lord and master, where should we find one whom it would be less disagreeable or difficult to love, honour, and obey?

The Throne, thus conceived, seems now to have had its fairest, greatest, and last trial. The POPE, such a Pope as there never was before, without a parallel since the first of the long series, has been tried and found wanting. He has failed as a temporal ruler; how far he has failed in regard to that other pretension, which is immeasurable, and which refuses to be convicted by present failure, time may yet show. He began his Pontificate with a design for which it has been said he had been preparing for many years, and with good opportunities—the reform of the civil administration. Upon this part of his new duties he had already digested his knowledge and laid his plans when he ascended the throne. Thereupon he announced his design, and accumulated a vast mass of information, corresponding to the reports on which our own Parliamentary measures are founded. All Europe looked on in a maze of hopes and fears. For a few short months there was no such name as PIO NONO on the lips of sorrowing, but still aspiring humanity. But on the waves of congratulation came the surge of the universal Republic, and Rome became the city of political liberty as well as of spiritual obedience. The great European rising of 1848 finally cut short the design, and when PIUS IX. returned to the Vatican from Portici the pile of materials for administrative reform had disappeared. So, also, it subsequently proved, had the intention of any such measures. The programme of a Liberal though Papal Sovereign was countermanded. What took its place was that other project of ecclesiastical reform to be based on the universal admission of Papal Infallibility. In whatever shape that work had visited the earlier dreams of the POPE, it now assumed the form of a series of triumphant advances to be made by faith into the domain of reason. The Church was to advance against nations, sovereigns, constitutions and laws, and the entire human race, commanding them to yield an absolute submission, to believe what they were told, to do what they were bid, and to look to no other source of conviction or authority. The Vatican Council was but the culminating measure of a long train. It, too, like the former attempt to realize a Papal King, was rudely interrupted, this time by a thunder cloud of war, of which the later bolts fell on the Holy City itself. The Papal reformation of the Catholic Church has been arrested in the very first step. Except that the title of Infallibility has been proclaimed, as it happened, with HEAVEN'S own thunders drowning the acclaim, the reformation of manners, discipline, and orders stands still, and nothing has been done.

But, it will be said, it is not in the present only that a Pope lives and acts. He binds the future to the past, and reconciles all times. His work is without beginning or end, and always looks onwards further and further as the world seems to close around him with its mined surface and its short reckonings. What, then, can the future do to make up for the past, and to show that PIUS IX. has been as great in truth as in seeming? Perhaps it will be said that he has exhibited a sublime ideal—the ideal of a true Pope and a true Church. We are supposed to see in the "First Dogmatical Constitution" how human society ought to be constituted, and how it would be if it knew its true happiness. But there is nothing in that portentous document which needed a Pope or a Council, or any other privileged and concentrated form of intelligence, to teach us. Throughout the revelations vouchsafed to mankind by PIUS IX. there is no novelty whatever. It is the oldest of old stories, for nothing is so old and stale, and worn out, and exploded as despotism. The Papal theory, as now lastly developed and stereotyped, is faith and obedience, delivered from all questions of conscience, and all those difficulties in which sound moralists place the school of our higher natures. "Believe what we tell you, and do what we bid you," is the cuckoo cry of a thousand teachers and preachers. The world has gained nothing by this demand being now made louder than ever, with a greater multitude of voices, with more extravagance of speech, in a higher key, and with more of that language which impresses only by its obscurity. For centuries we have heard of Infallibility. It has been asserted, disclaimed, claimed again, repudiated, maintained, denied, discussed in every form and with reference to every one of a hundred distinct definitions. England left the Pope now three centuries ago because he claimed this Infallibility in act, deed, and word. That is the real quarrel between it and Rome. What is it, then, that the late POPE accomplished or promulgated which had not been said and done a thousand

times before in this country? It is hard to say what it is, or whether the Council has landed the question on any firmer ground than it occupied before. That they who court the disappointments of this world and defy its contradictions should be found fathoming the depths of humanity for some sure foundation and groundwork, and should refuse to accept in the spiritual element the uncertainties which wreck all edifices of human material, is a noble pursuit, and will always be open to enterprise. But PIUS IX. has done nothing in it that his predecessors have not done before. When once he and his legion of theologians are out of the way, and the dust has lain a few years on this presumed masterpiece of faith and phraseology, it will have to submit to a thousand interpretations. Already it is defended and justified on the ground that it only says what has been said oftentimes and, indeed, always before; and that the qualifications effectually guard it from all imputation of arrogance or fanaticism. Such a defence may answer the present purpose, but it must recoil on the document itself and on all the personages who are devoting their whole lives to the forging of these, as it appears, harmless thunders and edgeless weapons. But did PIO NONO, one of the divinities of the age, really do no more than preside at a manufactory of toys for children and women, meant to frighten or amuse, and warranted to do no harm? This no one can really believe. The truth lies between the two contrary suppositions. No doubt this man was earnest in his intentions, and possibly much-believing as to the results. But the artillery is too high and too wide, too conjectural, too fanciful for any definite human aim. The career just closed has been an ostentatious performance, worthy of a dream or a stage, but without either certainty, or a fair probability, or even a presentable case for its having a true basis in actual existence, or any clear proof that it is more than an elaborate theory with a view to imposing an opinion on mankind.

EARL RUSSELL.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1878.)

We regret to announce the death of Earl Russell, which occurred at his residence, Pembroke-lodge, Richmond-park, at 10 minutes to 11 o'clock last night. Alarming symptoms of prostration set in about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and his lordship slowly sank until he breathed his last.

The death of Earl Russell removes from the political world the shadow of a great name. For several years that shadow has been growing dimmer as the splendour of the achievements which threw it forward on the national imagination sank into the historic past, but its presence still maintained a direct relation between the statesmanship of our own day and the work of the men who, for three-quarters of a century, have had the making of English history. The continuity of political progress is not to be broken by a single gap in the ranks, but it was the distinguishing character of Lord Russell's position that he bridged over, by his unique Parliamentary experience, the chasm between two generations of public men whose careers had never touched. The companion in arms of Tierney, Romilly, and Horner in the darkest days of English Liberalism, he not only shared in its triumph with Grey, Melbourne, and Brougham, but lived to become the colleague and leader of two later dynasties of its party chiefs. Both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington have been members of the same Ministry with the veteran Whig, who had taken his place among the scanty ranks of the Opposition two years before the Battle of Waterloo, and who had been chosen for the arduous task of expounding the first Réform Bill to the House of Commons before Mr. Gladstone had graduated at Oxford, and before Lord Hartington was born. These associations of a life that was filled from its early ripening to its close with strenuous and high-minded activity are not to be matched in contemporary annals, and the breaking up of them gives a peculiar interest to a death which otherwise could not, according to the common course of nature, have excited surprise or keen sorrow. At the age of eighty-six, having enjoyed such a share of power and consideration as rarely falls to the lot of man, and after long service

having openly abandoned the militant toils of the arena, Earl Russell has passed peacefully away. The last years of this fortunate and faithful life were darkened by a grief beyond healing, the premature loss of his eldest son. But for this calamity it might be said that the career of Earl Russell was sunned by fortune to its ending; its shadows were slight and passing; its steady and sober radiance was suited to the tastes and traditions of the English people, for whom its forces were spent, and through whom they did their work. A Continental nation, with warm sentiments and easily moved passions, would, perhaps, judge Lord Russell's public life to be wanting in brilliancy and effect, but Englishmen are not in sympathy with demands like these. In their eyes pride wrapped in rigorous reserve and sobriety of expression and demeanour approaching frigidity are important elements in the dignified character of a statesman. If Lord Russell was never the object of enthusiastic affection among the English people at large, or even among the mixed multitude who from 1832 onwards constituted the Liberal party, he, nevertheless, inspired for many years a feeling of mingled confidence and devotion that served as a solid basis of power. In later years the confidence was weakened as errors in judgment became manifest, and the devotion fell away as men lost recollection of the actions and sacrifices which had given it a hold upon the popular imagination. But the statesman who for 40 years was conspicuous in English politics as "Lord John" kept the high place that he had honestly won even after he no longer retained his dominion over the intellects and the imagination of his countrymen.

Lord Russell's birth was almost coincident with the crisis of that tremendous political convulsion which exercised so great an influence over the fortunes of the party he was destined to lead. He was born on the 18th of August, 1792, one week after that terrible *Dix Août*, when the old French Monarchy was openly trampled in the dust by the mob of Paris. Half a year later came the execution of Louis XVI. and the declaration of war hurled by the Convention in the face of Europe. For the following quarter of a century the political life of England was warped by the horror and terror which the violence of Jacobinism had inspired. This influence was exerted at first inversely upon the youthful training of Lord John Russell. His family had been for more than a century one of the pillars of the Whig party, but his uncle, the fifth Duke of Bedford, had been carried far beyond "the principles of 1688" by an attraction towards the doctrines of Rousseau and his revolutionary disciples in France, not easily explicable in an English noble. Party spirit, however, ran perilously high, and, by way of combating Pitt's policy of the European Coalition, not a few "Peers, six-bottled, talked as Marat wrote." The Duke of Bedford's championship of French ideas has been rescued from oblivion by the scornful rhetoric of Burke's "Letter to a Noble Lord," but in truth it did not merit contempt only. There was a generous strain in the madness of those revolutionary nobles. In these associations Lord John Russell's earliest years were passed, and when his father succeeded to the dukedom in 1802 political passion was still implacably fierce. It was not thought expedient to expose the Whig youth to the intolerant Toryism which then and long afterwards monopolized all the high places and all the educational machinery of the English Universities. But there was still an intellectual refuge for Whig purism. The University of Edinburgh was at that time the academic centre of Liberalism; its Professors were illustrious both in physics and metaphysics, and the group of scholars and wits who founded the *Edinburgh Review* established the literary fame of the "Northern Athens." Lord Henry Petty, Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey had studied at the University and shared in the debates of the Speculative Society; and when Lord John Russell had completed his boyish studies at Westminster he was placed in the Scotch capital under the especial charge of Dugald Stewart. The most distinguished of the young Whigs whom we have named had left the University classes when Lord John Russell joined them, but the other intellectual influences of Edinburgh were in full vigour. The "Blue and Yellow" was then at its best, chastizing the Tory Government with the keen strokes of Sydney Smith's sarcasm and the "iron flail" of Brougham. The Speculative Society furnished an invaluable training school, alike in the abstract doctrines of political science and in the practical arts of debate. The young Englishman found his natural aptitudes quickened and his hereditary opinions strengthened in this arena, and by the time he left Edinburgh, still a lad of 17, his political faith had crystallized into something not very

different from that in which he consistently lived and laboured and died.

But another discipline was before him. In 1809 he started on a foreign tour. The French domination excluded him from the historic countries of Central Europe, and like Byron, who was at that very time amassing images for the first canto of Childe Harold in Spain and Portugal, he landed at Lisbon, which Wellington had lately rescued from the grasp of the invaders. Lord John Russell had watched the futile efforts of the Whigs in 1806 to patch up a stable peace with the French Empire, and had come to the conclusion that the continuance of the war for the deliverance of Europe was at once just and necessary. In the Peninsula his Whiggism partially divested itself of the French ideas which he had derived from his uncle and his father, and the genius of Wellington, whom he saw redeeming the tarnished fame of the British arms at Talavera, and establishing an enfeebled and ill-provided army behind the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, made a deep impression upon his imagination. Ever afterwards, in the fiercest political conflicts, he maintained towards the Duke the attitude and language of profound respect and almost of veneration. But in another way his Peninsular tour left its mark upon Lord John Russell's character, and a drama on the story of Don Carlos, in which he audaciously measured himself with Schiller, was in after years the mark of innumerable Tory epigrams. He did not, however, rush hastily into print, like many young men of his rank and day; we are not aware, indeed, that he actually published anything until he had been for some years an active politician.

On his return to England, Lord John Russell awaited impatiently an opening into public life. He had not long to wait. In July, 1813, when he was still under age, he was elected member for Tavistock, at that time, and down to our own day, "under the influence" of the House of Bedford. The crisis in political affairs, both at home and abroad, was deeply interesting to one who, from boyhood, had studied public men and measures. The vast fabric of Napoleon's Empire had been shaken by the Russian disaster, and by the blows which Wellington had dealt in Spain. The new member for Tavistock took his seat in the House of Commons a month after the battle of Vittoria. Germany had awakened a little earlier; Lützen and Bautzen had been fought; Leipsic, Toulouse, and Fontainebleau were clearly visible ahead. In domestic affairs the hostility of the Prince Regent towards his old friends the Whigs was avowed and confirmed; Lord Liverpool's Administration was secure of a majority, but the Opposition was still able to bring forward harassing motions upon the wrongs of the Princess of Wales and the claims of the Catholics. We may readily imagine with what eagerness a young Whig would plunge into the Parliamentary fray. But the tremendous events in France for an instant suspended all domestic warfare. The abdication of Napoleon and the resettlement of the European system absorbed all thoughts and energies. In 1814 a mere handful of Whigs could be found to oppose the treaty which rewarded Bernadotte's defection and punished the vacillation of Denmark by uniting the crowns of Norway and Sweden. It was on this hopeless ground Lord John Russell made his first advance as a Parliamentary debater. In the following year, also, he was one of the frail minority of 73 who voted against declaring war upon Napoleon; but the nation was thoroughly determined to consider and to use the flight from Elba as a *casus belli*. It seems, indeed, that at this period there was a revival of the old French fire in the young Whig politician, though he quickly relapsed into the sober fidelity of his English patriotism. The supremacy of the Tories was not easily to be shaken in those days, when the popular senses were intoxicated by the glories of an unsurpassed victory; but the imprudence of Ministers—some arrogant and some timid—soon put weapons in the hands of the Opposition. Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh rejected the demand for an economical policy, scoffed at "the ignorant impatience of taxation" which prevailed, denied audaciously the existence of distress in the country, and prepared vigorous measures for stamping out disaffection. As early as 1816, this stubborn attitude provoked deplorable popular excesses; bread riots, incendiarism, organized destruction of machinery spread wide alarm. But the Government were more terrified at the demand for Parliamentary Reform, which had passed out of the hands of the Whigs and had become the property of the mob leaders, Burdett and Cobbett, "Orator" Hunt, and Major Cartwright. In the Session of 1817 the Ministers brought forward measures for the prevention of seditious meetings and for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*.

On the latter question Lord John Russell spoke with energy and boldness. He said :—

"We talk much—I think a great deal too much—of the wisdom of our ancestors. I wish we would imitate the courage of our ancestors. They were not ready to lay their liberties at the foot of the Throne upon every vain or imaginary alarm."

But he touched the heart of the country more directly with a pointed allusion to the Reform cry ; he warned the House that it "must soon discuss the whole question," and implored the majority not to give the agitators an opportunity of saying, "When we ask for redress you refuse all innovation ; when the Crown asks for protection you sanction a new code." This speech was understood to signify that the member for Tavistock would accept the championship of the cause which the Parliamentary Whigs had for 20 years abandoned. But the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* and the enactment of the Seditious Meetings Bill by sweeping majorities robbed Lord John Russell, for a moment, of all political hope. Moore's well-known poem, "The Remonstrance," shows how painfully his impotence to stem the Tory tide affected Lord John Russell. Like Macaulay, long years after, he seriously debated whether his usefulness and his happiness would not be increased by his withdrawal from political strife to the unembarrassed pursuit of literature. But in him the political instinct was as decidedly superior as the literary instinct was in Macaulay. The claims of the nation, too, were, in that hour, imperious. As Moore wrote,—

"Oh, no ; never dream it,—while good men despair
"Between tyrants and traitors and timid men bow,
"Never think for an instant thy country can spare
"Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou."

At the General Election of 1818 Lord John Russell was again elected member for Tavistock. His brief retirement from public life had restored his health and spirits, and he vigorously attacked the entrenchments which he had pledged himself to storm. He was hampered, however, by the extravagant proposals of Sir Francis Burdett and by the agitation out of doors which culminated in the "Manchester massacre." Lord John endeavoured to keep his course clear from what might appear like an alliance with the Burdetts and the Hunts by announcing that he would "not pledge himself to support a measure that went the length of proposing an inquiry into the general state of the representation." He dreaded popular alarm and excitement. He was, however, prepared with a definite scheme, viz., the disfranchisement of corrupt boroughs, the transfer of their rights to great unrepresented towns and large counties, and legislation against bribery. As an immediate measure, he asked the House to do summary justice upon the proven infamy of Grampound. He was met with soft words from Castlereagh, which beguiled even Sydney Smith, but which came to nothing. In 1821, however, Grampound was disfranchised and its members given not to Leeds, as Russell had intended, but to Yorkshire. This was the only gleam of good fortune with which the Reform cause was visited during the reign of George IV. The last days of the Regency were signalized by the passing of the "Six Acts," and repressive measures combined with reviving prosperity to lull agitation. Lord John Russell, however, had established his claim to the charge of the Reform question in the Parliament which was convoked at the opening of the new reign. He was now in his 28th year. But even if the public interest in Parliamentary Reform had not slackened, it would have been overshadowed by the passionate conflicts which sprang out of the Catholic claims and the grievances of the Queen. In these encounters Lord John took no prominent part ; he reserved his energies for his annual exposition of his chosen question. Unfortunately, Canning, whose genius had triumphed over all obstacles, and whose followers showed a decided tendency towards a Liberal policy in foreign affairs, in fiscal legislation, and in the treatment of religious differences, had resolutely set his face against a reform of Parliament. His celebrated apostrophe, "Reform the Parliament ! Repeal the Union ! Restore the Heptarchy !" was intended to make rhetorically clear a triple impossibility. But the Whigs and the popular party out of doors saw clearly that Canning and his party were advancing the Liberal cause, and their forbearance and encouragement were on the whole liberally extended to the statesman who had driven the anti-Catholic Ministers from the Royal Councils. Russell, during the crisis of Canning's daring battle for power, suspended not only his Reform motion, but

also his measure for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Canning's death, however, and the formation of the Wellington Ministry left Lord John's hands free, and gave him once more the foremost place, which he had well earned in active fight. In February, 1828, he moved for a Committee to consider the Test Acts, and his motion was carried by a majority of 44. Wellington and Peel declined to face this evidence of popular feeling, and the Dissenters' disabilities were abolished in spite of Eldon's bitter prediction that the next year would bring Catholic emancipation. The prophecies of sharp-sighted rage quickly came true. Though the followers of Canning had been forced out of the Cabinet, the Eldonite Tories found no support in their determination to dare everything. The Duke himself led the retreat. The Catholic Relief Bill passed, and O'Connell took his seat in the House of Commons. Civil war was averted in Ireland, but unfortunately faction inside Parliament and distress outside had created a most perilous state of affairs. It was some consolation to Lord John Russell that during the session of 1830, in the midst of national discouragement, the activity of reforming zeal seemed to revive. Mr. O'Connell introduced a Reform Bill, providing for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and annual Parliaments. The Marquis of Blandford, one of the anti-Catholic Tories, attempted to trip up the Ministry with another scheme almost as Radical. Lord John Russell felt bound, therefore, to bring forward once more his own very moderate plan, which simply proposed to give members to Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds. All these Bills were rejected, by decided majorities, in the session of 1830, on the verge of a popular movement as violent and sweeping as any recorded in history.

The dissolution which followed the demise of the Crown in the summer of 1830 was almost exactly contemporaneous with the expulsion of the Bourbons from France. The English elections felt the counter-stroke of that convulsion. Everywhere the Ministerialists were routed. Lord John Russell, who in the dark days of Whiggism had migrated from Tavistock to Huntingdonshire, and from Huntingdonshire to Bandonbridge, was returned triumphantly in Devonshire. His hour had come at last. The Duke of Wellington met the new Parliament with a blank declaration that no scheme of reform would be entertained. But a few days later the Government was unexpectedly beaten upon Sir H. Parnell's motion touching the Civil List, and at once resigned. Lord Grey's Ministry was completely formed before the end of November, and Lord John Russell became Paymaster of the Forces. Why had he not a seat in the Cabinet? This question puzzled many at the time, and doubtless will not be explained until all the secret correspondence of that generation has been given to the world. Lord Beaconsfield, who is jealous for the honour of literature, has supplied an ingenious explanation. "The Whigs," he says, "could hardly have treated Mr. Burke worse, and probably, in some degree, from the same cause. Lord John Russell was a man of letters, and it is a common opinion that a man cannot at the same time be successful both in meditation and in action." It is true that Lord John had then published not a few books—a Life of Lord William Russell, a volume of Essays, a volume of Letters, a tragedy, a tale, an "Essay on the English Government and Constitution" (which has been republished more than once), "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe," the "Establishment of the Turks"—but these were obviously either mere recreative trifles or works akin to his political labours. Setting this fanciful objection aside, he had the highest claims to Cabinet office; he was in his 39th year, he had been for more than 17 years a member of Parliament, for fully ten years he had identified himself with the championship of the cause which was at last winning and bringing the Whigs back to the places they had left in 1807. His name, his family connexions, his Parliamentary capacity, his popular services were all most eminent. Yet no room was made for him in a Cabinet which included Lord Auckland, Lord Goderich, and Lord Holland.

No apparent slight, however, could mar Lord John Russell's splendid opportunity. It was impossible to take the Reform question out of his hands. Lord Grey and Lord Durham requested him to prepare a draught Bill, and he has recorded, in the concluding chapter of his book on the English Constitution, the principles upon which he framed his plan. He refers to a declaration of the Friends of the People, published in 1792, the year of his own birth, and signed by his own father, then also Lord John Russell, which runs:—"We wish to reform the Constitution, because we wish to preserve

it." This, the author of the Reform Bill has most earnestly affirmed, was his guiding idea in the draught which he submitted, through Lord Durham, to the Cabinet, and which, with slight changes, afterwards became law. On the 1st of March, 1831, he came down to a House of Commons crowded beyond all experience, and, in a speech of almost timid moderation, explained the scope of the measure. It took men's breath away. The list of condemned boroughs was received with shouts of scornful laughter, and it was fully expected for the moment that, as the Bill went far beyond any one's expectations, it would be puffed aside as a wild impracticability. But the nation had long been prepared for a step which surprised and dismayed the most experienced politicians. Never was there such a stirring of the dry bones. In the popular excitement and in the Parliamentary battles, Lord John Russell stood forward at once as the foremost and the central figure among the conquerors. His personality was identified, and justly so, with the national cry, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." His intellectual powers expanded, his oratory ripened, and by the time that the Reform Act became law, Lord John Russell had established himself in the front rank of Parliamentary statesmen. Eight years later, when the Whig Government had almost become a by-word of contempt and dislike, Macaulay, in his speech on Sir John Yarde Buller's "No Confidence" motion, apostrophized Lord John Russell's early achievements. "Those were proud and happy days," he said, "when, amid the applause and the blessings of millions, my noble friend led us on in the great struggle for the Reform Bill; when hundreds waited round our doors till sunrise to hear how we had sped; when the great cities of the North poured forth their population on the highways to meet the mails which brought from the capital the tidings whether the battle of the people had been lost or won. Such days my noble friend cannot hope to see again. Two such triumphs would be too much for one life. But perhaps there still awaits him a less cheering, a less invigorating, but a not less honourable task—the task of contending against superior numbers, and through years of discomfiture, for those civil and religious liberties which are inseparably connected with the name of his illustrious House." But in 1832 the prospect before the victorious party was still undimmed.

Lord John Russell, in his conduct of the three Reform Bills of 1831, had developed remarkable powers and acquired extraordinary popularity. "Lord John," or "Johnny," as he was familiarly called, became at once the favourite of the English middle class, at that time in a more earnest mood about political affairs than they have ever been since. When mere politics ceased to be of paramount interest to the ordinary English mind, Lord John was supplanted by other favourites. Sir Robert Peel represented the passion for economical reforms; Lord Palmerston, the revival of national spirit and a good-humoured distaste for political change. But in the years that followed the downfall of the Wellington Administration the Whig statesman had no rival. His qualities as a Parliamentary debater have never been appreciated by the present generation. They were very great, however, and they were disciplined by practice and responsibility, until Lord John acquired a mastery over the House of Commons hardly inferior to, though very different in kind from, that wielded by Sir Robert Peel. His oratorical style was, in spite of many mannerisms and a slightly provincial accent, one of the most effective known in modern Parliamentary history. He was always clear, often incisive, and if he seldom rose far above the commonplace either in idea or expression, his cold dignity was effectually impressive, and his unflinching confidence repelled sarcasms and syllogisms alike. His honest, intellectual contempt for all men who did not hold to the orthodox Whig faith was ingrained, and was hardly disguised by a frigid courtesy. His "utter ignorance of all moral fear" was concisely embodied in the famous epigram of Sydney Smith, who has also observed, "Another peculiarity of the Russells is that they never alter their opinions. They are an excellent race, but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced." His firmness, courage, and self-confidence made Lord John Russell powerful in Parliament, and for a time in the country; but the same qualities led him into errors which, in the end, marred his career. Always assured of the perfect propriety of the course he had chosen, he was too ready, with all his pride, to impute motives to opponents, and to break away, with at least an appearance of disloyalty, from friends and allies. His conduct during the crisis of 1834, during the quarrel with Palmerston in 1851, during the Crimean contro-

versy, exposed him to the severe judgment of men who had worked with him, and who honoured him as the head of their party. There can be little doubt that a growing suspicion of this instability, not in regard to principles, but to persons, helped to raise Lord Palmerston above him in the ten years following the Russian War.

We are not concerned to follow the vicissitudes either of the Reform Bill or of the Reform Ministry. After the General Election of 1831, Lord John Russell entered the Cabinet at the same time with his colleague, soon to become his antagonist, Mr. Stanley. The easy-going Whiggism of Lord Grey and Lord Althorp, the nominal leaders of the Ministerialists in the two Houses of Parliament, was not able to bring together elements so diverse. Lord John Russell was pilloried, with the rest of the Ministry, as a reactionary by the excited and sanguine Radicals who were returned to the first Reformed Parliament. But though he opposed "organic changes," such as the ballot, annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, and so on, he was willing to show, where he could, that he was still a Reformer. The question of the Irish Church Establishment, which, a generation later, was again destined to make and unmake Ministers, had been raised, in the session of 1834, by Mr. Ward, member for St. Alban's, in a motion asserting the necessity of reducing the ecclesiastical revenues in Ireland, and the right of the State to dispose of the surplus. The Ministry had pledged themselves in the Speech from the Throne to deal with the Irish Tithe question, and could not avoid meeting Mr. Ward's motion frankly, but when the manner in which it should be met came to be discussed in the Cabinet, a schism was manifest. While Lord John Russell advocated the principles of Mr. Ward, Lord Stanley vehemently insisted on the inalienable sanctity of Church property. The former carried the majority with him, and Lord Stanley, leaving the Council, described the result in the phrase, now become historic, "Johnny's upset the coach." Lord Althorp was at once compelled to announce the retirement from the Ministry of Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Lord Ripon, and the Duke of Richmond, who immediately showed themselves the most acrimonious critics of their former colleagues. An Irish Church Temporalities Commission was appointed, and legislation on the basis of its inquiry was promised. But this change in the drift of Ministerial policy alarmed and irritated the King, and, in almost an equal degree, Lord Grey. Though Lord John Russell was always deferential to the Nestor of the Whigs, there was an obvious divergence between the policy of the old school of Whiggism and the new. Lord Grey recoiled at the thought of further "innovation," and when Lord Althorp, described by his chief as "the leading member of the Government, on whom his whole confidence rested," tendered his resignation, Lord Grey eagerly seized the opportunity and withdrew from public life. Under great pressure Lord Althorp came back to his post for a while, but he was soon removed by his father's death to the Upper House. The leadership of Lord John Russell in the Commons, which was no less distasteful to the King than to Lord Grey, seemed inevitable. But this clearly meant the re-opening of the Irish Church question, from which William IV. recoiled. The knot was cut in November, 1834, by the summary dismissal of the Whigs.

Lord John Russell was now out of office, but he enjoyed a certain compensation. His opponents were in a minority, although the Dissolution had considerably increased their strength. For the first time he was recognized as the leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons; the Radicals were disposed to hope a good deal from him; the O'Connellites had been conciliated by cautious pledges. From this position he commenced his attack on the Peel Administration. Here he exhibited capacity as a Parliamentary tactician, with which he had not previously been credited. Here also was cemented the ill-omened and hollow alliance with the Irish Repealers. Without the Irish vote, as was clearly shown in the struggle over the Speakership, the Opposition could not hope for a majority. The Irish Church question, accordingly, was chosen as the ground of attack. Sir R. Peel had declared that he would not sanction any appropriation of Church funds to other than Church purposes. Meanwhile the Commission had reported. On the 30th of March, 1835, Lord John moved that the House should go into Committee to "consider the present state of the Church Establishment in Ireland," with a view to the application of its superfluous income to "the general education of all classes of the people *without* distinction of religious persuasion." The motion was carried by a majority, and Sir R. Peel resigned.

Lord Melbourne being recalled to office, Lord John Russell became Home Secretary and leader of the Lower House. Seeking re-election in South Devonshire, he was defeated, and had to find a safer seat in Stroud. The history of his political career from 1835 to 1841 is the history of legislation and of parties in England during six momentous years. Much of what he accomplished was solid and useful work; much of what he attempted was at the time impossible, as he must have seen. The Irish alliance was embarrassing and grew daily more insecure. The principle of the Appropriation Clause, which the Whigs had asserted in order to throw out the Peel Government, could not be enforced by a small majority of the Commons against the Conservative phalanx in the Lords. As Lord Beaconsfield has said, not unfairly, "The resumption of office by the Whigs was secured by a process which, while it was condemned by public opinion, became an enduring evidence of the essential weakness of their administration." He adds, however, "The measures of the Melbourne Government were generally moderate, well-matured, and statesman-like schemes." Lord Beaconsfield has also acknowledged the substantial justice of Lord John Russell's complaint in 1846 —"During the whole of our administration our motives never received a fair construction, nor did our measures ever receive an impartial consideration from those who were our political opponents." Nevertheless, some progress was made; the Municipal Reform Bill was carried, the Tithe question was settled both in England and Ireland, but the Appropriation clause disappeared. The breach with the Irish "tail" soon widened. The country began to turn its attention from reforms in political machinery to the vast economical problems, which grew more pressing every year. Lord John's popularity was visibly waning, the solidity of his majority was fatally shaken; but he still maintained an undaunted front. He grappled almost single-handed with a host of admirable debaters—Peel, Stanley, Graham—and he held his own both in oratorical conflict and in the management of public business. The accession of the Queen gave the Ministry the dubious advantage of Court favour, but the Dissolution which followed left them with an uncertain majority of 16. Not long after the disturbances in Canada and Lord Durham's mission involved the Ministers in almost hopeless perplexities; and it is to the credit of Lord Russell that he seized the post of danger at the Colonial Office in 1839. Soon afterwards another Colonial question, the Government of Jamaica, unexpectedly overthrew the Ministry. On this defeat they resigned, but came back on the "Bedchamber Question," an ignominious rescue, to which it is difficult to understand how so proud a man as Lord John Russell could ever have condescended. In 1840, Sir John Yarde Buller's "No Confidence" motion was rejected by a majority of 21, which seemed a little more encouraging for the Ministry. The financial policy, however, of the following year opened the ground for a new attack. Lord John Russell, convinced at length of the necessity of dealing with the Corn Laws, proposed a moderate fixed duty. Mr. Baring's Budget, advancing on the same lines, announced the reduction of the duty on foreign sugar. These proposals were fiercely assailed, and Ministers were defeated by a majority of 36. Lord John Russell, rather strangely, showed by his conduct that he did not mean to consider this defeat as a dismissal. Sir R. Peel, therefore, followed up the attack with a direct "No Confidence" vote, which was carried by a majority of one. On this the Whig leader announced the dissolution of Parliament, and a General Election was precipitated. The Conservative victory was more complete even than that of 1874. Though the Whigs took their stand as opponents of the Corn Laws and the Conservatives as their defenders, the popular sympathies were not won by the former. Their "moderate fixed duty" did not appeal to the national imagination. In the whole fight there was only one consolation for the defeated—the courage with which Lord John Russell, abandoning a safe seat at Stroud, presented himself as the advocate of Free Trade to the electors of the City of London. He was successful by a narrow majority, and he remained thenceforward member for the City until his elevation to the Peerage. In the new House of Commons the result of the contest was at once made apparent. An Amendment on the Address was carried by a majority of 91. The Melbourne Ministry tendered its resignation, Lord John Russell speaking its epitaph,—"We began in Lord Grey's Administration with the Reform Act; we end by proposing measures for the freedom of commerce. With large and important measures we commenced, with large and important measures we conclude."

A leader of the Opposition during the Administration of Sir R. Peel, Lord John Russell had a difficult part to play. The Whigs had quitted office discredited by the financial incompetence of their administration, which had left a gaping deficit. Their late and incomplete adherence to Free Trade had alienated many of the country party, yet had not won the heart of the Anti-Corn Law League. The General Election had painfully thinned their ranks. "With numbers," says Lord Beaconsfield, "scarcely exceeding one-sixth of the House, in a Parliament of their own summoning, the Whigs were sustained alone by the dignity of Lord John Russell." The triumphant progress of Sir R. Peel's fiscal legislation was unchecked by the feeble Opposition, divided both on principles and on methods. What a chief in his helpless situation could do, Lord John Russell, by the confession of all, did with unsleeping energy during the Conservative domination. He fought the battle of the moderate fixed duty for four years; but, in the autumn of 1845, the manifest perplexity of the Ministers opened new political possibilities. "Now was the moment to strike. Without consulting his party, and with no false delicacy for a Conservative Cabinet in convulsions, he expressed his opinions on public affairs in that celebrated Edinburgh Letter, which was addressed, on the 18th of November, to his constituents, the citizens of London." This description of the crisis—it is the Prime Minister's—is coloured by a peculiar view of Lord John's great rival, but it is, in the main, correct. In the Edinburgh Letter, the Whig leader pointed out that, as "the resistance to qualified concessions" had resulted in a complete surrender in 1829 and 1831, so the chance of accepting the fixed duty was gone. He demanded total repeal, and called upon the country to unite in putting an end to "a system which has been proved to be the blight of commerce, the bane of agriculture, the source of bitter divisions among classes, the cause of penury, fever, mortality, and crime among the people." This manifesto completed the disorganization of the Ministry, already divided in the Cabinet. Sir R. Peel urged upon his colleagues the proposal which he had before made to them for the "suspension" of the duties on foreign grain. Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, resigned, and the Administration—nay, more, the Conservative party—was broken up. Lord John Russell was called upon to form a Ministry. He had much in his favour; for Sir R. Peel had declared his intention of supporting any Free Trade measures his successor might bring forward. Unfortunately, an irreconcileable difference arose in the Whig ranks. Lord Grey objected to Lord Palmerston's appointment to the Foreign Office; Lord Palmerston would accept no other position in the Cabinet; and Lord John Russell felt that he could not carry on the Government without Lord Grey's concurrence. Lord Stanley, too, declined the task of forming a Protectionist Government, "choosing rather" (to quote a historic phrase of Mr. Gladstone's) "a less responsible position from which to carry on a more desultory warfare." Sir R. Peel was forced back to office, and carried the Repeal of the Corn Laws. In this painful task the co-operation of Lord John Russell was loyally yielded. But when the Repeal measures had been carried, and the revengeful resolution of the Protectionists had become manifest, the Whigs could not refrain from snatching at the prize they had missed in the previous year. The attack upon Sir R. Peel's Coercion Bill was as factious an act as anything to which Lord John Russell ever committed himself. But retribution was not long delayed; for the Whig Ministry had soon to grapple with the Irish agrarian outrages of 1846, the famine of 1847, and the political disaffection of 1848.

Lord John Russell's conduct in Opposition had, on the whole, raised the popular opinion of his political character. Yet his faults did not pass unmarked. As the author of the "New Timon" wrote:—

"How formed to lead, if not too proud to please,
"His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze;
"Like or dislike, he does not care a jot,
"He wants your vote, but your affections not;
"Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,—
"So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes;
"And while his doctrines ripen day by day,
"His frost-nipped party pines itself away."

There is truth as well as satire in these verses. The effect was perceived later. At the General Election of 1847, it is true, the Ministry secured a working majority of 338 Liberals, and had, besides, the modified support of the Peelites.

who numbered more than 100. But the Irish difficulty, in its various forms, cruelly embarrassed the Government. It was certainly not Lord John Russell's fault that he was no match for a calamity so complicated, which taught him, nevertheless, the futility of "remedial measures" as a cure for a collapse of society. In England and in our foreign relations the difficulties to be encountered were hardly less formidable. More painful distress than had been experienced for a generation, a financial crisis of the most formidable kind, and the growing audacity of Chartism occupied the Government at home. Abroad, the Spanish Marriages and the Revolutions of 1848 were not less absorbing and alarming. The result was that Lord John Russell's Government accomplished little in the way of legislation between 1846 and 1850. The old charge of inaction was brought against the Whigs, and in 1849 Lord John was compelled to vindicate himself from the charge of having called the Reform Act a "final measure." But the truth is that he had done so distinctly at least a dozen years earlier, and this effort of his to shake off the damaging popular nickname of "Finality Jack" proved unavailing. The sentiment which this name expressed found its way into Parliament. Lord Palmerston, indeed, had triumphantly vindicated the foreign policy of Ministers in the brilliant debates of 1850, and Lord John Russell had vigorously sustained him. But at the close of the year appeared the Papal bull dividing England into Roman Catholic dioceses. It was promptly answered by Lord John's Durham Letter, which gave ardent expression to the anti-Popery feeling of the majority of the English people. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was accepted by the country as a protest against Papal aggression, but it severed the Peelites from the Government, which had been also weakened by the disaffection of the Irish members. Mr. Disraeli went near carrying a Protectionist motion in February, 1851. These perils of schism showed themselves threateningly during the Budget debates, and Lord John Russell rather abruptly resigned, after a defeat on Mr. Locke King's County Franchise Bill. The Protectionists, however, failed to form a Ministry; the Peelites refused to enter a coalition, and the Whig Administration came back to office unchanged. But a heavier blow was impending. Lord Palmerston's irregular recognition of the results of the Napoleonic *Coup d'État* was severely punished by sudden dismissal and public reproof. Lord Palmerston was not the man to sit still under such treatment, which struck even so sound a Whig as Macaulay as rashly, needlessly harsh. He was quick in hitting back. The revival of the Bonapartist spirit in France had turned public attention to the national defences. A Government Militia Bill was introduced, which, in February, 1852, was "stopped on the threshold," to use Lord John Russell's phrase, by an amendment of Lord Palmerston's. Ministers were defeated by a majority of 11, and the Premier hastened to resign. He declined the chances of a Dissolution, and declared that, out of office, he would resist a return to Protection and support an extension of the suffrage. The Derby Ministry, which followed, served two purposes—to demonstrate the impotence of the Protectionists and to give time for the reconstruction of the alliance between the Whigs, the Peelites, and the Independent Liberals. The Coalition Government, which succeeded, owed its origin in a great degree to the abnegation of Lord John Russell, who consented to waive his claim to the Premiership and to assume the leadership of the Lower House. For five or six weeks he held the Seals of the Foreign Office, which were subsequently given to Lord Clarendon. Afterwards he remained in the Cabinet without office till the following summer, when, in the readjustment of places caused by the separation of the War and Colonial Secretaryships, he became President of the Council.

From Lord John Russell's entrance into this Coalition Cabinet dates the distinct decline of his reputation in the country. It is probable that his acquiescence in subordination was never very cordial. At any rate, his actions were not those of a statesman who understood how to work in harmony with colleagues from whom he differed. It is not impossible that he felt himself overshadowed, first by the brilliancy of Mr. Gladstone's financial policy, and subsequently by the towering importance of the Turkish crisis. His old quarrel with Lord Palmerston broke out afresh in the Cabinet at the close of the year. Lord Palmerston objected to the Reform Bill which Lord John, most inopportunely, was urging, and insisted on a greater show of vigour in dealing with Russia. Upon the former point, which no one else cared about, Lord John had his way, but the Peace party had to yield to Lord Palmerston and to promise what he wished. In these inauspicious circum-

stances, Lord John Russell brought forward his Reform Bill early in the session of 1854. It proposed several "fancy franchises," a £10 county franchise, a £6 borough franchise, and a large redistribution of seats. But on the verge of the conflict with Russia Parliament was not prepared to plunge into the discussion of such wide issues. War was declared in March, and in April the Bill was withdrawn, with an exhibition of intense mortification by its author. If compliments could have soothed him, Lord John, indeed, should have been satisfied; he was strewn with them from all sides. It was on this occasion that Mr. Disraeli pronounced the career of the Whig Chief to be the "precious possession of the House of Commons." But he himself was inconsolable. He felt that the check had gone far to destroy his influence and even to darken his fame.

Towards the close of the year 1854, when the cry against the mismanagement of the war had grown loud, Lord John Russell had privately exerted himself in the Cabinet to procure the Duke of Newcastle's removal from the War Office and his replacement by Lord Palmerston; but his advice was overruled. Accordingly, in January, 1855, when Mr. Roebuck moved for his Crimean Committee, Lord John Russell surprised all the world by suddenly resigning. His justification, such as it was, the public did not at the time understand, and did not afterwards heed. They accepted his estimate of the War Secretary's capacity, but they did not exculpate the Minister, who, finding his counsels overridden, had continued in office until he saw public censure impending. This sentiment contributed to defeat Lord John Russell's attempts to form an Administration on the overthrow of the Coalition Cabinet, which quickly followed his own resignation. As completely as if he had planned the result, his conduct during five years had cleared the way for the undisputed supremacy of Lord Palmerston. For more than ten years that supremacy endured, and Lord John Russell never afterwards emerged from comparative obscurity as a statesman.

Lord Palmerston selected Lord John Russell to represent England at the Vienna Conference, and immediately afterwards he was appointed Secretary for the Colonies. His negotiations were not skilfully conducted, and, still more unluckily, were not candidly explained on his return to the House of Commons. Extreme surprise, mixed with anger, was expressed when the Minister admitted that he had been willing at Vienna to accept the Austrian compromise which afterwards he had publicly condemned in Parliament. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton moved a vote of censure on the Government; and though Lord Palmerston generously desired that the Cabinet should stand or fall together, Lord John's resignation was felt to be the necessary solution of an intolerable difficulty.

It was not until 1857 that Lord John Russell again came conspicuously forward in public affairs; he and his special Whig following joined with the Conservatives, Peelites, and Manchester Radicals to overthrow Lord Palmerston, and they united against him a majority of 16. But the Dissolution which followed routed this strange alliance. Lord John himself was third on the poll in the City of London; but elsewhere Tories, Peelites, Whigs, and Radicals were rudely smitten. The interest of domestic politics, however, quickly disappeared in the perils of the Indian Mutiny. Once during that crisis Lord John Russell came forward in the House; it was to move an Address to the Crown, assuring the Government of confidence and support. But in 1858 Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill brought about a new coalition against Ministers, which opened the door of office to the Conservatives. Three months later Lord John Russell won a battle he had fought for years; the Lords passed a Bill enabling Jews to sit in Parliament, and Lord John had the satisfaction of introducing his colleague in the representation of the City of London, Baron Rothschild, to the House of Commons. The resolutions on which the Government of India Bill were founded were brought on in this session by Lord John Russell, though the Ministry took the credit of passing the measure. In 1859 he also led the attack on the Conservative Reform Bill, as not adequately extending the franchise. The Dissolution gave the Liberals a working majority, and, beaten on Lord Hartington's resolution, Lord Derby resigned. Then followed a curious episode. The Queen, perplexed by the co-equal and conflicting claims of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, called on Lord Granville to form a Ministry; but Lord John Russell declined to serve under Lord Granville. He finally agreed to serve under Lord Palmerston.

The Administration of 1859, in which Lord John Russell took the Foreign Office, is so near our own time that we

need not pause over the details of its policy. The introduction of a Reform Bill in 1860 was, of course, Lord John's work; it was very similar in substance to the Bill of 1854. But the indifference of the country was too plain to be disputed, and the Bill was withdrawn before a division could be taken on Mr. Mackinnon's motion for delay. In the following session, Lord John, then on the eve of his elevation to the peerage, deprecated further meddling with a question for which public opinion was not ripe, drawing down upon himself by this retractation of his former pledges the sharp reproof of Mr. Bright. He was created, in June, 1861, Earl Russell, of Kingston Russell, in Dorsetshire, and Viscount Amberley, of Amberley, in Gloucestershire. It is as a member of the Upper House that he was most conspicuous as a Foreign Minister. Perhaps another generation will do justice to the services he rendered in keeping this country clear of quarrels with the United States and with Germany in 1861 and 1864. His despatches were sometimes remarkable for vigour of reasoning and conciseness of expression, though rarely for grace of literary form. In his diplomatic conflicts with Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams over the Trent affair and the Confederate cruisers' question, he won some logical victories which had political results that were far from satisfactory. Earl Russell, during the whole period of the Civil War, sympathized with the Northern cause, but his icy candour deprived him of the gratitude of the American people. Of his conduct of the negotiations relating to the Danish Duchies he had as little reason to be proud as his country had to be satisfied.

In the natural order of succession, Earl Russell became Premier when Lord Palmerston died in October, 1865, and it was immediately understood that there would be another Reform Bill. To this, indeed, the Liberal majority had been pledged at the Dissolution in the previous July, and Earl Russell was personally desirous to obliterate the recollection of his failures in 1854 and 1860. The history of the brief and unfortunate Reform Session of 1866 need not be here recapitulated. The fate of the Government was boldly staked upon the Bill, and the success of Lord Dunkellin's amendment left Ministers, as Mr. Gladstone emphatically said, "no alternative" but resignation. With this act Earl Russell's active career as a statesman closed. It was soon avowed that in the event, then most improbable, of a return of the Liberals to power, the Whig leader would not accept office again. At the date of his resignation he had completed his 74th year.

Earl Russell, however, during the last ten years has seldom been silent about public affairs, though often silence would have been better for his fame. There is hardly a topic in politics on which he has not bestowed a Letter, a Speech, or a Pamphlet, and a collection of the political utterances of his retirement would be not only curious, but eminently illustrative of his merits and his defects. The rigidity of intellect which applied to all persons and circumstances the same standards, and those standards the few and rather bald principles adopted by the Whig party within the past century, was to the last preserved. His "Letters to Mr. Chichester Fortescue on the State of Ireland" might, setting aside personal references, have been written in 1835, instead of 1869. His writings and speeches on the Education difficulty reveal his firm faith that the problems of the present day might all be solved by expedients which he approved 40 years ago. Not long since we published a statement from him in which the complexities of the Eastern Question were disposed of with a confident belief in the potency of a few sonorous generalities. Nor was his criticism of other problems of domestic policy after his active responsibility had ceased as fruitful and rich as might have been expected from his unequalled experience of affairs. His faith in his own political creed was intolerant as well as unbending. Yet these are the accidents and lumber of a great mind, of a great character; we must be forgiven our impatience at feeling that they mar the symmetry and dignity of a grand career. The integrity, the courage, the steadiness of Earl Russell's convictions and actions are an honour to the political life of his country, in which such qualities are not only respected, but triumphant. Only a few days ago the 50th anniversary of the passing of the Test and Corporation Acts Abolition Bill was signalized by an expression of public gratitude on the part of the Nonconformists, and his lifelong connexion with the educational labours of the British and Foreign School Society has been commemorated by a similar avowal of gratitude. It has fallen to the lot of few statesmen to look back so far upon work actually achieved by their own hands, and to see their

toil bearing ripe fruit in their living presence.

In literature, which, however, was only the amusement of a man who never had much leisure, Lord Russell has left something worthier behind him than the letters and pamphlets of recent years. We have spoken of his early works. Since 1830 he has published an Essay on the "Causes of the French Revolution," "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," "Selections from the Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford," "The Life and Times of Charles James Fox," a new edition of his "Essay on the English Constitution," "A Selection from his own Speeches and Despatches," and several "Addresses."

(LEADING ARTICLE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1878.)

To-day we announce the end of a great career. Earl RUSSELL died last night, at ten minutes to eleven o'clock. His death had for some time been daily expected, and for years he had almost disappeared from public view; but the end will none the less be profoundly impressive, for in him we have lost a man who illustrates the history of England for half a century better, perhaps, than any other person of his time. During his long season of toil there were more brilliant political intellects, more striking masters of debate, and men more gifted with the various qualities of party leadership. There were, on the whole, statesmen of greater foresight and more executive ability. There were statesmen who exercised a far more powerful fascination on the minds of rich and poor. But there was no other man so closely identified with all the political movements which will make fifty or sixty years of our history memorable to the future. The best work of that period was the execution of the reforms dictated by the principles of the Whig creed. By the time that the nation had hazarded bolder ways of meeting the perils of the future, Lord RUSSELL'S wonderful store of effective energy was spent, and he left the work to younger men. He represented from first to last that moderated but still glowing passion for the destruction of abuses which grew up in England while France was passing through the tempest of her Revolution. Born in the midst of that storm, reared in a family which was justly proud of what it had done for the cause of liberty, and sent to a Scotch University whose brilliant teachers regarded the Toryism of Oxford with intellectual scorn, he had been taught to look upon the Whig creed as a kind of religion —the gospel of English freedom. The greatest of its teachers, he had learnt to think, was CHARLES JAMES FOX. He lived in the midst of men who had seen with their own eyes the recklessness of misrule in France; who had visited that Court in which the nobles had trifled away the precious years that might have been devoted to the appeasement of popular discontent; and who had gone to the philosophic gatherings in which the most brilliant intellects had made all the sanctities of life and the stabilities of society the sport of destructive epigrams. He had been the companion of Englishmen who had cheated themselves into the belief that the French Revolution was to open a kind of political millenium, and who had been passionately eager that their own land should copy the reforming zeal of France. It is a little startling to remember what kind of propositions found favour from great peers. The excesses of the Parisians were to many of them a terrible awakening, and they separated themselves from the demagogues who throughout the Reign of Terror and the wars of NAPOLEON preached the old creed that reform meant destruction. Nevertheless, the Whig principles of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, when he first entered Parliament, must have seemed dangerously like Radicalism to all who had listened to the diatribes of BURKE. He could speak and vote in favour of peace at a time when England was as much agitated as the Continent itself by the news that NAPOLEON had broken out of Elba, that he was again gathering a gigantic army, and that the fabric of the BOURBON Monarchy was falling like a house of cards. It needed a faith touched partly by pedantry and partly by fanaticism to remain cool in the midst of an excitement which is but feebly reflected by the Turkish and the anti-Turkish passions of these days. The same temper was seen in one of the earliest of his literary productions—the tragedy of "Don Carlos." That ambitious piece of blank verse—which, in spite of the satire it provoked, is quite as good as the first fruits of most young authors—is a rhythmical plea for the removal of religious disabilities. Its fiery declamation about the iniquities of

the Inquisition is apt to suggest that the writer was thinking of the tame tyranny of the Test and Corporation Acts. Such fervour for the commonplaces of Whig freedom is apt to seem a little stilted now that our petty monuments of ecclesiastical intolerance have been left far behind, and that Liberals find themselves still a good way from their ideals. But the England of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's youth was oppressed by laws which would be intolerable now, and by such a temper in high places as most men found more galling than actual injustice.

In these days it is not easy for us to measure the force of the political passions which were awakened in the earlier part of his political life by the social state and the laws of England. The long and tremendous strain of the war with France had left a heritage of disordered finances, heavy taxation, depressed trade, and fierce discontent. The Revolutionary party, which had been silenced during the war, again came to the front, with complaints that the rich and the powerful, Parliament and the Court, were responsible for the miseries of the kingdom. COBBETT was using all his mastery over homely English and effective illustration to inflame the agricultural and the manufacturing poor against their common masters. A plot was formed to seize the members of the Government, to capture the Tower, and set up a Committee of Public Safety. Even the Corporation of London plunged into the fray with such a recital of public grievances as would seem in these days of smooth speech to be an incentive to civil war. Stones were flung at the carriage of the PRINCE REGENT, who was already on the high way to that unbearable unpopularity which drove him into retirement when he was King. There was a slight, but significant, rising at Derby. Indescribable bitterness of feeling was let loose by the charge of the Dragoons at "Peterloo." The Cato-street conspiracy showed what desperate passions were at work beneath the surface of society. The trial of Queen CAROLINE had alienated a great part of the people from the Royal Family. Amid all that political commotion trade was suffering, the country banks were breaking, the Bank of England itself was strained, and the misery of the people was expressing itself by the burning of ricks and the destruction of machines. Meanwhile, corn was made artificially dear by fiscal regulations, which were masterpieces of perverted ingenuity; the Catholics of Ireland were denied political rights at the bidding of prejudices which were the remnants of the penal laws; the colonies were disgraced by slavery; and the representative institutions of England were so much at the mercy of corrupt corporations and great families as to be little better than a mockery. Such was England from the morrow of Waterloo till nearly the eve of 1830. Most of the attempts to reform the laws had been baffled by a powerful Tory party, knit together by the fear that, if one stone of the Constitutional fabric should be loosened, the whole structure might share the fate of the French Monarchy. But the tide of popular impatience was fast rising, and it began to be irresistible when the Liberals of Paris overthrew the reactionary Government and the dynasty of CHARLES X. As Prince POLIGNAC was supposed to have been favoured by the Duke of WELLINGTON, the destruction of the BOURBON Government was popularly regarded in England as a blow struck at English Toryism. Soon the mass meetings at Birmingham, the menacing attitude of a large part of the people, and the energy of the Whig leaders, made Parliamentary reform inevitable. By a great and peaceful Revolution the balance of power was shifted from the aristocracy to the middle class, and thus the way was prepared for the crowd of other legislative reforms which are the historical landmarks of the intermediate time.

It is necessary to recall the features and the events of that season in order to do justice to the labours of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The strain on the historic institutions of England had never been so dangerous since the Revolution of 1688, and he did more than any other man to prevent a catastrophe. He had many qualifications for the task of destroying the more glaring inequalities which found shelter within the broad shadow of the Constitution. As his own nature had a healthy vein of common-place, he was able, without taxing his reflective or imaginative faculties, to put himself in the position of an average Englishman. He had no taste or aptitude for the discussion of philosophical subtleties. At the same time he had an intellectual courage which amazed his friends as well as his rivals, and which is the theme of well-known witticisms. No man was ever more free from that mental cowardice which often paralyzes fine intellects when they have to act. But his chief qualification for the place of a reformer was

his trust in the good sense of the English people. He never lost sight of the fact that they were exactly the same people as they had been when they established the precedents of the Constitution. He showed his belief in their unbroken unity by his constant habit of referring to the common-places of their history and to the opinions of the great Whig leaders. His gravest speeches were often, indeed, like the historical essays which most men cease to write when they leave the debating society. Still his youthful faith in the sufficiency of Whig principles to draw forth the good qualities of the English people bore admirable results in the Bills which gave votes to the whole of the middle class and enabled the ratepayers to elect their own municipalities. He would have accomplished a priceless service if he had done no more than destroy all grounds for the deep-rooted and dangerous belief that the country was ruled by a small and corrupt oligarchy. The same impatience of artificial restraints made him an enemy of the Corn Laws; and it was little more than an accident that prevented him, instead of Sir ROBERT PEEL, from abolishing those baneful enactments. His Whig principles were still more hostile to the religious disabilities which had been imposed on Dissent during the reaction from Puritan fanaticism; and so long ago as 1835, when he carried a motion in favour of applying any surplus revenues of the Irish Church to the purposes of unsectarian education, he struck the first great blow at an ecclesiastical monopoly which it was left for Mr. GLADSTONE to destroy. But, although a Whig in his detestation of the practical grievances which are the result of bigotry, he was not less a Whig in the emphasis of his attachment to Protestantism, and on one memorable occasion he displayed the prejudices of an ordinary Englishman. His letter to the Bishop of DURHAM did more than any other public utterance to excite the storm about the Papal Aggression. If we did not remember how much of Lord RUSSELL'S creed was a matter of pure inheritance, we should find it difficult to understand how he could have believed the Protestantism of the country to be in danger because the POPE had given some of his Bishops territorial titles which could carry no power in an English court of law. The speech in which he introduced the first Reform Bill and the Durham Letter show him at his best and his worst, with his trust in popular instincts and his occasional readiness to fight shadows with edicts.

As a Foreign Minister, Lord RUSSELL displayed some of the best qualities which he put forth in domestic legislation. He had a healthy detestation of the despotic principles which, in his own youth, were favoured by CASTLEREAGH, and which cast reproach on the name of England. He was far more clear-sighted than some masters of foreign policy who have left greater fame. The despatches in which he exposed the inevitable consequences of Turkish misrule, and the necessity of intervention in Syria, display a sagacity which, if it had been constant at the Foreign Office, might have saved this country from some embarrassments. His historic sense, which was very keen, showed him some of the pitfalls of a traditional Eastern policy. The struggle of the Italians for unity found in him sagacious sympathy; and, indeed, he must have known that all the artificial arrangements made or sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna must swiftly come to an end. The weakness of his foreign policy lay in too strong a tendency to prescribe the balm of the British Constitution for the wounds of every Continental State. That tendency was closely connected with his chief defect, which was a too great readiness to trust in mere precepts. He was sometimes apt to talk more like a man of letters than a man of the world. He was occasionally strangely bookish for a person of his vast practical experience. Hence he now and then seemed to lack natural sagacity. Hence, also, he was surpassed as a party leader by some rivals who were certainly not superior to him in the higher gifts of statesmanship. Nevertheless, it remains true that his long and illustrious career was an honour to England; that he rendered services which were surpassed by those of no other Minister of his day; that he never stooped to use unworthy means to compass party ends; and that he has enriched the history of his country by the addition of a great character. In the Abbey in which his remains will doubtless be laid there are memorials of more brilliant names, but there is the record of no more thoroughly English career.

MR. JOHN PENN.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1878.)

We have to announce the death on Monday night, at the Cedars, Lee, of this eminent engineer, whose name is inseparably associated with the development of steam as a propelling power at sea, and with the changes thus gradually effected in the naval power of this and other maritime countries. Mr. Penn will also long be remembered as one of the chief leaders in stamping on the mechanical workmanship of England that simplicity and elegance of design, just proportion, and perfect finish to which our machine shops owe their world-wide reputation. He was born in 1805 at Greenwich, where his father had during the close of the last century established a business as a machinist and agricultural implement manufacturer. It was there that at a very early age John Penn acquired that proficiency at the forge, the lathe, and the vice-bench, by which, in after life he was enabled to teach his men the excellence and accuracy in workmanship for which the firm became famous. Yet the technical skill could have achieved but a very small portion of the results which he accomplished had they not been combined with a remarkably clear judgment and a fine perception of what was practicable in that branch of mechanics to which his chief attention in life was devoted. At the age of 20 he had fitted the steamers Ipswich and Suffolk, running to London along the east coast, with beam engines, each of 40-horse power, and in 1835 four passenger boats to run between Greenwich and London were similarly engined by him. In 1838 his well-known oscillating engines with tubular boilers were applied to some of the boats running above London-bridge. The admirable way in which these worked, their finish and compactness, soon attracted general attention, and in 1844 the Lords of the Admiralty were induced to place their yacht the Black Eagle in his hands. He replaced her former engines by oscillators of double their power, with tubular flue boilers, the change being effected in the same space and without any increase of weight. The Black Eagle, by these and other improvements, from being a very slow ship had her speed so increased that an immense number of orders followed to fit up ships on the same principle. Among them we may mention Her Majesty's yacht the Victoria and Albert and the Great Britain as examples of the swiftness and regularity thus secured.

But if Mr. Penn's success was great with his oscillating type of engines, it was still more remarkable with the Trunk Engine, designed for the propulsion of fighting ships by the screw, and capable of being placed so far below the water line as to be safe from an enemy's shot. In 1847 he was commissioned to fit Her Majesty's ships Arrogant and Encounter on this system, and he executed these orders in a manner so satisfactory that as a result he has applied trunk engines to no less than 230 vessels, varying in power from the small gunboat of 20-horse power to such ships as the Sultan, giving an indicated power of 8,629 horses, and the Neptune (late Independencia), giving upwards of 8,800 indicated horse power. These, we believe, are the largest amounts of power hitherto realized with one pair of engines since the use of steam for marine propulsion began; and when we recollect that such astonishing results have been developed within the lifetime of the subject of this notice, and to a large extent by his genius and skill as a mechanician, it must be felt that Mr. Penn takes a prominent place among the great workers of this age and country. Up to the present time he and his firm have fitted 735 vessels with engines having an aggregate actual power of more than 500,000 horses. A complete list of the ships in which this amount of machine force has been distributed would occupy too much space, but we may quote as samples the Orlando, Howe, Bellerophon, Inconstant, Northampton, Ajax, Agamemnon, Hercules, Sultan, Warrior, Black Prince, Achilles, Minotaur, and Northumberland. In 1854, at the commencement of the Crimean War, when Admiral Napier found himself powerless in the Baltic for want of gunboats, it became imperative to have 120 of them, with 60-horse engines on board, ready for next spring, and at first the means for turning out so large an amount of work in so short a time puzzled the Admiralty. But Mr. Penn pointed out, and himself

put in practice, an easy solution of the mechanical difficulty. By calling to his assistance the best workshops in the country, in duplicating parts, and by a full use of the admirable resources of his own establishments at Greenwich and Deptford, he was able to fit up with the requisite engine-power 97 gunboats. That performance is a memorable illustration of what the private workshops of this free country can accomplish when war with its unexpected requirements comes upon us. The lesson which it taught will not soon be forgotten abroad, and it is to be hoped that we may remember it at home. Altogether during the Crimean War 121 vessels were fitted with engines for our Government by Mr. Penn.

During his career he made it his business to visit all the best workshops not only in this country, but in Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy, and wherever he came on excellence either in the skill of the labourer or the ingenuity and effectiveness of his tools his gratification was extreme. His own establishments are filled with appliances of the most approved form, many of them invented or improved by himself, and all designed with special reference to the gigantic exigencies of marine-engine construction in these steam ironclad days. Mr. Penn has taken out numerous patents for improvements in steam-engines, and one of these, now in universal use, aptly illustrates his fertility of resource as a mechanician. In the early days of screw propulsion no bearings of brass or other metal could be got to stand the strain of the stern shaft, and at one moment it seemed as if the screw must be abandoned and the paddle-wheel reverted to. Mr. Penn solved the problem by using "lignum vitæ" wood bearings, which, lubricated by water, were found to act without any appreciable wear, and in this simple, economical way the screw has already been able to reach a point of development from which we can now calmly look back upon the financial risks and terrors which beset the early days of ocean steam navigation.

Mr. Penn's admirable social qualities, sustained through a long life and preserved even amid declining health, had endeared him to an unusually wide circle, while his sound judgment inspired a confidence which caused his opinion and advice to be sought under circumstances of difficulty by all who had access to him, and he was always most accessible to every one who had the slightest claim on his time or attention. His benevolence was quietly but most liberally exercised. For several years he had been reduced to a very helpless state, being paralyzed and blind, but the activity of his mind remained unimpaired. To the last he took cruises in his beautiful yacht the Pandora, and was glad to receive the numerous friends who came to inquire after his health. A distressing accident, the second of the kind in his family, had recently deprived another son of the sight of one eye while out shooting in Scotland; but this event had no injurious effect upon Mr. Penn, his death being entirely due to the operation of natural causes.

Mr. Penn was elected a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1828, and a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1859. He was also a past President of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, and he had received many marks of distinction from the various foreign Governments who had availed themselves of his professional services. He retired from business in 1875, after 60 years of work, not more honourable to himself than it has been useful to his country and the world.

MONSIGNOR DUPANLOUP.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1878.)

We have to record the decease of the venerable and eloquent Bishop of Orleans, Monsignor Dupanloup, an event which happened very suddenly on Friday last. He was in his 77th year.

The life of an ecclesiastical dignitary, especially of the Roman Catholic Church, is not often an eventful one, and that of Monsignor Dupanloup offers no exception to the general rule He was born on the 3d of January, 1802, and at his baptism he received the names of Félix Antoine Philibert; he was sent at an early age to a Church seminary at Paris, in order

to prepare himself for the clerical vocation which he had chosen in his childhood, and for which he showed great aptitude as a youth. Having been ordained deacon and priest in due course, in 1827 he became chaplain to the Duc de Bordeaux, and was employed in the same capacity by several other members of the House of Orleans. When the Revolution of July came it found the Abbé Dupanloup engaged as Almoner to the Dauphin. Little is known of the next few years of his life except that they were spent in the quiet discharge of pastoral duties. In 1838 he attended the death-bed of Talleyrand, who had long entertained a great affection for him, and prophesied that he would rise to great eminence. In 1841 he was appointed to one of the Chairs of Theology in the College of the Sorbonne ; but a lecture which he delivered upon the philosophy of Voltaire gave great offence to his hearers, and, indeed, led to a riot among his scholars, so serious that the course of lectures and the lecturer were both suspended. This did not, however, detract from the popularity of his preaching, and he soon obtained high rank by his oratory in the pulpit. In April, 1849, he was consecrated to the see of Orleans, and in the following year was decorated with the Legion of Honour.

It may be remembered that about a quarter of a century ago the Abbé Gaume proposed the exclusion of the ancient classics from the course of instruction in the ecclesiastical schools of France, which he considered to be infected, through them, with too great a spirit of Paganism. This roused a fierce controversy in France, and the opinions of the clergy and of the religious journals were very much divided on the question. It was the good fortune of Monsignor Dupanloup on this occasion to pour at least some oil on the troubled waters. In order, however, to state the matter correctly we may quote here the words of the *Dublin Review* for 1852 :—

"The controversy (upon the use of Pagan literature in education) took rather a menacing turn on the occasion of a letter addressed by the Bishop of Orleans to the superiors of his seminaries. These ecclesiastics, particularly fortunate, we should say, in having over them a prelate from study and experience perhaps the very first authority on the subject of education, applied to him for counsel and relief of conscience on a matter having such immediate relation to their own duties. In acceding to their prayer, he exhorted them to calm their scruples and to adhere without uneasiness to the system authorized by universal adoption in the Church; and, while inviting them to encourage in their pupils a temperate and enlightened veneration for antiquity, recommended a due and sedulous attention to the sacred classics as well. On this letter the *Univers* thought proper to comment in a somewhat peremptory and trenchant style, as must be admitted, and drew from the illustrious Bishop a pastoral letter, in which, though the entire question is opened up, it is dealt with less perhaps on the merits than in reference to the imprudent zeal of the religious journalists. The Archbishops of Lyons, Paris, and Bordeaux, with the Bishop of Chartres, and more than a moiety of the rest, supported Monsignor Dupanloup, and strong opinions were put forward regarding the tendency of the doctrines of the Abbé Gaume."

In 1860, soon after the war with Italy, he published his famous letter to the Viscomte de la Guéronnière, nominally in answer to his *brochure* of "France, Rome, and Italy," but really showing up in strong colours the unwisdom of the French Emperor's policy with respect to the Roman question, and advocating the maintenance at all costs of the temporal power of the Papacy. And yet it would be wrong to conclude from this that the late Bishop was an unreasoning supporter of the Papacy or a maintainer of the line of ecclesiastical policy known as Vaticanism.

In the autumn of 1864 he attended the Congress of Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics at Malines, where he delivered an address upon popular educational matters, which was subsequently published in a separate form. He wrote and preached with considerable power on the necessity of the improvement of the religious and secular education of his countrywomen, the sanctity of home and of home ties, and many collateral subjects. It should be mentioned to his credit, also, that during the unhappy war between his country and Germany, he gave a warm-hearted welcome to the English Protestant ladies who came to Orleans to work under the flag of the Red Cross in nursing the sick and the wounded.

Though Monsignor Dupanloup was best known as a preacher, yet he was the author of several works of more or less importance :—(1) A Treatise on Education, in three volumes ; (2) Another Treatise on Higher Intellectual Educa-

tion, embracing the "Humanities," "History," "Philosophy," and "Science," also in three volumes; (3) Pastoral Works, Oratorical Studies, and Ecclesiastical Studies, in ten volumes; (4) A Treatise on the Pontifical Sovereignty; (5) A Treatise on Christian Charity; (6) A Defence of the Liberty of the Church; (7) Souvenirs of Rome; (8) The Christian Catechism presented to Men of the World; (9) The Convention of the 15th of September and the Encyclical Letter of the 8th of December; (10) An Essay, "Sur la Prédication Populaire." He also edited and wrote prefaces to a variety of religious works, educational, biographical, &c. His literary acquirements were acknowledged by his admission into the French Academy, but all his zeal in the cause of religion did not obtain for him the honour of a Cardinal's hat, which his friends certainly very much coveted on his behalf. His opinions, however, were too large and liberal to chime in exactly with those of the Roman Curia under Pio Nono; and he never heartily supported "Ultramontanism," though he loyally accepted the decrees of the Vatican Council as binding on his conscience. Had his life been prolonged, however, it is quite possible that this honour might have been bestowed on him by Pope Leo.

The fine, tall figure and intellectual and commanding countenance of Monsignor Dupanloup will not easily be forgotten by those who have heard him preach sermons or deliver "Conferences," or who have known him or met him in private life. He looked, every inch of him, one of Nature's gentlemen; and even among the non-religious portion of the French nation in his diocese he was much respected on account of his noble and generous nature. In England he was so far venerated and loved that his name was "given out" at mass yesterday in several Roman Catholic chapels in the metropolis, the prayers of the congregation being requested "for the repose of his soul."

Those who wish to study the character and career of Bishop Dupanloup in greater detail should refer to the pages of "Célébrities Catholiques Contemporaines," edited by M. Louis and M. Eugène Veuillot.

CARDINAL CULLEN.

(Obituary Notice, Friday, October 25, 1878.)

Cardinal Cullen, the Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, died yesterday afternoon at his residence in Eccles-street, Dublin. Although he had been in delicate health for more than 12 months, and had obtained the assistance of Canon M'Cabe as coadjutor to administer the diocese, no serious apprehensions had been felt respecting him, and his death was quite unexpected. It is supposed to have been caused by aneurism of the heart. His loss will give a severe shock to the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was the distinguished head in Ireland, and will be generally regretted, even by those who differed most widely from him on religious and political questions.

Of the early life of the Right Rev. Paul Cullen, D.D., but little is known beyond the fact that he was born about the year 1800, in the county of Meath, and was a member of a respectable family, engaged in agricultural pursuits. They are now among the most wealthy graziers in the country, and have considerable property in Meath and Kildare. His Christian name, which is not at all a common one in Ireland, would seem to denote an early dedication of his life to the priestly office, to which especial honour is attached in a social as well as religious aspect by the Roman Catholic peasantry and industrial classes. Having been ordained for the ministry, he was sent to Rome, where he spent nearly 30 years of his life, and rose to a position of trust and eminence in the councils of the Vatican. He was officially connected with the management of the Irish College at Rome, but this was the only bond of connexion with his own country, and there can be no doubt that his ideas were deeply tinged by the impressions derived from foreign experience, and associated with the narrow circle in which he moved. In 1849 the death of Dr. Crolly, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, created a vacancy in that important see, and, the Suffragan Bishops having been divided in opinion as to the choice of his successor, the Pope settled the dispute *suo more* by appointing Dr. Cullen Primate of All

Ireland. This exercise of Papal authority was regarded as an infringement of the elective rights or usage which had been previously recognized, and created much dissatisfaction at the time, though the supreme will of the Holy See was obeyed. To avoid scandal in the Church, the bishops and clergy who had lived under a different *régime* suppressed their discontent, and the feeling gradually wore away. It was the first step, however, towards the enforcement of a despotic control which has since dominated the whole ecclesiastical system in Ireland. In pursuance of what seems to have been a deliberate purpose, the vindication of a principle which may be deemed essential to the preservation of unity and the concentration of power, the pre-existing plan of clerical government has been changed. The degree of independence which had been before enjoyed was taken away, and bishops and clergy were brought more into subjection to the direct authority of the Vatican. In furtherance of this policy, bishops were no longer elected by the clergy, and the old constitutional office of parish priest was superseded by that of administrator. The former possessed an independent parochial jurisdiction so long as he did not violate any canonical law, while the latter had no fixity of tenure, and might at any time be removed at the will of the diocesan, without being entitled to any compensation for even capricious disturbance. This change, which is being gradually and steadily worked out as opportunity offers, constitutes one of the most remarkable points of difference between the government of the Church of Rome in Ireland in the days of Cardinal Cullen and those of his predecessor. On the death of the late Dr. Murray, in 1851, Dr. Cullen was transferred from the Primatial See of Armagh to the more important though less ancient and, in an ecclesiastical sense, less dignified one of Dublin. It was in this position that his views and principles had full development and scope. No two characters could be more different than those of the mild and genial Archbishop Murray, whose liberal spirit conciliated many opponents of the Catholic claims and attracted the cordial esteem and friendship of the Protestant gentry, and the ascetic Prelate who possessed no social sympathies, but looked, if not with suspicion and distrust, at least with cold and gloomy reserve, upon those of a heretical creed. He infused a new spirit into the social as well as the religious life of the country, regarding with apprehension the effects of a liberal mixture of different religious sects, not only in educational, but in other matters which previously afforded a common ground of action. He set up anew and strengthened by every means the old barrier of sectarian isolation and exclusiveness, and the result is a growth of the spirit in the country which may be more zealous and devotional, but is also more narrow and illiberal than prevailed before his time, though it is to some extent counteracted by more tolerant and trustful principles. He was, as every one knows, an Ultramontane of the most uncompromising type, and though there were many, both of the clergy and laity, who dissented from his opinions, few had the courage to oppose them, enforced as they were by a systematic policy which made its influence felt and feared.

The name of Archbishop Cullen has been a foremost one in the history of Ireland for the last 28 years. No man in the kingdom has exercised a greater personal influence, or wielded more absolute power, by virtue of his high episcopal position as a Prince of the Church, Archbishop of the Metropolitan See, and Legate of the Pope. His authority, however, was not used for any selfish motive, or for the gratification of an arbitrary will, but in a conscientious and considerate spirit for the advancement of the interests of religion, according to his ideas of what was patriotic and right. It was not only implicitly obeyed, but was received with the respect and deference due to his office and his character. There have been few occasions on which his episcopal rule excited any feeling of bitter resentment, though it was enforced when necessary with peremptory and inflexible decision. One notable exception—the case of Father O'Keefe—is of recent occurrence and now deeply impressed upon the memory by remarkable facts, which do not need any further reference. That case involved an issue affecting the principles of ecclesiastical government, both as regards internal discipline and the authority of the Church in matters affecting faith and morals. The educational controversy, in which the Cardinal maintained an attitude of determined hostility to the mixed system of education, was at the bottom of this dispute, though it became one of a graver character when the questions of canonical and constitutional right were introduced. From the first the Cardinal has been unflinching and indefatigable in his advocacy of denominationalism, and there can be

no doubt that the result of his persistent efforts has been to transform the national system into one, in fact, denominational; though the shadow of this principle on which it was founded is cast over. He opposed the mixed system, however, with still more uncompromising antagonism. After a memorable struggle he succeeded in the famous Synod of Thurles by a majority of one vote in procuring the issue of an edict condemning the national schools. This has been a fruitful subject of contention ever since, and a severe embarrassment alike to the Church itself and to the State. This may be said to have been the only question of a political nature with which the Cardinal concerned himself, and it was only in consideration of the religious element that he took an active part in the agitation respecting it. He did not intermeddle in party strife or controversies, or countenance interference of his clergy in electioneering or other political movements. In this respect the diocese of Dublin contrasted creditably with others in the country. All the thoughts and energies of his life were directed to the interests of religion, and he enforced, on the part of all who were subject to his authority, the strictest attention to their parochial duties. He was an earnest advocate and supporter of the temperance cause, and gave material help in promoting the Sunday Closing Act and other social reforms. His loyal attachment to the Crown and Constitution of England was shown with earnest and consistent firmness in trying times in spite of popular clamour and at the risk of personal odium. To none in Her Majesty's dominions was the British Government more indebted for co-operation in extinguishing the flames of insurrection during the Fenian excitement and restoring tranquillity and order in the country. His great influence was thrown heartily into the scale of constitutional authority, and he spared no exertions to put down every form of secret societies, which he believed to be incompatible with the duty of a citizen and a Christian. In private life he was most estimable, and under a cold and stern exterior had a warm and generous heart. With the exception of Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, and Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, he was the oldest Prelate in Ireland. As already stated, he was appointed to the See of Armagh and Primacy of All Ireland in 1850; in 1852 he was translated to Dublin, and in 1866 proclaimed a Cardinal priest, being the first Irishman who was invested with the purple and raised to the rank of a Prince of his Church; in 1859 he served as director to the Holy See by organizing an Irish Brigade, who went to assist in restoring the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. He was not present at the election of Leo XIII., although he left Ireland to attend. He was trustee for property to an immense amount bequeathed for religious purposes—a proof of the confidence reposed in him and the zeal he inspired.

(LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1878.)

The death of Cardinal CULLEN takes away an ecclesiastic who has for many years been the most fervent representative of Irish Ultramontanism, and who was a considerable figure even in the Roman hierarchy. Undistinguished as a theologian, a writer, or a preacher, he typified better than any other prelate the vast change which has come over the spirit of the Catholic Church in Ireland, as in all other lands, during the present generation. Born soon after the beginning of this century, he had felt the sting of the mischievous laws to which the Catholic Emancipation Act gave the last touch of extinction, and, after being taught in a village school, he was sent to Italy while still a boy to be educated for the priesthood. Such, indeed, was the old system of training the Irish youth for the sacred office. It was more expensive to send a lad to be educated in France, Spain, or Italy than it now is to keep him at Maynooth; and hence most of the older ecclesiastics came from a higher social class than those of the present day. They also returned to Ireland with some measure of foreign culture, which is scarcely rivalled by the results of the training at Maynooth. The repeal of the Penal Laws and the institution of that college have, by a curious perversity, tended to withdraw the ecclesiastical guides of the peasantry from contact with the higher intellectual currents of the age. Maynooth had been in existence for a few years when PAUL CULLEN chose to be a priest; but, as his parents belonged to the middle rank of society, they were able to follow the past custom of sending their son to study theology in the schools of the Continent. Had he returned to his

native country as soon as he was ordained, he might, perhaps, have been neither more nor less Liberal than the older race of Irish priests. But he took up his abode in Rome, and he became one of those ecclesiastics who set in motion the elaborate machinery of the Vatican. He was employed for many years in what may be called the Irish department, and in connexion with the Irish college. Thus he became profoundly acquainted with the political and the theological affairs of his country. He learned to know them as well as they can be known by the medium of correspondence and personal interviews at a distance from the scene of strife and from the atmosphere of Irish passion.

Meanwhile, the spirit of Ultramontanism had been gathering strength throughout the whole of Western Europe under the influence of the feeling that the unity of the Latin Church was menaced by scepticism, political revolution, and the tendency of nations to assert their own individuality. Men like DE MAISTRE had seen that more centralization—a firmer tone of authority at the Vatican—was needed to resist the disintegrating forces, and Rome was quick to learn the lesson taught by her keener minds. Nowhere could a young ecclesiastic be so speedily transformed by the new spirit as in one of the congregations which manage the religious affairs of the most distant lands from the Vatican. PAUL CULLEN, while still a young man, had to study the appeals from the Irish clergy against their prelates; the disputes of the Irish hierarchy with the English Government; the system of education, and the training of the priesthood. He had to draw up reports which virtually invested him with the despotism of the Vatican. Thus he gathered Italian ideas of discipline, and he must often have been shocked by the wild tone of independence with which the Irish priests sometimes spoke of the Papacy when they wished to show the English Government that they were loyal subjects of the CROWN. Such outbursts of freedom must have appeared as licentious to a bureaucrat of the Vatican as the criticism of the House of Commons might seem to an official trained in the silent traditions of Russian obedience. No wonder, then, that so capable an ecclesiastic as PAUL CULLEN became a favourite with GREGORY XVI. and PIUS IX. He had his reward in 1849, when the death of Dr. CROLLY made a vacancy in the Archbishopric of Armagh. The suffragan bishops of that diocese did not, indeed, put the name of Dr. CULLEN among the list of three ecclesiastics whom, in the usual fashion, they submitted to the Vatican, in ascending order of worthiness, as qualified to rule the see; but the POPE set aside their recommendation, and gave the dignity to Dr. CULLEN. He did exactly the same thing after the death of Cardinal WISEMAN, and thus it happened that Dr. MANNING became Archbishop of Westminster. In Ireland, at least, his assertion of authority was resented by a clergy who had still much of the same independent spirit as the old Gallicans; but the iron pressure of the Roman discipline always baffles little spurts of freedom, and the Irish bishops had to submit. Very soon they found that in Archbishop CULLEN the POPE had sent an ecclesiastic who was to make a profound change in the whole spirit of their communion. Some of them, at least, had been ready to accept from the English Government a plan of national education which should allow Protestants and Catholics to meet in the same class-rooms. The vigilant eye of Archbishop CULLEN saw at a glance, on the other hand, that the training of the "Godless colleges" would be hostile to the spirit of Ultramontanism just in proportion to the degree in which it should be unsectarian. Ultramontanism, he knew, was not so much a code of definite principles as a tendency; and the very thing it wanted to destroy was that temper of Liberalism which the Queen's Colleges would foster. Hence he launched against the whole system of "godless" education pastorals filled with anathemas fresh from the banks of the Tiber. Catholic parents were warned that they would risk the salvation of their sons if they should allow them to be taught by heretical professors and associate with heretical young men. Nor can there be any doubt that if Catholicism requires such a theological spirit as his, it also needs his system of isolation. With unflinching zeal he pursued the same system when he was translated to the Archbishopric of Dublin; and in that diocese his influence was the more marked because his predecessor, Dr. MURRAY, had been as much noted for the liberalism with which he treated national education as for the amiability of his character. Archbishop CULLEN proceeded to establish a Catholic University, and the experiment was made memorable by his choice of the first rector. In Dr. NEWMAN he selected a man of incompar-

able qualifications for the scholastic part of the duty, but at the same time profoundly unlike himself in mental and theological temper. The subtle intellect that had written the University Sermons and the essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine could scarcely sympathize with the dictatorial directness of the newer school. Hence Dr. NEWMAN'S connexion with the Catholic University soon closed. Archbishop CULLEN went on, however, without flinching; and, supported by the Vatican, he gradually beat down all opposition. Thanks to his influence, the Queen's Colleges lie under the ban of the Catholic clergy, and he also did much to destroy the unsectarian character of the national schools. Thus he earned by zealous service the rank of the Cardinalate—an honour which was the more marked in his case because he was the first Irishman to whom it had been given since the Reformation.

In the same spirit, but with still greater boldness, he strove to lessen the independence of the parish priests, and to make them subject to the will of their bishops, who were subject to the will of the Vatican. The priests had inherited considerable rights from a time when the discipline of Rome was lax. But those rights would be fatal to the perfect working of the system which Cardinal CULLEN had come from Rome to establish. He could not secure the requisite freedom from friction until he could declare, as Cardinal DE BONNECHOSE did in the French Senate, "My clergy are a regiment, and when I say to them 'March!' they march." But he did not find it easy to drill Irish priests into a semblance of the ecclesiastical janissaries who in other lands are the mute servants of the Vatican. Father O'KEEFE'S vehement appeals to the Canon Law and vigorous denunciations of his ecclesiastical superiors betrayed an embarrassing temper. Again, however, Cardinal CULLEN and his party were absolutely successful. They were on the crest of the wave which was submerging all forms of ecclesiastical nationality, and the Irish priesthood will soon learn to obey the word of command as silently as the French. Cardinal CULLEN was an interesting man precisely because he was the agent of a great change, and because he was admirably fitted to be the instrument of it. His ascetic temper cut him off from the cultivated, easy, tolerant ecclesiastics of a past generation. To him Rome was everything, and he looked askance even at social pleasures which threatened to blur the line between her fold and that of heresy. To him obedience to the audible word of command was the first condition of order, and order the first necessity of a Church. He was an ecclesiastical Imperialist, and he governed in a perpetual state of siege. Such a man could not have the play of mind or the broad sympathies which bring mental and moral influence, but the very narrowness of his view tended to give him fixity of aim, and to show him the shortest way of victory. His hatred of misrule was beneficial to the English Government in one way, because it rendered him the determined foe of Fenianism and secret societies. But he will be chiefly remembered as the Prelate who made Ireland an essentially Ultramontane country, and thus began a new political as well as ecclesiastical chapter of her history. Fervently sincere, single-minded, devout, unflinching, distrustful of culture, a Catholic, and nothing but a Catholic, domineering, and yet absolutely obedient, he represents the militant temper of his Church. If he was not a great Irishman, he was at least a great Ultramontane.

ESPARTERO.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879.)

Marshal Espartero, Duke of Victoria, whose death we record this morning, was born in 1792 in the little town of Granatula, province of La Mancha, and had therefore reached the patriarchal age of 87. His father, a wheelwright by trade, maintained by his manual labour a large family of children, of whom the Marshal was the youngest. He was originally of too delicate a constitution to follow his father's laborious calling. A near relation, who was parish priest of a town in the same province, recommended his parents to place him at school in order to obtain sufficient instruction to qualify him for admission into an ecclesiastical seminary, and the expense of this preliminary education was defrayed by the good priest.

Before he had completed his studies, the French invaded Spain. Among those whom love of national independence and hatred of the invaders roused from the torpor which it was erroneously supposed had fallen upon the Spanish people, none sprung to arms with more enthusiasm than the student class. Espartero, then in his 16th year, quitted his college and entered as a volunteer in a corps consisting chiefly of young men who were preparing for the same profession, which, from that circumstance, was designated the "Sacred Battalion." After some training they were drafted into different corps on active service. Espartero, having manifested a strong preference for the military profession, was sent, through the influence of a noble family to whom his relation was chaplain, to a military school, and in a very few years obtained his commission as Sub-Lieutenant in the Line. By that time, however, the French had been driven from the Peninsula, and soon after Napoleon ceased to be the ruler of France. There was no prospect of employment at home, but for the young soldier there was a world elsewhere. The South American colonies, which repudiated the Sovereign whom Napoleon had forced upon Spain, rose against the mother country and asserted their independence. The resistance had been encouraged by the Spanish patriots only against the French usurper; but some of the colonies, having enjoyed the luxury of independence and proved the possibility of existing without being ruled by Spanish Viceroys, followed in their own cause the example set them by the old country. When Spain was completely delivered from foreign domination, they refused to resume allegiance to the Crown of Castile and proclaimed themselves independent States with Republican institutions.

The young subaltern, who had an earnest inclination for the active duties of his profession, tendered his service to General Morillo, who commanded the expedition sent out to reduce Venezuela and New Granada to obedience. He was at once accepted, and shared in the promotion accorded to officers proceeding on service to the colonies. Morillo soon had an opportunity of appreciating his capabilities, natural and acquired, and on landing in America appointed him secretary and aide-de-camp. Among the insurgent chiefs who from the outset of the struggle made themselves remarkable for personal intrepidity and skill was La Madrid. He had some time before surprised an important fortress held by the Royalist troops. Alarm spread along the whole line of fortified places; the reserve battalions were brought up to defend them and to drive the rebel chief into the passes from which he had suddenly emerged, and by a vigorous attack prevent the patriots from establishing defences. It was determined to storm the surprised fort at once, and take it, if possible, at the point of the bayonet. A battalion volunteered as the storming party. Espartero, employed on the personal staff of the General, had as yet done no regimental duty, and longed, with the ardour of a true soldier, for an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He asked and obtained permission of his chief to join the party. The fortress was attacked, and after an hour's fighting the Royalists were repulsed with loss and their commanding officer killed. They returned to the charge, and were again driven back. The third time the Royalists, who had lost nearly half their number and most of their officers killed or severely wounded, were for withdrawing altogether. The young aide-de-camp insisted on making one more attempt. He sent word to the General that if he had a supply of ammunition and 100 men he could take the fort in an hour. "Tell him," said the chief, "that he shall have 200 and I give him four hours; if he succeeds, he shall not go unrewarded." Before the promised ammunition and reinforcements came up, Espartero (the senior officers having been killed or disabled) led the remnant of his force to a part of the fort which was weakly defended. He rallied those who had fallen back, put himself at the head, and shouted, "Twenty ounces of gold to the man who pulls down the rebel flag!" He dashed forward at the same instant, some 200 men followed, and the attack was so furious that the patriots, though more numerous, abandoned the works with hardly any attempt at resistance. In half an hour the Republican flag was torn down from the parapet by Espartero himself and the Royal standard was floating in its place. He was named to the command of the battalion he had led so well, and soon after distinguished himself in another important combat in which La Madrid was again beaten. The following year he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, with the command of a regiment, and with this corps he routed the bands of Rueto. In 1822 he was made Colonel, with the command of a brigade, and from

that year until the fall of Ayacucho, in 1824, and the signal victory gained by the patriot General Suare against the Viceroy La Serna, which secured the independence of Bolivia and put an end to Spanish domination in that part of America, the soldier of fortune gave numerous proofs of professional skill and personal gallantry.

Espartero returned to Spain when the evacuation of the American Provinces by the Royalist army became inevitable, and was sent with despatches to the Madrid Government, in which the General-in-Chief did full justice to the services of his subordinate. He was promoted to Brigadier-General and named to the command of Logroño, the chief town of the Rioja. He was then in his 32d year, manly and soldier-like in appearance, and of pleasing manners. Here he became acquainted with the daughter of a wealthy proprietor named Santa Cruz. The intimacy ripened into affection, and they were married in 1825. Soon after his marriage he was transferred to the command of Palma, the capital of the Balearic Islands, where he continued for some time in perfect tranquillity and in the enjoyment of all the happiness which ample means, local rank, and the society of an amiable and accomplished lady could bestow.

On the death of Ferdinand VII. (September, 1833) Espartero unhesitatingly declared for the cause of his daughter, then only three years old, sent in his adhesion to the Queen Regent Maria Christina, and asked to be employed on active service in the province where the Carlist insurrection originally broke out, or wherever the Government might deem his services most useful. The request of a man who had already distinguished himself was immediately granted, and he was appointed to the command of the province of Biscay. The state and prospects of Spain at that period were most gloomy. The greater part of Biscay was in the power of the Carlists, and though the corps of General Rodil, no longer required in Portugal after the defeat of Dom Miguel, joined the Queen's army in the northern provinces, this advantage was more than counterbalanced by the increasing strength and organization of the insurgents under Zumalcarregui, and the enthusiasm created by the presence of the Pretender among them at the review held by him in August, 1834, in Navarre, when there mustered a corps of 16,000 men exclusive of the bands in Biscay. The Queen's forces were at that time distributed in a number of weakly-fortified posts at a distance from each other. The Carlists, who had hitherto kept in the mountains, occasionally descending to make sudden attacks on detached corps, assumed the offensive in the spring of 1835; their operations began to assume a decisive character, and their advantages were rapid and frequent. In April the Queen's troops were repulsed with a loss of 2,000 men; General Oran was utterly defeated in the Bastan (Navarre), and the triumphant progress of Zumalcarregui continued unabated till his death on June 25 in the same year, from a severe wound in the knee. In December, 1835, the headquarters of the Queen's army were at Vitoria, and Espartero, a short time before promoted to Lieutenant-General, commanded a division under Cordova. This General had done something towards restoring the discipline of the army, which when he took the command was in a very deplorable state, owing to its want of resources of every kind and its many discomfitures in the field. It was reserved for Espartero to complete the work commenced by his superior, and the first signal proof he gave of his resolution to do so was during his stay in the capital of Alava.

There was at that time attached to the brigade of Jaureguy (called El Pastor, from his original occupation before he became chief of a guerilla band against the French invaders) a sort of regular corps known as Chapel-Gorris, or Red Caps, consisting principally of Guipuzcoans. They were useful in the Basque mountains as *éclaireurs*, were very brave, very gay, and good fellows enough in quarters; hated the Carlists intensely, but had loose notions about property; were unscrupulous where there was an opportunity of plunder among friends or foes, and were, consequently, objects of much fear and dislike to the peasantry. They had been guilty of diverse excesses and had too often escaped punishment. On a recent occasion some of these men had committed outrages of a more than ordinary character which could not be passed over. On the 7th of December General Cordova, accompanied by General Evans, who commanded the British auxiliaries, left Vitoria for Burgos to confer, it was said, with some Envoy on his way from Madrid to Paris. Espartero, on whom the authority devolved in the absence of his superior, resolved to profit by this occasion to make an example which would not soon be forgotten, particularly as it

was rumoured at head-quarters that he had been sharply remonstrated with by the Government for not checking the excesses of his men.

On the morning of the 12th of December the unconscious Chapel-Gorris were marched out a few miles on the Miranda-del-Ebro road. On their arrival at the place of rendezvous they were ordered to take position on a rising ground. Here they beheld drawn up a force of 6,000 infantry, artillery, and some squadrons of cavalry, which had preceded them from Vitoria. They were halted to pile arms, and then moved to some distance; the cavalry in the meantime advanced and occupied the ground between them and their piled arms. At that moment only they seemed to understand that they were brought there for some sinister purpose. The General appeared before them, and in an energetic address called upon them to denounce the ringleaders, the most guilty participators in the crime. They were silent, but some seemed as if they would attempt to repossess themselves of their muskets; they were prevented by the cavalry. Orders were then given for lots to be cast for decimation. The order was executed, and 60 unfortunates stood apart from their comrades. From these, ten were drawn by lot. The firing party were ready, and in a few minutes the ten who paid the penalty of their own crime or that of others were lying dead at the foot of the hill. All were not dead, however, for one fine young man, who was but slightly wounded in the ear and the arm, had the presence of mind to throw himself on the grass and remain motionless on his face until the troops had all marched past and withdrawn. In a few days he was carried into Vitoria in secrecy and finally recovered. It is probable the matter was not unknown to the General, who, perhaps, thought the example sufficient for his purpose; at all events, the young man was not molested.

The mutiny of the sergeants and privates of some battalions of Provincial Guards on duty at San Ildefonso, where the Queen Regent and her daughters then were, on the night of the 11th of August, 1836, produced the dismissal of the Isturitz Cabinet and the adoption of the Constitution of 1812. The excitement was so great that the Ministers fled from Madrid and retired to France; but the Military Governor of the capital fell a victim to popular resentment. General Cordova resigned the command-in-chief of the Army, quitted Spain, and repaired as quickly as possible to Bayonne. After a short lapse of time Espartero was gazetted Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Operations in the Northern Provinces.

The Carlists were not slow to profit by these disorders and by the diminished strength of the Queen's army caused by the necessity of sending detachments into the interior of the country. They again, for the second time, invested the important city of Bilbao. The force available to Espartero for raising the siege was comparatively small; but the garrisons numbered nearly 7,000 men, and General Evans despatched from San Sebastian, where he then had his head-quarters, 1,300 Spanish troops to their assistance and a battalion of the British auxiliary force. The steamer in which the latter embarked was driven back by stress of weather. Lord John Hay, commanding the naval station on the north coast, sent also 12 guns and an effective detachment of Royal Artillery. In the meantime the troops that had been sent in pursuit of the Carlist Chiefs Gomez and Sanz in their expedition to the interior successively returned, and Espartero soon had 20,000 men at his disposal. The positions of the Carlists were strong and formidable, and the Azua, an unfordable river, had to be crossed by the relieving army under a heavy fire from the crest of a mountain ridge. A bridge was thrown across and the passage was effected by the troops. It was midnight on the 25th of December, during a heavy storm of snow, when Espartero, though suffering from a painful affection, placed himself at the head of his men and led them to the charge. The Carlist positions were carried and when day broke the enemy were in complete flight and left in the hands of the victor the whole of their stores and 25 guns. Espartero was foremost in the attack, and by his undaunted bravery on this and on all other critical occasions he proved that the personal exposure of a chief often does more for victory than mere generalship. This brilliant affair obtained for him the title of Count of Luchana.

Early in the following year (1837) a combined operation was agreed on with the object of driving Don Carlos out of Guipuzcoa, which was his stronghold. By this arrangement Espartero was to move from Bilbao, Sarsfield from Pampeluna, and Evans from San Sebastian. The Carlist army in the provinces was at that time over 35,000 strong and had nearly

100 guns. It was not merely in numbers that their real strength lay, but in their central position, defended by natural barriers, and they required very few detachments for garrisons. The movement of Espartero's corps, which amounted to about 22,000 men, was to be made simultaneously with the junction at Oyarzun of Sarsfield and Evans, whose united force was nearly 20,000, and with Espartero, who was to advance on Durango and Begara, were to march on Hernani and Tolosa. A few days afterwards Sarsfield sent word that it was impossible for him to move at the time appointed; he had not a dollar to pay his men; his officers were six months in arrear, and he was in such a distressing situation that he would attempt no serious operation, but he added that when means were afforded him he should at once move. A few weeks later Evans, being apprised that some money and supplies had reached Pampeluna, left San Sebastian on the 10th of March to occupy a position from which Vera or Oyarzun was accessible and to cover the expected movement on those towns. The Carlists in his front were 8,000 strong. Evans attacked them at daybreak, and his troops carried their positions in gallant style. The enemy then established themselves on almost inaccessible heights, and kept up a heavy fire without making much impression on the Queen's troops, though the loss was considerable on both sides; but Evans found himself hardly two miles from the appointed rendezvous. Before advancing further it was necessary to learn something about Sarsfield's column and in the meantime to fortify the captured redoubts. Espartero was punctual, and had moved the same day (10th of March) from Bilbao towards Durango. He encountered little resistance, the Carlists directing their attention principally to Hernani, their object being to prevent at all cost the junction of Sarsfield and Evans.

While waiting for news of Sarsfield a despatch was received from him by Evans the next day, dated two days before, announcing that he was preparing to advance by Lecumberri upon Hernani, instead of by Vera and Oyarzun, and a second letter to the same effect. This sudden departure from the original arrangement, for which no reason was given, created the greatest regret and apprehension, as a movement through mountain passes, close to the enemy's centre, defended by a large force of infantry and cavalry, with a certainty of reinforcements, was a most dangerous undertaking. There was no help for it; a corresponding movement by Evans and an attack in front to draw off the enemy's attention were the only chances of saving Sarsfield from the consequences of so hazardous an adventure. Evans advanced without loss of time, and after two days' hard fighting, driving the Carlists from their positions, he was on the point of attacking Hernani, when it was found that a reinforcement of over 5,000 men, who were believed to be at that moment engaged with Sarsfield, had reached the enemy.

Another despatch later in the afternoon announced that Sarsfield had again changed his mind; that he had moved out of Pampeluna a few miles, but that a heavy fall of snow during the night completely prevented any further progress. Evans was then only a mile from Hernani, but as between him and that town there were 22 Carlist battalions and a body of cavalry, its capture was impossible. Further co-operation with Sarsfield was out of the question and a new arrangement with Espartero became necessary. Evans's force fell back on Ayetta, in front of San Sebastian, retaining the same positions they had gained some days before. Sarsfield acted wisely in returning to Pampeluna without venturing into the formidable pass of Lecumberri. His great fault was his ever attempting to do so, for had he persisted his column would, in all probability, have been destroyed. He was immediately removed from his command.

Towards the end of April (1837) Evans's force on the Ayetta lines was about 10,000; the enemy in his front, strongly posted and with many guns, amounted to double that number. With such a disparity it was impossible to dislodge them, and the operation was only practicable by a junction with a part of the main army from Bilbao. The proposal was made by Evans to the General-in-Chief and at once accepted. On the 1st of May six battalions of Spanish troops arrived by sea at San Sebastian. No time was lost. Evans moved forward with his auxiliaries on the 3d and occupied his former positions of the 13th of March, ready to commence fighting on the arrival of the remainder. Before, however, these reinforcements had time to come up, the Carlists made a desperate attack on his position, and after four hours' fighting, during which their guns at point-blank range did considerable execution, they were routed with great slaughter and

forced to take shelter in their redoubts. On the 9th Espartero arrived; two days after the whole force landed; and the army, including the auxiliaries, then amounted to 24,000 infantry and cavalry. On the 14th Espartero advanced against Hernani. The enemy in front, 14 battalions, gallantly and obstinately defended their positions. Espartero offered Evans to allow some battalions of the British Legion to take the lead. The offer, intended as an honour, was eagerly accepted. The battalions did take the lead; they scaled the ramparts and fought in the streets of the town. Spaniards and auxiliaries soon became the masters. Hernani was taken, and Espartero fixed his headquarters there, while some four or five thousand Carlists remained in observation on the heights a few miles in advance. Evans at once moved on with 9,000 men to the attack of Oyarzun, Irun, and Fontarabia. These towns fell one after the other after two days' fighting, and their fall completely opened the communications with the French frontier. On the third day after the capture of Fontarabia, the British Legion was again at Hernani, and accompanied for a few leagues the General-in-Chief on his march to Navarre. On their way they were attacked by the Carlists, but the Legion Artillery drove them out of their intrenchments in less than half an hour and put them to flight. The principal strongholds in Guipuzcoa being thus captured, a Carlist expedition left the Basque Provinces towards the end of May, and made a circuitous march through parts of the kingdom, during which they had several severe actions with the Queen's troops. They gained no adherents in the northern division of Aragon, nor even in the mountains of Catalonia. They made the best of their way to the districts occupied by Cabrera, but those districts could not afford them the supplies they needed. They then penetrated into Castile, where they were joined by reinforcements from the provinces, which increased their strength to 16,000 infantry and 1,200 horse, nominally commanded by Don Carlos, and approached to within four miles of Madrid. The only garrison of Madrid consisted of some 8,000 National Guards, well armed and equipped, and Espartero was summoned in all haste from the northern banks of the Ebro to the defence of the capital. On his approach the Carlists at once fell back. He pursued them without loss of time, came up with the rear guard at Aranda del Duero and attacked and drove them into the mountains of Soria. Here the remains of the enemy separated into two columns of about 6,000 each, with one of which Don Carlos was. Espartero got between this column and the other, which was commanded by Don Sebastian, who, with Generals Zariategui, Villa Real, and other chiefs, made their way by rapid marches back to Biscay. The other column, with Don Carlos, wandered about for several days, and, by night marches through the forests of the Sierra, escaped Espartero's pursuit and sought rest and safety on the northern bank of the Ebro, which they reached in a most miserable condition, after traversing the country to the extent of nearly 1,000 miles.

Unfortunately, the same causes which had so often during the war retarded its operations once more paralyzed the Queen's army. Espartero, who had just beaten and dispersed the invaders of Castile, found himself, from want of the most indispensable supplies, unable to continue his pursuit of the enemy into the fastnesses of the northern provinces. His enforced leisure enabled him to turn his attention to another matter as necessary as following up the Carlists—namely, the reorganization of his army. Besides the real destitution to which it was so often reduced, means had been taken to create among the non-commissioned officers and men, who were almost all Liberals, doubts and suspicions as to the fidelity of their chiefs to the Constitutional cause. The failure of Sarsfield in his engagements respecting the combined movement with Espartero and Evans, already described, seemed to justify the charge of bad faith. There was no good reason to believe that it was founded in truth. Sarsfield had served and commanded, not without distinction, in the great War of Independence with Napoleon, and by all accounts was a gallant soldier and an honourable gentleman as became the descendant of the Sarsfields of Limerick. His apparent defection on the occasion referred to was really attributable to the bad state of his health, which, as he himself said, was "completely shattered." Whole battalions, however, had mutinied and murdered their Generals at Miranda on the Ebro, at Vitoria and Pampeluna, and attempted to do the same at Hernani; and Sarsfield was one of the first victims.

It has been seen how Espartero checked the excesses of the soldiery in the affair of the Chapel-Gorris. He was not less resolute in dealing with their superiors. The murderers of Escalera at Miranda

and of the Governor Alvarez at Vitoria were tried and shot. The colonel of a well-known regiment of the Line, who, if he had not taken an active part, had at least connived at the murder of Sarsfield, was arrested, tried, and shot the same day near Pampeluna in presence of his own men ; and the leaders of each rank during the mutinies were dismissed the army, or otherwise punished. By these energetic measures order and discipline were soon restored.

In the following year (1838) the Carlists attempted another expedition to the south of the Ebro, without success, and one column was destroyed or made prisoners by Espartero. Nevertheless, for more than 12 months the army continued in want of magazines, equipments, and means of transport. Espartero had issued a manifesto condemning the project of the Government to form an army of reserve while the army of operations was in such destitution, to be commanded by a General known to be hostile to him. This army was really intended to counterbalance the influence of Espartero. In January (1839) there was a change of Government in Madrid, which was productive of important advantages. The new Minister of War was General Alaix, and few men in Spain were so well acquainted with the requirements of an army in the field. He was, moreover, a thoroughly honest man, and belonged to none of the political parties that then disputed power. He made such arrangements that by the time the campaign opened the troops were in a most efficient condition, and Espartero found himself for the first time with equipments, shoes, means of transport, and three or four months' provisions in his magazines. As the resources of the Queen's army increased, those of the Carlists rapidly diminished. The signal victory of Guardamino, where the General's personal valour was conspicuously displayed at a most critical moment, was the first of the campaign. The movement on Orduña which followed and the turning of the enemy's position at Balmaseda and Villa Real de Alava were skilfully conducted and were completely successful.

The Queen's army soon occupied the mountain region which commanded the enemy's country, the passes of which had been held by them for six years. The Carlists were now greatly discouraged. They had become weary of the war, and the Prince for whom they carried it on had sunk much in their estimation. Their General, Maroto, and other chiefs who had most influence knew that further resistance was useless. The desire for peace was universal. Negotiations with that view had been going on for some months, and were now brought to a successful issue. Espartero led his victorious troops down from the heights to Bergara ; on the 31st of August, 1839, the Convention was signed, and 24 battalions of Carlist veterans laid down their arms, and, with full confidence in the good faith of her General, acknowledged the authority of Queen Isabella II.

During the summer of the following year Espartero completed his work by the defeat and expulsion of Cabrera and his bands from the mountains of Catalonia and Lower Aragon. The Civil War, which had lasted seven years, was now at an end, and throughout Spain there was not a single Carlist in arms. Espartero, hailed by the nation as the pacificator of his country, was created Duke of Victoria and Morella, Grandee, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, having for his previous deeds received all the military orders of chivalry known to Spain. The English Government, in recognition of his great services to his country, conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Bath.

It would have been well had he remained contented with the immense popularity which rewarded such signal services and the title of Liberator of his country. In Spain no party considers itself complete without a military chief at its head, and the more advanced Liberals, or *Progresistas* as they were called in opposition to the Conservatives, or *Moderados*, were proud to adopt the foremost man of the time as their champion. A dissension soon arose between him and the new War Minister respecting the promotion he had asked for his military and confidential secretary, which was somewhat ungraciously refused. The Ministers had to resign, and the secretary, of course, obtained what was asked from their successors. His great influence with the army and the nation, as well as his alliance with the *Progresistas*, made Espartero obnoxious to the Court and the Government ; and, in opposition to the new chief of the Liberals, a Bill was drawn up on the French model, imposing certain important restrictions on municipal liberties. It was known that Espartero highly disapproved this measure, but it was presented to the Cortes by the Cabinet, passed into law, and, in spite of his reiterated protests, received the sanc-

tion of the Queen Regent. An insurrectionary movement immediately followed in diverse parts of the country, while it was known that the army declared for its General. The Ministry fell. Espartero, fresh from his crowning victory in Catalonia, entered Madrid in triumph, and was named President of the new Cabinet. The Queen Mother, who was then at Valencia, resigned her functions as Regent of the kingdom, and embarked for France on the 12th of October. In May the following year (1841) Espartero, after a struggle between those who wanted a Regency of three and those who would have but one, was elected by the Cortes sole Regent of Spain during the minority of Queen Isabella, and proceeded, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the people, to take the oaths of fidelity to the Queen and the Constitution.

His services were too remarkable and his position too high not to excite the jealousy and dislike of men whom he so much surpassed and who set themselves to conspire against him. In November the same year a military insurrection broke out simultaneously in Pampeluna and Madrid. O'Donnell, who was at the head of the former, gained over a certain number of the garrison and got possession of the citadel during the night. The leaders of the movements in Madrid were Concha and Diego Leon, Count of Belascoain (sometimes called by his admirers the Murat of Spain), General of Cavalry. O'Donnell threw a few shells into Pampeluna to force the National Guard to declare for the Queen-Mother, but without effect; and the Madrid leaders, whose object was said to be to obtain possession of the Queen's person and carry her off to the northern provinces, attacked the Royal palace. Vigorous resistance was offered by the Halberdiers or household guard, and the fighting was continued to the very doors of the Royal apartment. All Madrid was now thoroughly roused, for the attempt was made during the night, and the National Guard and troops hastened to the spot. The issue was not long doubtful. The plot failed ignominiously, and the leaders fled in all directions and in various disguises, and some lay hid during the night under the arch of a bridge. One or two of the subordinates were taken, and Diego Leon was discovered a day or two afterwards in disguise at some short distance from Madrid, waiting for an opportunity to escape. He was tried by Court-martial, convicted, and shot; the exasperation of the National Guard being so great that the Regent did not venture to pardon or commute the punishment of his old comrade. The plot having failed in Madrid, O'Donnell quitted the citadel of Pampeluna by the postern gate, and with most of the soldiers whom he had gained over made the best of his way to France. Espartero, who had gone up to the Basque Provinces after the flight of O'Donnell, returned to Madrid, where he was received with acclamations.

Towards the close of the following year (1842) another insurrection broke out in the ever-turbulent city of Barcelona, where means had been taken to make the manufacturing classes believe that Espartero was sold to England and was projecting a commercial treaty, the result of which must be the total ruin of Catalanf industry. Van Halen, Count of Peracampe, was Captain-General of the province. There was some fighting between the troops and the populace, and some shells were thrown from the fortress of Monjuich. Espartero set out for Catalonia when he got news of the insurrection, which was put down before he arrived. He did not enter Barcelona, but remained for a few days in the environs.

The insurrection that next followed was far more serious. A combination was formed in the early part of 1843 between a discontented section of the *Progresistas* and the partisans of the Queen-Mother, in order to compel the Regent to sanction a general amnesty presented by the Cabinet, at the head of which was Lopez. Lopez, a rhetorician of marvellous fluency, the Castelar of those days, is long since forgotten. It was also required of Espartero that he should dismiss his confidential secretary, General Linaji, who was supposed to possess much influence over him. His refusal brought on a crisis. The Ministers resigned and the Cortes were dissolved. The old story was revived about the Regent having actually signed, at the instigation of the obnoxious secretary, a commercial treaty with England and thus sacrificed Spanish interests to "perfidious Albion." The disaffected Deputies hastened to the Provinces; in a few weeks the manufacturing towns of Catalonia rose, and their example was followed in some places in Aragon and in the South. The Revolutionary Junta of Barcelona proclaimed the deposition of the Regent, who had left Madrid with a portion of the army to quell the insurrection, and, by anticipation, the majority

of Queen Isabella, then only 13. A Provisional Government, formed principally of Serrano and Lopez, began by denouncing Espartero as a traitor to the country and depriving him of the rank and honours which he had so well earned. He tried to put down the movement, but the army had in great part been secured by the conspirators. His partisans accused him of remaining too long inactive in Albacete in Murcia, and thus allowing his enemies to gather strength. But he was well aware that he could no longer place implicit reliance on the troops, and after some ineffectual attempts he escaped to Cadiz at the end of July, where he embarked with a few faithful followers on board an English man-of-war and arrived in England in August, 1843.

Towards the close of 1847 the disgraceful decree which had proclaimed him traitor was rescinded and his honours were restored. He returned to Spain after four years of exile and entered Madrid early in January, 1848. His first visit was to the Queen, married two years before to her cousin Don Francisco d'Assise, who received him affectionately, at least in appearance. He took his seat in the Senate, where he was received with every mark of respect. The street (the Calle Montera) where he had his temporary residence was day after day so thronged with the crowds who waited to catch a sight of him that it was difficult for him to make his way through it. The enthusiasm of the Madrid population, who remembered only the victor of many fields and the restorer of peace, soon began, however, to give serious umbrage to the Government, at the head of which was his old enemy Narvaez. His friends, fearing that the attitude of the people might afford a pretext for some act of violence, thought it more prudent for him to leave the capital. He took their advice and retired to Logroño, where he lived tranquilly until 1854.

In 1854 there was a rising in Madrid against a most unpopular Government, at the head of which was Sartorius, Count of San Luis. O'Donnell, who had returned some years before from his Captain-Generalcy of Cuba, put himself at the head of the insurgent troops. A fight occurred at Vicalvaro, near Alcala de Haneres, with doubtful result. His first proclamation was not liberal enough for the *Progresistas*. He now found it necessary to repair his fault, and presently many Generals and their troops gave their adhesion to him. The Queen, who feared for her throne, turned to Espartero in her danger. The Ministers were dismissed, and Espartero, who had just been named Generalissimo by the Liberal Junta at Aragon, hastened to Madrid and accepted the post of Prime Minister, with O'Donnell as Minister of War. The next two years were taken up with complications and intrigues of all kinds. In the Constituent Cortes, which met at the close of the year to discuss the bases of a new Constitution, the existence of the Monarchy itself began to be called in question. A split occurred among the *Progresistas*, some of whom adhered to Espartero, some to O'Donnell; and the antagonism between the veteran and the younger and aspiring General grew in intensity. A crisis was inevitable. O'Donnell insisted on the dismissal of an obnoxious member of the Cabinet, Escosura, or his own resignation. All the Ministers, including Espartero, retired, and O'Donnell had the satisfaction of being named Prime Minister and, as such, charged with forming a new Cabinet. The fall of Espartero was followed by a formidable insurrection in Madrid, which was relentlessly put down. He took no part in it and once more returned to his retreat in Logroño. After the deposition of the Queen he might have been King of Spain or President of the Republic, but he invariably and most wisely declined the perilous distinction, and preferred to remain in the peaceful seclusion of Logroño. Whatever military critics may say of Espartero as a general, it is certain that from the time he held an independent command he was always successful against the enemy; and he brought the long and desolating Civil War, which had baffled all his predecessors could do, to a close. For some years his popularity was universal in Spain; engravings of his interview with Maroto on the plain of Bergara filled every shop window; even after his fall there was hardly a garret in Madrid that had not a likeness of the "Morenito," as, from his dark complexion, he was popularly called; and still, after many years and many vicissitudes, the memory of the soldier of Luchana is gratefully cherished. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, his honours were won in the field against the common enemy. He was a Field-Marshal, a Duke, and a Grandee of the highest class before the events of 1840, which raised him to the Regency on the resignation of the Queen Mother. For England he always cherished an affectionate regard, and was ever accessible and kind and generous to those who had

any claim on him. He never felt ashamed of his humble origin, and when as Regent of the Kingdom he held his Court in the lordly mansion of the Buena Vista, he cordially received his townsmen and inquired about his old comrades of Granatula as if they were of the bluest of blue blood. Such was the man who once held so high a place among his contemporaries, and whose career, though long since ended, will always fill many pages of his country's annals.

(LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879.)

A man has passed away who is but a historic name to the present generation. BALDOMERO ESPARTERO died yesterday, at Logroño, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Death has lately been busy among the illustrious of Spain. It is but a few months since Queen MERCEDES died; CHRISTINA has passed away; and now the old General and statesman, who has hardly emerged from his retirement for a quarter of a century, disappears from the scene. He has lived through political changes innumerable, and some of the most exciting of them have been made by younger men, while the veteran looked on from his solitude. The great work of his life was finished thirty-eight years ago. That work was to crush the Carlist cause, as was thought in 1840, for ever, and to place ISABELLA II. securely on the throne. ESPARTERO lived to know that the Queen of whom he had been the victorious champion was a discrowned exile; to see Spain ravaged by a civil strife more miserable than the seven years' Carlist War which he had brought to an end; to deplore, as one weak Government succeeded another, that shameful and apparently hopeless anarchy in which the very identity of his once proud and powerful country seemed to be effaced; but he has at least lived long enough to see the son of his former Sovereign called to the vacant throne, and to hail in ALFONSO XII. the heir of the BOURBONS and the King of Spain. In the crisis of the late civil war ESPARTERO gave expression—in what has proved his last public utterance—to the feeling with which every patriotic Spaniard must have viewed the state of Spanish affairs,—a feeling naturally keener for one whose own recollection could suggest so many contrasts; and the satisfaction with which he regarded the restoration of the monarchy has not been lessened by the fact that the government up to the present time has assumed a regular and constitutional form. Few careers have ever combined in a higher degree than that of ESPARTERO all the elements of romance, or have more fully exemplified the caprices of fortune. But the story of his life has much more than a picturesque or a sentimental interest. It has practical lessons to teach, by which all leaders of men may profit, and which are calculated to be useful to none more than to his own countrymen.

The career of which a detailed account will be found elsewhere in our columns may be said to fall into three main chapters. Up to 1833—that is, for the first 41 years of his life—the future Regent and Premier was simply a dashing soldier. The impulse which, in 1808, led the theological student of humble origin to enrol himself in the Sacred Battalion was the same which inspired the brilliant Aide-de-Camp of General MORILLO. When the war of independence, begun by Venezuela and New Granada, issued in a victory for the South American Colonies of Spain, ESPARTERO, a colonel at 32, returned to the mother country with his reputation for personal bravery and for dash in leading thoroughly established. But his services appear to have been adequately recognized by the rank of Brigadier-General and by the command of an important provincial town. The second and the great chapter of his life did not open until nine years later. ISABELLA, afterwards the Second of Spain, was only three years old when her father, FERDINAND VII., died, in September, 1833. General ESPARTERO promptly gave his adhesion to the Queen Regent, MARIA CHRISTINA, and during a civil war of seven years was the leading champion of the Royal cause against the Carlists. When, in 1840, the task was finished, and the bands of CABRERA had been driven out of Catalonia and Lower Aragon, honours of every kind were heaped upon the Liberator of Spain. ESPARTERO was created Duke of Victoria and Morella, a Grandee of the highest class, and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. England recognized his services to the peace of Europe by conferring on him the Grand Cross of the Bath. The prosperity, if not the power, of ESPARTERO had now culminated. That last chapter of his

public life which opened in 1840 and closed with his final retirement in 1857 was chequered with grave disasters. But it is not solely or principally because it presents such reverses that it offers a contrast, in many respects melancholy, to the period of seven years which had preceded it. As the chivalrous leader of the Royal armies in the civil war ESPARTERO was thoroughly in his place. As the nominal leader of the Progresistas afterwards he was thoroughly out of his place. It may be questioned whether Spain or the eminent Spaniard whom each occasion victimizes is the greater sufferer by that national superstition which ordains that every political party must have a military chief or, to speak more exactly, a military figure-head. The tendency of such a tradition is further to emphasize a resemblance, usually but too strong in Spain, between parties and camps, and at the same time to transfer men who have already done good service in their proper place to a position which they can neither maintain nor abandon without loss of reputation. ESPARTERO had a peculiar claim to the sympathy of Englishmen when, in 1843, the tactics of his rivals were at length successful, and he was proscribed by the Provisional Government of SERRANO and LOPEZ. The weapon which had been used against him with most effect was the story of a commercial treaty with England by which the Catalan industries were to be ruined—a rumour which set Barcelona ablaze with one of those sudden outbreaks for which it has been comparable only to Alexandria in the ancient or to Lyons in the modern world. It was in this country that the deposed Regent passed the four years of an exile from which—not too soon for the credit of Spain—he was honourably recalled; and the kindness which he then received here must have had its share with the recollections of old comradeship in creating that feeling of warm regard which he always entertained for England.

Above the fortune of the man—above his successes as well as his failures—stands out his character. This is well worth noting. It has that to teach which Spaniards of to-day may well ponder. His primary characteristic was brilliant personal bravery. It was this which signalized his earliest exploit—the re-capture of the fortress taken by the insurgent chief LA MADRID in the Spanish Colonial War; it was this which gave a special lustre to his relief of Bilbao in 1836; to his taking of Hernani in 1837, when the British auxiliaries, under EVANS, highly distinguished themselves; and, in the same year, to his expulsion of the Carlists from Castile. His next great quality was moral courage. ESPARTERO was never stopped from doing vigorously what he thought to be right by the fear of losing popularity, or by the prospect of official disgrace. The firmness with which he restored discipline on a famous occasion among the irregular troops known as the Red Caps, and the fearlessness with which, after the assassination of ESCALERA and of ALVARES, he punished the abettors of graver excesses, prove that he was exempt from that subservience to the popular voice of the soldiery which is so apt to influence the commander of troops in a doubtfully poised civil war. His public protest, in 1838, against the intention of the Government to put a General known to be hostile to him in command of the Army of Reserve was the expression of a just indignation, which was effective chiefly because it was in a rare sense intrepid. ESPARTERO was, however, a man of but mediocre ability. The great fact about him, and the one which bears most decisive and most significant testimony to his character, is that he was the man to whom Spain turned in a succession of crises. In 1841, the QUEEN-MOTHER having resigned the office of Regent in the autumn of the preceding year, it was ESPARTERO whom the voice of the Spanish nation, unequivocally expressed at a moment when the Court was hostile to him, summoned to that post. In 1854, when the successful agitation of O'DONNELL had thoroughly alarmed the QUEEN, it was ESPARTERO for whom she sent after the dismissal of her Ministers, and to whom she intrusted the formation of a new Cabinet. In the debates of May, 1869, on the policy of re-establishing the Monarchy, one of the proposals was that ESPARTERO should be made King of Spain; and, whatever may have been the tone of the reception given by the Constituent Cortes to the suggestion, the fact that it was possible is enough to show that the man to whom it referred still kept a high place in the respect and confidence of his countrymen. It would be easy to say that this reversion on a series of critical occasions to a man who could not pretend to the first rank of statesmanship argues mainly the barrenness of the land. To a certain extent this is true. A generation prolific in genius would have had a greater variety of resources. But the story has a better moral. It illustrates

the worth in public as well as private life of a reputation which is perhaps more rare, and certainly more powerful, than many people can easily believe. ESPARTERO achieved a larger influence than such opportunities as he enjoyed commonly bring to far abler persons chiefly because his countrymen were thoroughly convinced that he was an honest man.

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD.

OBITUARY NOTICE (THURSDAY, MARCH 6) and REVIEW of the PROFESSOR'S "LECTURES and ESSAYS" (WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22), edited by Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock, and published by Macmillan and Co.

The death of Professor Clifford, F.R.S., occurred on Tuesday, at Madeira, from consumption. The son of an Alderman and Justice of the Peace for Exeter, Mr. Clifford was born in 1845. He was second Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman in 1867, and was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the following year. Not long afterwards he was appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics at University College, London. He was distinguished not only by a rare talent for mathematics, but by a singular capacity for bringing the most advanced scientific ideas within the range of ordinary knowledge. At the time of his death a movement was in active progress to collect a fund for Professor Clifford and his family, on account of his enforced retirement from active work.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS.

The feelings of the many personal friends of Professor Clifford on reading these volumes must be like those of the survivors of a shipwreck when, on the morning after the storm, they contemplate on the beach the few remnants that the capricious sea has spared from the rich contents of the ship that she has engulfed. Their joy at the sight of each relic is insufficient to compensate for the sad memories it awakens of equally precious treasures that are lost. Nor is this feeling attributable merely to the fact that an early death has snatched from us a thinker of great power. Many such might pass away without exciting these keen feelings of regret. The world would be grateful for what it had actually received from them, and would not concern itself with speculations as to how much greater might have been their achievements had more time been allowed them. But none who personally knew Professor Clifford can thus banish the thought of what might have been—of the future which was denied him. For his life was not that of the solitary thinker whose greatness is first learnt by the world and last by his associates. Himself intensely human and delighting above all things in human society, it was his greatest pleasure to take his friends with him into the inmost recesses of his mind and to lavish on them his richest thoughts. To them each essay or lecture was but the particular fragment of his thoughts and sayings which he chose to put into literary shape. Hence, in their views of him promise and performance were inextricably mixed. It must seem to them as though death had drawn an arbitrary line between the portion of his work which is to survive and that which must pass away. The true reward of a life and character in which the personal element has such prominence is the affection and reverence of friends and contemporaries, and of this no one had a larger share than Professor Clifford. And as in considering the reward of such a life we may not neglect this personal element, so also we must take it into account in estimating the work that he has done. In the influence that he exercised over all who were brought into contact with him, and in the stimulus which he thus gave to the cult of the ideas which he himself cherished, will be found the complement of the labours whose results are now before us. But this part of his life's work can never be fully recognized by the world at large, however anxious those may be who have profited by personal intercourse with him to acknowledge their debt. If, however, any words can adequately describe the man in his relations to those around him, it has been done by the author of the biographical sketch which is prefixed to these volumes. The name of the author would be a sufficient guarantee that his work would possess all that literary skill and intellectual power

could give to it; but no mere literary skill could have given such a touching picture of the personal charm of Professor Clifford or of the picturesque variety of his life and thoughts, and no mere intellectual effort could have criticized his character and its bearing upon the theories that he held with so just an appreciation and so perfect a sympathy. Its tender grace speaks throughout of one who mourns a dear comrade, and who feels that he honours him best by preserving to the world the fresh memory of their friendship.

The present question, however, with regard to Professor Clifford's works is not their suggestiveness to those who knew the author, but their value to the general reader in the state in which they actually exist. And many a friend of the author on first taking them up and remembering his versatile genius and his keen enjoyment of all realms of intellectual activity must have trembled lest they should be found to consist of fragmentary pieces of work, too disconnected to do justice to his powers of consecutive reasoning and too varied to have any effect as a whole. Fortunately, these fears are groundless. It is true that in form these papers are disconnected, but the very circumstances that gave them birth have caused them to manifest a unity of purpose and a cognateness of subject which render them in everything but form a connected whole. Indeed, so completely is this the case that Professor Clifford had, it seems, the idea of recasting them and publishing them in a single work under the name of "The Creed of Science," and even went so far as to sketch its table of contents. If we compare the existing papers with this table of contents, we at once see that, with one or two trifling exceptions, they would have all found their place in the projected book, and would have needed but little modification for that purpose beyond such as would be necessary to prevent repetition. It is not only in subject that the various papers are closely related. There is also a singular consistency of view and of method throughout. This can be seen by comparing his lecture at the Royal Institution in March, 1868—which was his first public utterance, and was delivered within about a year of his taking his degree at Cambridge—with his article on "Cosmic Emotion," which is almost the last that he wrote. The latter shows, of course, considerable advance in grasp of the subject, but there is no substantial modification of view or even of method. This we shall presently show was not accidental; but it suffices here to remark that it renders the work as valuable as though it were in a more connected shape, while the fact that all the papers are preserved in their original form gives us a better insight into the mind of the author and the aims and tendencies of his labours.

The Key to Professor Clifford's writings is to be found in the special characteristics of his genius as manifested in his mathematical work, which unquestionably represents the main bent of his mind, and in which his power is most conspicuously shown. His chief strength in mathematics consisted in a prodigious faculty for reasoning by analogy, using that phrase in its widest sense. He would take a theorem of a comparatively simple kind, true only under special circumstances, and by intuition, as it were, determine the modifications which must be made in it to suit different or more general conditions. This power of apparently reasoning from the particular to the general, and of passing from one proposition to the corresponding one when some change had been made in the conditions essential to its truth, was with him inborn. It was the ruling passion of his mind, and it was mainly to the exercise of this faculty that are due his splendid contributions to our mathematical knowledge. No sooner had he a theorem in plane geometry than he sought for its analogue in solid figures. No sooner had he a theorem relating to our ordinary space than he sought for its analogue in the impossible spaces in which he delighted. Nor was he content to deal thus with single theorems. He would throw himself mentally into the altered circumstances, and would not rest until he had constructed a complete system to suit them, deriving each portion of it by analogy from the corresponding truths of the system he was thus transplanting. In this manner he would feel his way about amid the impenetrable darkness of four-dimension space, or non-Euclidean geometry, with the same ease that he would have shown in dealing with the relations of ordinary and possible space; and would reason thereon with a certainty and clearness that seemed incredible even to those who were his compeers in other branches of mathematics. Indeed, he would often talk of such matters in so vivid a way that it was a contested point among his friends whether he had not some occult mental picture of these non-

existent and impossible fictions. We do not think that he had. It was not by means of mental pictorial representations that he was able to realize the properties of these new and strange regions, but by his instinctive power of allowing for change of conditions. If a man had to pass at some period of his existence into a world where two and three made six or where two straight lines could enclose a space, Professor Clifford would have been the proper person for him to consult. He would have told him how far he could retain his previous habits and what new ones he must cultivate. It was not only in dealing with mathematical questions that this peculiarity showed itself. Often, when in conversation, some theory, possible or impossible, was suggested, either in earnest or in joke, he would pretend to adopt it and would proceed to work it out in all its bearings, keeping with wonderful skill and consistency to the new hypothesis, however self-contradictory or impossible it might appear to be. And this was not the ordinary testing process of the inductive philosopher, who follows out a hypothesis to its legitimate consequences in order to test its admissibility by the truth or falsehood of the deductions. It was not in any sense analytical, but was purely constructive. He loved to clothe the hypothesis with all the detail that would naturally belong to it if it were an actuality. And rightly to understand Professor Clifford's philosophical work, we must view him thus. His was an eminently constructive mind, taking pleasure less in dissecting out causes than in pursuing their consequences in all their complexity of result.

Towards the end of his College course, during the earlier portion of which he had not occupied himself much with scientific questions, Professor Clifford became acquainted with the discoveries of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer. We shall not stay to discuss the greatness of the change initiated by these discoveries. The world has known no parallel instance of the sudden introduction of ideas so deep-reaching in their influence over human thought at a time when the facilities for the transmission of ideas among civilized mankind were so great. And, consequently, there has never been, and probably never will be, such a sudden transformation throughout the whole intellectual horizon. These views will sound exaggerated to many—the universal recognition of the magnitude of the change must be left to a succeeding age; but the nature of this change is already sufficiently apparent. We may learn the rapidity with which the change has taken place by the fact that these discoveries, once the subject of such blind and unmeasured abuse, are already becoming fully understood and fairly treated by all parties. The more enlightened men of all schools are beginning to feel that they have been delivered from the danger of basing their arguments upon a riddle ill read; a danger which constantly besets all Churches sufficiently venerable to respect tradition, since so much of the exegesis and argument which have become associated with their teaching must date from ages of great scientific ignorance. Thus the controversy is narrowing itself to the true issue—viz., the extent to which the new doctrines are applicable to the solution of the mysteries that surround us in nature. On this point the variety of opinion is necessarily infinite. Of those who accepted the new teaching in its entirety was Professor Clifford. After the lesson which the world had just received as to the extent to which an increase of knowledge may explain what had previously seemed utterly inexplicable, it was in his eyes an unworthy as well as a foolish act to doubt the universality of science, and any attempt to plead the vastness of the Unknown as an excuse for our hesitating to yield implicitly to the teaching of that which was known seemed to him to be to use our own ignorance as a cloak for self-deception. He expresses this with his characteristic grace of thought in the following passage from his lecture on Body and Mind:—

"In many parts of Europe it is customary to leave a part of the field untilled for the brownie to live in, because he cannot live in cultivated ground; and if you grant him this grace he will do a great deal of your household work for you in the night while you sleep. In Scotland the piece of ground which is left wild for him to live in is called 'the goodman's croft.' Now, there are people who indulge a hope that the ploughshare of science will leave a sort of goodman's croft around the field of reasoned truth; and they promise that in that case a good deal of our civilizing work shall be done for us in the dark, by means we know nothing of. I do not share this hope, and I feel very sure that it will not be realized. I think that we should do our work with our own hands in a healthy, straightforward way. It is idle to set bounds to

the purifying and organizing work of science. Without mercy and without resentment she roughs up weed and briar; from her footsteps behind her grow up corn and healing flowers, and no corner is far enough to escape her furrow."

From such language as this it is easy to see how deeply he had become imbued with the new teaching. And, this being the case, those special faculties of his mind of which we have spoken enabled him at a bound, as it were, to realize all the consequences of his new beliefs. The ordinary phenomena which accompany the reception of new ideas either by an individual or a society are familiar to all. The old ideas for a long time contrive to keep their place in spite of the introduction of the new ones. It is only by slow degrees that their incompatibility is recognized, and they are modified or got rid of. And even when the process of adaptation is fairly complete, traces of the past state of things are to be found in "survivals"—remnants of former and incongruous modes of thought which linger on, owing their preservation to their insignificance. But with Professor Clifford there was no gradual process of assimilation; there were no "survivals." He seized upon the new doctrines with his accustomed mental fervour, and thenceforth his every line of thought flowed strictly from them. We find in his writings few, if any, traces of conflict, and none of compromise. It is this which has earned for him so unjustly the reputation in some quarters of being an extreme or violent writer. Violent he never is; the very completeness of the transformation prevented him from showing the intemperance of thought or language which usually marks converts. Nor can he be fairly termed an extreme writer. He was merely thoroughly consistent with himself, and any appearance of excess of zeal in the application of the new ideas arose from his delight in exercising his faculty of developing the various consequences that follow from given premises; and it was this which would not let him rest content until he had made us taste with him the philosophy, the polity, the morality, and even the poetry of the new era.

The papers which deal with strictly physical subjects do not require to be separately noticed here. In the first place, they are already widely known and have deservedly become favourites among the vast body of educated people who take an interest in science—a distinction which they owe not merely to their scientific merit but to the charm of a style the beauty of which it would be hard to overpraise, and which enabled him to couch his exposition in the most vivid and picturesque language without in the least sacrificing the more important element of accuracy. And, in the second place, these papers are not written from the point of view of scientific instruction. The direct teaching of physical science he left to those who had made it their speciality, and he treated physical discoveries as a philosopher seeking to learn from them lessons of far wider and more general application. Thus his more directly physical teaching is made subservient to and incorporated with his philosophy. This it was which led him to choose for his scientific lectures subjects which are of such special interest to all at the present moment. We are at an epoch when all attention is concentrated upon what may be termed the minute anatomy of matter. The ultimate constitution of bodies and the laws that govern the elements of which they are composed are being investigated from all points, and the discoveries that have already been made have only served to stimulate the eagerness of the search. Professor Clifford was deeply impressed with the idea that the Atomism that characterizes recent physical science was a phase of development in all scientific research, and believed that some parallel step was needed to be taken in other sciences; and hence he made a study of all the latest discoveries tending to throw light upon these matters, and thus was able to take his audiences into the most recondite mysteries of molecular phenomena.

As the fundamental principle of the system which he accepted was, as we have seen, that all knowledge has arisen from experience, it is clear that no place was left in it for the so-called necessary truths of the exact sciences. And hence in a series of papers he examines the nature and genesis of the ideas of space and number which are supposed to be obedient to these *à priori* laws. This portion of his work is of special interest and importance, inasmuch as his splendid mathematical power enables him to tread firmly on this slippery ground on which so many astute thinkers have lost their footing. The question on which one naturally looks with most eagerness for his opinion is that of the much-discussed axioms of Euclid. Here he, as one of the first geometers of the age, could speak with

exceptional authority, and his treatment of the matter is strikingly original. He cuts the Gordian knot of the supposed absolute truth of these axioms by showing that we do not know, after all, whether they are true or not. Taking in aid the work of Lobatchewsky and Riemann he proves that any one of these familiar geometrical principles such as that "two straight lines cannot enclose a space," might be untrue and yet all human experience be unable to detect it, so that it is conceivable that even these axioms may be conclusions too hurriedly arrived at, which may ultimately be found to be incorrect, and which must in the meanwhile be relegated to the position of assumptions, as to which, although they are justified by experience, we can only assert that they are sufficiently accurate for our present state of knowledge. It may seem strange that any one should hint a possibility that, after all, two straight lines can enclose a space. But it is not a mere paradox that is suggested. It has been found possible to construct consistent systems of geometry upon hypotheses which would not exclude such an occurrence, and, although it taxes Professor Clifford's unrivalled power of exposition to make it plain, he is entitled to the credit of having offered to us alternatives which we cannot say are impossible. It would be quite characteristic of the progress of science that we should thus have to call in review our fundamental hypotheses. They are usually framed in a time which is incapable of testing them severely. One can imagine the world resting for ages in the belief that radiant light always goes in straight lines, and that this should come to be regarded as a necessary truth, until some very accurate experiment showed the existence of diffraction and the tendency of light to go round a corner. And, theoretically speaking, these considerations apply with immensely greater force to the present case, for, on the hypothesis used by Professor Clifford, not the most accurate experiment which we could devise would suffice to detect the minute differences that would be caused by the change from the old assumption to the new one. Thus he has the right to say that we ought not to ascribe to these laws any further validity than as being correct to the utmost limit of our present instrumental accuracy. In the theoretical truth of all this we agree fully with Professor Clifford, and we greatly admire the skill with which he handles so intricate a question. But, so far as the position of the axioms is concerned, we doubt whether the appeal to non-Euclidean geometry helps the matter much; and still less do we think that he is justified in his estimate of the effect of Lobatchewsky's work. According to him,—

"What Vesalius was to Galen, what Copernicus was to Ptolemy, that was Lobatchewsky to Euclid. There is, indeed, a somewhat instructive parallel between the last two cases. Copernicus and Lobatchewsky were both of Slavish origin. Each of them has brought about a revolution in scientific ideas so great that it can only be compared with that wrought by the other. And the reason of the transcendent importance of these two changes is, that they are changes in the conception of the Cosmos."

Surely sympathy with a brother geometer whose tastes greatly resembled his own has carried Professor Clifford too far in this. We have no wish to disparage the value or interest of Lobatchewsky's investigations, and we freely admit that they may tend to impress on the few minds capable of comprehending them the importance of remembering that all knowledge is generalized experience, and that there are limits beyond which this process of generalization cannot be pushed with safety. But this is a very different thing from working a revolution in our conception of the Cosmos. It does not even add anything to the evidence for or against any proposed genesis of our ideas on the exact sciences. The question whether these are, after all, merely due to experience must be decided by other considerations than the possibility of a few minds rising to the conception of crooked space.

Strange to say, the necessity of keeping in view the limits of legitimate inference from experience is the point most constantly insisted on throughout these volumes—a fact which is worth remembering by those who accuse the scientific school of desiring only to substitute one set of dogmas for another. It might well have been expected that one who so earnestly preached the sufficiency of science would be led to dwell rather on what it can tell us than on the limitations to which even it is subject; and the temptation so to do was rendered greater by the fact that he did not think that any actual danger was to be apprehended under present circumstances from an exaggerated faith in the authority of the *dicta* of science. But the moral evil of

permitting mankind to erect for itself an idol out of some supposed absolute and universal uniformity in nature appeared to him too serious to be risked; and hence he continually impresses on his readers that they may not seek for absolute certainty any more than they may decline to avail themselves of the light which they actually have. The aim of science is to help man's needs, not to provide him with such intellectual luxuries as abstract or absolute truths. We cannot refrain from referring here to a passage in his well-known address to the British Association at Brighton :—

"When the Roman jurists applied their experience of Roman citizens to dealings between citizens and aliens, showing by the difference of their actions that they regarded the circumstances as essentially different, they laid the foundations of that great structure which has guided the social progress of Europe. The procedure was an instance of strictly scientific thought. When a poet finds he has to move a strange, new world, which his predecessors have not moved; when, nevertheless, he catches fire from their flashes, arms from their armoury, sustentation from their footsteps, the procedure by which he applies old experience to new circumstances is nothing greater or less than scientific thought. When the moralist, studying the conditions of society and the ideas of right and wrong which have come down to us from a time when war was the normal condition of man and success in war the only chance of survival, evolves from them the conditions and idesa which must accompany a time of peace, when the comradeship of equals is the condition of national success, the process by which he does this is scientific thought and nothing else. Remember, then, that it is the guide of action; that the truth which it arrives at is not that which we can ideally contemplate without error, but that which we may act upon without fear; and you cannot fail to see that scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but human progress itself."

The portions of these volumes which will, however, have the largest circle of readers are those which deal with social and metaphysical subjects. It is in these that Professor Clifford finds most scope for his special powers of following out in detail the results of his hypotheses, and it is here that the richness of his intellect shows itself most forcibly in the variety and originality of the ideas which he presents to us. To appreciate this variety it is necessary to read the book itself, for it treats in some form or other of nearly all the subjects of deepest interest in this age of questioning. To trace the connexion between our present ideas and habits, social or otherwise, and man's past history, and to ascertain what, if any, modifications will follow from the general recognition of this connexion, formed in his eyes a problem the solution of which did not admit of delay. It was as a contribution to the solution of this problem that he framed his remarkably original and fascinating theory of consciousness, and devoted so much pains to the working out of the various ethical and social questions which he treats in this part of his works. As a specimen of his results we will take his theory of moral ideas. The existence of moral ideas and of the conception of praise and blame Professor Clifford connects with the social habits of mankind. In the earliest stage of humanity he supposes that men were gregarious; and as this was of great value in preserving the race, all qualities tending to develop it were highly favoured in the struggle for existence. Thus there grew up a closeness of relation between the individual and the tribe, and a unity of interest which caused the individual habitually to regard actions and events from the point of view of the tribe, and no longer to consider merely their effect upon his own individual self. Hence arose a conception of a tribal self. All the members of the tribe, regarding actions from this common point of view, combined to repress those that were injurious to the interests of the tribal self and to encourage those that were beneficial, and the individual members thus taking part in passing the tribal verdict developed the faculty of anticipating its nature, at first in the case of the actions of others, and subsequently of their own. This relation of the action to the tribal self was, in Professor Clifford's view, the earliest form of its moral quality, and this habit of anticipating the tribal verdict was the prototype of conscience. Nor does he think that matters have changed much in these respects. The tribal self has widened until now it embraces whole nations, and even the total of humanity. The crudeness of the judgment as to what is beneficial or injurious has diminished in the light of wider experience. But the root and essence of morality is and is ever to remain the same. Thus the highest

morality is that which most conduces to the efficiency of a man as a citizen, and there are no self-regarding virtues. Those who knew the nobleness and beauty of Professor Clifford's life will not need to be told that this idea of all morality being dependent on the relations of our actions to our fellow-men, and not on their relation to ourselves, was not with him an excuse for relaxing the stringency of the moral code. On the contrary, it would be difficult to find a higher idea of morality than that which animates all those of his writings which deal with social subjects. And this mode of regarding our relations to our neighbours as supplying the one guiding principle of life brought into prominence with him the sadly-neglected duty of honest inquiry. To let falsehood live when we could aid in killing it, or to be slack in the diffusion of what we know to be truth, was to be guilty of a lie to the community, and this Professor Clifford views as at once cowardly and wicked. When we consider how error has in past ages cramped the energies of mankind and stunted its faculties, we can well understand that to aid, actively or passively, in prolonging its reign must take the first rank among crimes in the eyes of one who defined evil as that which hinders the development of the human race.

Such, then, is his view of the origin of morality in the past. He has no fears about its future. In his belief it will no less strongly bind the hearts and consciences of men when its true connexion with the interests of the community is perceived than it has in times past, when its nature and functions were less understood. But even if this is to be granted to him, the world would not find in these ideas the equivalent of all that it at present possesses. The older systems of morality gave definite rules of conduct, and thus put before mankind ideals which, if difficult or impossible of attainment, at least told in which direction it should strive. But if we substitute for all these definite rules of conduct the single one that we are to do our best to promote the efficiency and development of the social organism, we are left sadly in doubt as to what we are to follow and what eschew. When the common duties of life have been performed, whence can we learn how further to aid society? Nature knows but one test for increased efficiency, and that is survival; but this test is only applied by her to what has been done, and not to what is proposed to be done. Are we, then, condemned to go blindly blundering on and to have as our sole reward the consciousness that if we have gone wrong our work will be brought to naught? Is there to be no criterion by which we are to distinguish the good impulses from the mistaken ones? Professor Clifford evidently felt deeply the want of such a criterion and the imperfection of the system which he advocated, if none such could be found. And he tries to supply one. He points out that there are two ways in which a race may undergo change. The variation may come from within, or it may be forced upon it from without by the action of the external environment; and he would have us regard a variation as a good one, just in proportion as the former element is more strongly marked in it in comparison with the latter. His argument is that the progress of development in animated nature is an advance from the less to the more highly organized, and that anything that tends to increase organization tends to raise the organism in the scale of being. In those changes which come from without the organism is affected as any dead matter of like kind would be, and the influence upon it will be to produce greater fixity and less capacity for change; while, on the other hand, the changes that come from within are likely to increase the organization and to give and greater capacity for further adaptation. To use his own words:—

"The action which has its immediate antecedents within the organism has a tendency, so far as it alters the organism, to make it more organic, or to raise it in the scale. The action which is determined by foreign causes is one in regard to which the organism acts as if inorganic, in so far as it tends to alter it, it tends also to lower it in its scale."

It would be hardly just to take exception to the very general and, we might even add, vague terms in which this passage is expressed. The speculation is put forward in a very guarded and tentative manner, rather as a contribution to the discovery of truth than as representing the final truth itself, and if we could recognize in it any approach to a true principle, we should welcome it, however unsatisfactory might be its present shape. But we regret that in this case we can neither follow his reasoning nor accept his conclusion. Take, as a simple example, the case of a change of habitat which exposes a soft-footed race of animals to the necessity of walking upon hard ground. The new circumstances might

be met either by the cuticle of the foot becoming indurated, or by some internal modification of the organism, which would cause the supply of fresh cuticle to keep pace with the increased waste. Professor Clifford would have us believe that the latter method is essentially the better, and would urge as a reason that when the conditions once more changed, the organism would not have the hereditary callosities which the other method would have developed. But it has purchased this at the price of an unnecessary drain on its vital energies during the long ages when the more economical method would have served its purpose and have left it more strength for initiating other developments. Who can say whether its gain or its loss preponderates? The one test of the value of an attempt at variation is, as we have said, its success, and we see no reason to think that any general secondary law will be discovered that will enable us to prophesy the result of this test. Growth of knowledge will teach us how to adapt with ever-increasing skill our efforts to the circumstances of each particular case, but that is all we can hope for. The tenacity with which Professor Clifford clung to this principle in spite of all the difficulties that surround it is accounted for by its having, in some way or other, become associated in his mind with the principle of the importance to mankind of the free and spontaneous development of the individual. This is, however, a very different truth, resting on no such doubtful foundations as the hypothesis of which we have spoken. By means of the unconscious working of the survival of the fittest, Nature is working out the problem how best the organism may be adapted to its environment. It is this which has formed the world of to-day, and in the vigorous action of the same process lie the best hopes of humanity for the ages to come. But the one condition for this vigorous action is, that the individual should be left free to make spontaneous attempts at development. Nature will separate the good from the bad, but she can only pronounce on what is submitted to her judgment. Hence it was that, in Professor Clifford's mind, the most hopeless symptom in a race was uniformity, and the most suicidal policy was repression of individual liberty. In this he was a true representative of the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race. The organized intellectual slavery to which Comte looked forward as the apotheosis of humanity answered to his conception of the utter destruction of all that is good. This idea was the source of all his political views and is the principal theme of some of his best essays. He was not in the least an anarchist. The community was with him higher than the individual, and in the completeness of social organization he saw the final triumph of evolution. But it was because he saw in the development of the community the one safe path to the complete freedom of the individual.

We have attempted, in what we have here written, to give a sketch of a mind most difficult to describe in its powers, its strangeness, its uniqueness. It is no wonder we treasure every relic he has left us, not only because he was taken from us so young, but because so great a proportion of his working years was encroached on by the cruel malady which bore him away. Yet these years were far from wasted, since his intellectual activity continued unabated almost to the very end; while the moral beauty of his nature was brought out in fullest measure. The devotion of his friends throughout was intense, for he had the rarest gift of winning friendship, being himself so loving, so sympathetic, so quaint of humour, and so utterly untainted by worldliness, that he ever preserved something of the appealing charm of childhood. He delighted in little children and they delighted in him, as the simplicity of his character gave them a sense of comradeship with him. But his love for his own children passes all words and was a gauge of the depth of his feelings. The triumph of the brave spirit over the suffering body, his genial calm and gentle cheerfulness, were viewed with reverence by all who surrounded him. When the weak voice could scarcely more be heard, its whispers were still of bright conceits, of fresh suggestions, of thoughts of truth and wisdom. Nor were these poured into unworthy ears, for over his sick bed bent in succession the noblest and best among our leaders of thought. They loved him in life, they cherish his memory, and they trust that those who make acquaintance with the writings of this young philosopher—whether they agree with him or whether they differ from him—will think of him with something of the kindly tenderness which he called forth from all who personally knew him.

LORD LAWRENCE.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.)

We regret to have to record the death of Lord Lawrence, late Viceroy and Governor-General of India. For some time he had been in a delicate state of health. He had lost the sight of one eye, and that of the other was much affected. A chill caught a few days ago led to a serious illness, which terminated in death between 10 and 11 o'clock last evening at his residence, 23, Queen's-gate-gardens, Kensington. Lord Lawrence had reached his 69th year.

John Laird Mair Lawrence was born on March 4, 1811. He was about five years younger than his brother Henry, who gained great distinction as a soldier and administrator in the Indian service, and who was killed by a shell at the Lucknow Residency in 1857. From his boyhood the younger brother was destined for service as a civilian in India. Having passed through a course of education at Foyle College, Londonderry, he was sent to Haileybury, and in 1829 he received his nomination as a Writer. In those days the voyage to India was still performed by way of the Cape, the "overland route" being yet unused. In 1831 John Lawrence was appointed Assistant to the Chief Commissioner and Resident at Delhi; in 1833 he became an officiating magistrate and collector; in 1836 he received the post of joint-magistrate and deputy-collector of the southern division of Delhi. At the end of the same year he was made officiating magistrate of the southern division, and in 1838 he was engaged in settlement duties in Jillah Etawah. Early in 1840 he took his first furlough to Europe, and was absent from India for nearly two years. In August, 1841, he married Harriette Katherine, daughter of the Rev. Richard Hamilton, rector and vicar of the parish of Culdaff and Cloncha, county Donegal, who survives her husband. Some time after his return to India he became magistrate and collector in the central district of the Delhi territory, and earned by his diligence and abilities the important post of Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej Provinces, to which he was appointed in 1848. For short periods about the same time he acted also as Resident at Lahore. The second Sikh war, which broke out in 1848, and resulted in annexation, brought important duties to both the Lawrences, who were appointed, together with Mr. Charles Grenvill Mansel, as a Board of Administration for the Punjab. An onerous task devolved upon this Board. The population of the extensive territory committed to its care included warlike races, and was bitterly antagonistic to the British. A state of lawlessness, moreover, had hitherto prevailed. It was the duty of the Board, against all obstacles, to carry out the principles of British rule in the newly-acquired territory, and the success of the administration was signally manifest during the Mutiny of 1857. At Lahore, in that terrible emergency, the vigilance and energy of John Lawrence made themselves felt, and contributed materially to the work of upholding English supremacy in India. He had already, in 1856, been made a K.C.B. for his work in the Punjab, and in 1857 he was promoted to the dignity of G.C.B. for his services on the outbreak of the Mutiny. In 1858 he was further honoured by being created a baronet. He was made a member of the Privy Council, and on the institution of the Order of the Star of India was created a K.S.I. The Court of Directors of the East India Company granted him a life pension of £2,000 a year, which, under a Special Act of Parliament, he continued to enjoy, together with his full salary, when he became Viceroy of India. He succeeded Lord Elgin in that post in December, 1863, and held it for the usual period of five years. In April, 1869, he was created Baron Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grately, in the county of Southampton.

After his final return from India Lord Lawrence took a prominent part in philanthropic and educational movements in this country. On the formation of the London School Board in 1870 he was chosen to be its chairman, and he held the post till November, 1873, when he resigned. In questions of Indian politics he continued to take an active interest, and within the last year there have been frequent letters from him in these columns warmly opposing the Afghan policy of the Government, a policy which was a distinct departure from that which he had carried out in India, and which had been described by the phrase of "masterly inactivity."

(LEADING ARTICLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.)

Last night there passed away from our midst one whose name will ever be inseparably connected with the history of British India. Englishmen of all parties and natives of all creeds will truly mourn the loss of JOHN LAWRENCE of the Punjab. The son of a soldier who had gained distinction in India, Lord LAWRENCE'S thoughts as a boy were turned to the East, where two of his brothers were then serving. At the early age of 16 he carried off the chief prizes at Haileybury, and in 1827 entered upon his career as a civil servant of the Honourable East India Company. The early years of his service were passed in magisterial and revenue duties in the North-West Provinces, and there he laid the foundation of that deep insight into the condition of the peasantry of India which enabled him in after years to complete so satisfactorily the settlement of our newly-acquired province of the Punjab. As a political officer he accompanied Sir HENRY HARDINGE during the first Sikh war, and on the conclusion of peace was appointed Commissioner of the ceded territory within the Sutlej. His administrative abilities now found ample scope, and the district intrusted to his charge, though peopled with Sikhs against whom he had but lately been warring, and with whom it was evident we should soon be once more engaged, speedily became as tranquil as any in our Empire. Under his guidance a brigade of local troops was recruited from the peasants themselves, and when the second Sikh war broke out these men showed themselves worthy of the confidence JOHN LAWRENCE had placed in them by loyally acting against their own countrymen. In the interim between the first and second Sikh wars Lord LAWRENCE on more than one occasion acted as Resident at the Court of Lahore, and on the annexation of the Punjab he, together with his brother, the late Sir HENRY LAWRENCE, and Mr. MANSEL, was appointed a member of the Board of Administration selected to rule over the kingdom of RUNJEET SINGH. The Punjab at that time was in a most deplorable condition. The Sikhs, the dominant race, were a purely military people, who despised and trod under foot the more peaceful of their follow-subjects. The province was overrun with disbanded soldiery clamouring for arrears of pay, or endeavouring to carry out the system, permitted by their late monarch, of extracting from the Mahomedans of the country a livelihood for themselves. The exactions of subordinate officers had been carried on practically unchecked for generations. Tyranny was rife, and misery the normal condition of the people. Mr. LAWRENCE stepped in as champion of the oppressed. The barbarous laws which the Sikh chiefs enforced at their pleasure were abolished, and the Indian Criminal Code promptly introduced. A survey of the country for revenue purposes was thoroughly carried out, and the land settled on a fair and equable basis. A local police force was established, many of the old disbanded soldiery being re-enrolled in its ranks, and the Punjab Irregular Force for the protection of our North-West Frontier was incorporated with the local regiments raised by JOHN LAWRENCE when Chief Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States. The force as then constituted comprised five regiments of cavalry, four regiments of Sikh and six of Punjab infantry, the Corps of Guides, and five batteries of artillery ; and it was practically under the immediate orders of the Board of Administration, who were responsible for its pay, equipment, and discipline. Of the unfortunate disagreement between the brothers it boots us not to speak. Sir HENRY was removed to Rajpootana, and JOHN remained Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. Possessed of an iron frame, of indomitable courage, unbending will, and untiring energy, JOHN LAWRENCE visited every part of his kingdom, which covered an area of upwards of 50,000 square miles. The border tribes who, under the Sikh *régime*, were wont to descend from their mountain fastnesses and ravage the whole land between the Suliman range and the Indus, were made to feel that their reign of blood was over. They were permitted to trade with us as of yore, but the incursion of armed bands was promptly repelled by force. The headmen of the clans were summoned to conferences with the Chief Commissioner and invited to settle in our districts. In a few years the Trans-Indus border changed its character. When JOHN LAWRENCE took over charge no traveller dare move unless accompanied by a considerable escort. Now the frontier highway is as safe as the Bath road. The disarmament of the Punjab—a step forced on us by the lawless nature of its inhabitants—was

carried out with much tact and firmness, owing mainly to the judicious orders issued to his subordinates by LAWRENCE.

On the outbreak of the Mutiny all eyes turned to the Punjab, our latest acquisition. Peopled by a race naturally warlike, who hated every dynasty except their own, who regarded the British as the worst because the most powerful of usurpers, and who looked upon us as the gaolers of their sovereign, it would have been a matter for small surprise had the Sikhs taken advantage of the Mutiny to rise against us. The crisis called forth the magnificent administrative abilities of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE. He knew his subordinates were, like himself, men of iron, and he trusted them. Right loyally did they stand by their chief. The Sikhs likewise knew and trusted him. Chieftain after chieftain personally tendered his allegiance and offered the use of his own contingent. The offers were accepted, and names which now have become familiar as furnishing detachments during the Afghan War then first came into note as swarming down to our aid at Delhi. The Punjab Irregular Force was doubled; its gallant commander, NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, hurried down to the army in the field; and LAWRENCE set his whole energies to work to draw from the military population of the Punjab an army which should subdue the faithless Sepoys from Oude. He proved himself a true general, for he detected generalship in others, and he shunned no responsibility. Reference to higher authority was impossible, and though he had no more authority to grant commissions than he had to create bishoprics, he deemed the emergency so great as to admit of any stretch of authority. Major NICHOLSON, the district officer of Bunnoo, was made a Brigadier-General, and as such took precedence of men who held HER MAJESTY'S commissions as colonels. It speaks well for the discipline of the army that such a step passed unchallenged, but it speaks volumes for the character of LAWRENCE that he dared to undertake it. By holding the Punjab in his iron grip, by diverting every available soldier to Delhi, by mercilessly stamping out rebellion wherever it reared its demon head, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE enabled ARCHDALE WILSON to storm the capital of the Great Mogul before a single reinforcement reached him from England. With the fall of Delhi the hopes of the mutineers were extinguished. Our power in India was re-asserted and the pacification, not the subjugation, of the country became the task for its rulers. For his share in suppressing the Mutiny Sir JOHN LAWRENCE was created a Baronet and a Grand Cross of the Bath. But forty continuous years of active service fully entitled the Saviour of India to a rest, and at the close of the Mutiny he gladly handed over the Punjab to one of his most trusted lieutenants and retired to his well-earned pension in England. He was immediately elected to the Indian Council at home, where his large and varied experience, his cool judgment, and firmness of purpose were soon felt. Five years later, during a serious embroilment with one of the most powerful of our border clans, Lord ELGIN, the Viceroy of India, succumbed to disease, and with a commendable promptitude Sir JOHN LAWRENCE undertook the onerous duties which fell to his successor. His career as Viceroy was marked by no startling episodes. The Umbeyla war was at an end when he landed in India, and, with the exception of the Bhootan and Hazara expeditions, his tenure of office was of unbroken peace. His one endeavour was to ameliorate the condition of the Indian poor, and to lighten as far as possible the burden of taxation which falls so heavily on them. In this he was but partially successful. His relations with foreign States have recently been much criticized, and his policy of "masterly inactivity" is by many considered the main cause of the recent Afghan war. In 1868 his term of office expired, and he returned home. He was rewarded with a peerage, and, mindful of his past career, he chose as his title LAWRENCE of the Punjab, and as his supporters an officer of the Corps of Guides and a Sikh Irregular Cavalry officer, with the appropriate motto "Be ready."

As a Peer, Lord LAWRENCE took an active part in all debates on Indian politics, and though latterly much enfeebled in health, and suffering from a partial loss of sight, his interest in Indian matters was no whit diminished. He died in harness; last Thursday week he spoke in the House of Lords during the debate on Indian finance, condemned the remission of the cotton duties, and warned Government of the danger of reducing our armies in India. Lord LAWRENCE'S career is one on which Englishmen may look with pardonable pride. He not only helped to build, but he was one of the saviours of our Indian Empire.

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879.)

Sir Rowland Hill passed away unconsciously, in his residence at Hampstead, at half-past 4 o'clock yesterday morning. For a considerable time he had been in failing health, and during the past week his death had been daily expected.

In Sir Rowland Hill the country has lost one of its most able and faithful servants. He belonged to that class of self-made men which, perhaps more than any other, has raised England to its present height. Germany is proud of her complete system of State education and of the thoroughness of the special training which is given to those who are to enter the various services of the State. In England we can boast of a long roll of names of men who, with no special training, with little even of ordinary education, owing nothing to birth and powerful connexions, have silently trained themselves till suddenly they showed themselves able to play a great part in the affairs of their country and to confer some signal benefit on mankind. Such a man was Clive, who was sent out to India as a clerk and became a great soldier and a great ruler. Such a man was Stephenson, who was brought up in a colliery and gave us our railways. Such a man was Rowland Hill, who was to the age of 37 a schoolmaster, and who then reformed the postal system of the world. It is always interesting to trace the early life of such men as these, and to ascertain, so far as we can, how they trained themselves and how circumstances trained them to undertake their high tasks.

Rowland Hill, the third son of Thomas Wright Hill, was born at Kidderminster on December 3, 1795, in a house that had belonged to his forefathers for some generations. But the war with France had caused the ruin of the business in which his father was engaged, and the family was reduced to great straits. From his earliest years Rowland was brought up in the stern school of poverty, and, like Garrick, "was bred in a family whose study was to make 4d. do as much as others made 4½d. do." His father was a man of great intelligence, of varied but not deep knowledge, and of an eager, inquiring mind. He was as upright and as bold as he was simple-hearted. He was given to speculation and never weary of forming theories. His theories he did not always care to test by practice. Having once convinced himself that they were sound, he did not think it needful to put them to the proof. He was in this somewhat too like Don Quixote, who, when he had found that his pasteboard helmet did not bear the blow of his sword, having patched it up, was satisfied of its strength, and, without putting it to a second trial, looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour. Many of his theories his son came in time to distrust, and yet he had been heard to say that in political matters his father was always right. As far back as his sons could remember, he had lifted his voice against slavery and the slave trade, and against the cruel severity of our criminal code. As a member of Dr. Priestley's congregation, he was, of course, in favour of full religious liberty. He was in those early days a thoroughgoing Freetrader. All these subjects, and many others, he delighted in discussing with his children, even from their earliest childhood. His eldest son, the late Mr. M. D. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, in a short memoir that he has left, says :—

"Perhaps, after all, the greatest obligation that we owe our father is this—that from infancy he would reason with us—argue with us would, perhaps, be a better expression, as denoting that it was a match of mind against mind, in which all the rules of fair play were duly observed, and we put forth our little strength without fear. Arguments were taken at their just weight; the sword of authority was not thrown into the scale."

He had eight children, six sons and two daughters, all of whom reached adult age. They passed their youth at a time when the dread inspired by the French Revolution had violently thrown back in England the cause of liberty, and had, as it were by a sudden frost, almost in a night frozen the current of progress. But even in the worst days of George III. and Lord Eldon a small yet eager band remained of men who were convinced that reason would be too strong for the Tories in the end, and that by the aid of reason and the spread of knowledge a state of

general prosperity and happiness might before very long be established. This small band numbered no more ardent supporters than Mr. Hill and his children, sons and daughters alike. They were all eager to improve the world; they were all sure that if their views were adopted the world would be greatly improved; they were all willing to labour hard to spread their views. Rowland has been heard to say that as a child he read and read again Miss Edgeworth's stories for the young. They deeply impressed him. He resolved, when a mere boy, to follow in the path she traced, and before he died to do something that should be for the signal advantage of mankind. How he was to benefit his fellow-men he did not, of course, know; but that he should benefit them, and benefit them in some large way, was his fixed resolution and conviction almost from childhood. As the family day by day gathered for its meals—meals of the most frugal kind, where nothing stronger than water was ever drunk—there was a constant discussion among the members on the best means of reforming the world. There was little timidity in those days among any of them, and little fear of pushing any principle to its extreme consequences. "Keble," writes Dr. Newman, "was a man who guided himself and formed his judgments not by processes of reason, by inquiry, or by argument, but, to use the word in a broad sense, by authority." Rowland Hill and the other members of his family were the exact opposite of Keble. They cared nothing for authority in the sense in which Newman uses the word. On reason, inquiry, and argument, and on them alone, were their judgments formed. There was no institution which the young enthusiasts would not have been glad to see at once overthrown, had they been convinced that it was a bar to the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible numbers. In their later years they came to smile at the wildness of many of their theories; but they had always the satisfaction of knowing that their aims, if often visionary, had always been high and noble, and that in their earnest desire to improve mankind they had first set about improving themselves.

Much as Rowland Hill owed to his father, he owed scarcely less to his mother. She, though the inferior of her husband in quick intelligence and originality, was his superior in shrewd common sense and in firmness of purpose. She was as practical as he was theoretical, and as cautious as he was rash. To his father Rowland owed his largeness of view and his boldness of conception. But it was his mother from whom he derived his caution, his patience, and his unwearying prudence. Had he not had such a father, he would not have devised his plan of Penny Postage. Had he not had such a mother, he would not have succeeded in making what seemed the scheme of an enthusiast a complete and acknowledged success. She, unlike her husband, was of an anxious and ambitious temperament, and toiled night and day to keep her little family from sinking through poverty out of the class into which they had been born. In her desire to secure her children an education, she persuaded her husband to give up trade, for which he was very little fitted, and to establish a school. For many years after this step was taken the struggle for the bare means of living continued to be most severe. The charges for the pupils were very low and prices were very high. When Rowland was a mere child his mother used to talk over with him her difficulties, almost as if he were a man. From his childhood he had, as he said, seen the terrible inconvenience of being poor. He had known his mother dread the visit of the postman, as there was not money in the house to pay the postage. The children had each his part in the domestic duties, and, while they were scholars of the school, had a great deal of manual labour to get through. At the age of 11 Rowland began to assist his father in teaching, and at the age of 12 his school education came to an end. He ceased to be a pupil and became altogether a teacher. Twelve, we may point out, is at present the lowest age in which a boy is allowed to enter one of the great public schools. His own education had been imperfect even for a boy of 12, for his father was too fond of theories and too eager to introduce them into his school to be a good teacher, and yet, backward though he left his sons in book learning, he had, nevertheless, taught them one lesson of inestimable value. He had taught them how to think. He had made them, as we have shown, daring, nay, even rash, in speculation; but he had inspired them with an eager thirst for knowledge and an ardent love of truth. Each of his children, when his regular school education was finished, set to work to supply his own deficiencies in the short time that he could call his own

when each day's work was done. Their father had also given them that breadth of view which enabled them to rise above all selfish considerations. Each one was brought up to consider the good of the family rather than his own special good. All the brothers held closely together. No one took any decision of great importance without first calling a kind of family council and having the matter thoroughly discussed. Each was ready to place his services, time, and money at the disposal of the others, and had no hesitation in his turn in calling for assistance where assistance was needed. When one was struggling upwards the others were all below giving him a push, and when he had reached a higher level he stretched down his hand to pull up the others to him.

Rowland was quite a youth when he and his brother Matthew began to discover the deficiencies in their father's school and to set about to reform them. His first task, however, was to free his father from the load of debt which through his unbusinesslike habits, in spite of his simple way of living, had come to press very heavily on him. At an age when boys are now leaving school he had taken upon himself the entire management of the accounts, and before long had the satisfaction of paying off all his father's creditors in full. Matthew chiefly concerned himself with improving the instruction, while Rowland dealt with the discipline and the organization. "Organization," he used often to say in after life, "is my forte." He began his reforms many years before Dr. Arnold's name was heard, and the young reformer had to strike out his own path and grope his own way. He was gifted with a self-confidence which was almost sublime. In a few years he had upset most of the received notions on education and had established a system of his own. He had given up corporal punishment altogether and yet made his authority as much respected, and, we might say, dreaded, as the most flogging of masters. He was aware that by nature he was hot-tempered and even passionate. He adopted a strange method of curing his defect. He publicly announced to his pupils that any one who saw him out of temper might at once, before the whole school, inform him of the fact. He was so rigidly just that no boy who had played the part of Gil Blas would have found in him an Archbishop of Granada. He aimed at making the boys govern themselves. A constitution was promulgated and a code of laws was made which filled more than a hundred pages of a closely-printed volume, We have this volume before us as we write. In the first page we find a section headed the "Origin of the Constitution." The writer says:—

"Convinced that numerous and important advantages would be derived from engaging their pupils in the consideration and in the practice of rules for their own government, from placing restrictions to the powers of the teachers, and from giving to the regulations of the school a permanent form, the proprietors, early in the year 1817, proposed to the school a certain division of powers together with regulations for their exercise, which, having received the joint assent of the teachers and pupils, became the constitutional laws of the school; and in the confident expectation that the powers placed in the hands of the pupils would never be employed but for the welfare of the school, the proprietors pledged themselves not to alter these laws without the consent of a majority of the proprietors and regular teachers meeting in conference on one hand, and of a majority of pupils on the other. With such joint consent, occasional alterations have been made in the constitutional laws, tending chiefly, if not entirely, to throw more and more power into the hands of the pupils."

The volume from which we have quoted bears the date of 1827, so that the constitution had lasted full ten years.

An almost perfect democracy was established. Each boy had even the right of being tried by a jury of his school-fellows whenever a charge was brought against him by one of the masters. The whole school elected what would be called its sixth-form boys—guardians, as they were called in the school that the Hills had established at Hazelwood, near Birmingham. These guardians formed a kind of parliament, which, with the help of the masters, who composed an upper house, ruled the school. They met often to deliberate, and their sittings were drawn out over many an hour by the eagerness of the young debaters. In the Essays of a "Birmingham Manufacturer' an interesting account is given of the school. "By juries and committees," says Mr. W. L. Sargant, the author, "by marks, and by appeals to a sense of honour, discipline was maintained. But this was done, I think, at too great a sacrifice; the thoughtlessness, the spring, the elation of childhood were taken from us:

we were premature men." This system, whatever may have been its merits and its faults, was invented by Rowland Hill at an age when most young men have scarcely left college. It was greatly modified in after years, both by himself and his younger brothers; for, as the "Birmingham Manufacturer," perhaps with some exaggeration, says, "The Hazelwood constitution, discipline, instruction were in a perpetual flux; the right to-day was wrong to-morrow." In a volume entitled "Public Education," written chiefly by his brother Matthew, Rowland's new system was made known to the world. The book at once excited public attention. An article on it appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and another in the *London Magazine*, written by De Quincey. Jeremy Bentham took the warmest interest in the school, and declared that after reading the book he had thrown aside all he had himself written on education. Wilberforce, Brougham, Grote, Joseph Hume, Miss Edgeworth, and many others either visited Hazelwood or made inquiries about it. Rowland was as convinced as any young enthusiast could be of the soundness of his plans and longed to extend them. He required, he said, at least 500 boys before he could organize his school as it ought to be. He looked forward to seeing great colleges on the same system spring up in all parts of the country to the advantage of his fellow-men. He has since been heard to confess that, having after long years looked into his code of laws, he thought it far too complex. He added, with a smile, that he greatly doubted whether he should send his own son to a school conducted on such a complicated system. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that to his bold and novel experiment may be traced not a little of the vast improvement that in the last 50 years has been effected in education. He used to boast that at one time he had the largest school in Warwickshire, for Rugby in those days had sunk very low, and some years before Arnold's name was heard he had shown that boys could be made almost to govern themselves, and to govern themselves through a high sense of duty and not through brutal fear.

After living at Birmingham till he was more than 30 he removed to the neighbourhood of London, where, with the aid of one of his brothers, he established a branch school at Bruce Castle, Tottenham. But by this time his health, which had always been delicate, began to give way, and at last broke down. He had certainly tried it ever since childhood by the severest and most prolonged labour. He had often worked 15, 16, or even 17 hours a day, and he would keep up such work as this for weeks together. The vacations were not much vacations to him, for he employed them partly in study and partly in doing whatever else he had not found time for during the term. It was only the extreme temperance and regularity of his life which had kept him alive. Moreover, his work as a schoolmaster had become distasteful to him, and he longed for a change. He longed also still more eagerly for that freedom of thought, speech, and action, which even at the present day a schoolmaster can but very imperfectly command. His means were very small, but he did not hesitate to give up his business in the full conviction that with the powers he knew he had he was as certain of success in some other path as a man could be. He always preserved, however, the strongest interest in that child of his youth, as it were, his school, which was carried on by his younger brother Arthur. Rowland, as soon as his health was re-established by a long period of rest, began to cast about for a new employment. He had long been known to many leading men among the advanced Liberal party, not only by his work as a schoolmaster, but also as an eager advocate of political and social reform. He and his family had been in the front ranks among the men of Birmingham in the great Reform Bill agitation. He had assisted in founding the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. He had published a plan for the gradual extinction of pauperism and for the diminution of crime. Shortly after his retirement from the school an association was formed for the colonization of South Australia on the plan of Mr. E. G. Wakefield. In this association Rowland took an active part, and when the Act was carried through Parliament and the Commission was appointed he was named secretary. He held this post for four years and discharged the duties with conspicuous success. But such an office as this did not exhaust the energy of a man of such activity of mind. During the whole of this period he was in his leisure time working hard at two inventions. He had from a child delighted in the use of tools and in mechanical construction. At the age of five he had made a waterwheel which, though rude, would yet work. When he was 12 or 13, by steady efforts

prolonged through 18 months, he had succeeded in making with his own hands an electrical machine. He had made the entire scenery for the school theatre, being himself the contriver, carpenter, and painter. He had been the sole architect of the new schoolhouse at Hazelwood and the sole clerk of the works. No sooner did he find that his duties in the Australian office allowed him some leisure than he began to give up all his spare time to the invention of a printing machine. In this he was aided by his second brother Edwin, who was also an excellent mechanist. This machine never came into general use, and yet it is not too much to say that some of the most ingenious of its contrivances have been commonly adopted. It was while he was still labouring to improve his press that he began to interest himself in postal matters. He hesitated for a while between his printing-press, which had won his affections, and his new project, which was as yet somewhat strange to him and indistinct. He longed for strength for both, but he was forced to make a choice, and, happily for the world, he cast in his lot for postal reform.

It is not needful to dwell at any length on the state of the Post Office before Rowland Hill reformed it. Its charges were high and arbitrary, and its services were limited and irregular. There were districts larger than the county of Middlesex in which the postman never set foot. For the 11,000 parishes of England and Wales there were only 3,000 post-offices. A single letter from London to Edinburgh was charged 1s. 1½d. If it contained the smallest enclosure—a receipt, for instance—it was charged the double, 2s. 3d. Weight was not taken into account. Two separate pieces of tissue paper sent in one enclosure would have been charged twice as much as the heaviest letter that was written on a single sheet. The upper classes, through the right of franking which was enjoyed by every member of Parliament, had to a great extent their letters carried free of charge. The traders, by the help of illicit means of conveyance, were often able to evade the heavy tax. The poor man alone was helpless. He could not afford to use the Post Office. He had no other means of sending a letter. So when his son or daughter went forth into the wide world to seek for work, the father received no tidings of the child, the child none of the father. Under such a system as this the postal revenue had remained absolutely stationary for 20 years. In the year 1835 the general revenue of the country showed a large surplus. Rowland Hill began to speculate how it might best be employed. He had noticed, as he states in his pamphlet on Post Office Reform :—

"That in the various reductions in taxation which had hitherto been made the gain to the public and the loss to the revenue had varied greatly in relation to each other. In the repeal of the house duty the gain to the public and the loss to the revenue were practically equal, while in the instance of coffee a reduction in the duty of 50 per cent. had been accompanied by an increase of more than 50 per cent. in its produce."

He had laid down the following test for the discovery of the tax which might be reduced most extensively :—"Let each be examined as to whether its productiveness has kept pace with the increasing number and prosperity of the nation. That tax which proves most defective under this test is, in all probability, the one we are in quest of." No tax on examination proved so defective as that on letters. He then set about to investigate the Post Office. Many people utterly ignorant of the process by which any great invention is made think that it is generally due to the chance thought of some lucky moment. An apple fell in Newton's orchard, and, as if apples had never fallen till then, the law of gravitation was at once discovered. In the present case they think that it suddenly struck Rowland Hill that letters might be carried at a profit all over the British Isles for a penny. They would be willing to allow him merit for the steadiness with which he carried through his plan ; but the conception itself they would assign to fortune. He himself would have told them that he owed nothing to chance, but that his discovery was the result obtained by long and most laborious investigations and calculations. He always looked back upon the boldness of speculation which he owed to his father, the constant habit of close reasoning which was the delight of his whole family, and the severe training of the first part of his life as the real sources of his great invention. He was never inside a post-office, and so never had the chance of seeing the actual working of the system till his plan was carried. He derived all his knowledge of the service from Parliamentary Reports, and from them alone. As he himself stated but the other day in his answer to the address of

the Court of Common Council,—"When I first turned my attention to the practicability of reforming the Post Office I had no idea of uniformity of rate." He found it most difficult to obtain accurate statistics. The Postmaster-General at one time had stated that the annual number of chargeable letters was 170,000,000. At another time he fixed it at only 42,000,000. Rowland Hill contrived, however, to arrive at a close approximation to the truth, and so was able to make his great discovery that the actual cost of conveying a letter from London to Edinburgh was not more than the 36th part of a penny. He discovered, therefore, that the cost of conveyance was so insignificant that an uniform rate could not only be established, but was "absolutely fairer than any other." He soon found out, moreover, that the working of the Post Office was most faulty, and he formed large and bold plans for its thorough re-organization. In the year 1837 he published his plan in a pamphlet headed "Post Office Reforms." It was treated with scorn by the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand, but quickly roused the interest of the public. Associations were formed to carry it through, and petitions to Parliament in its favour soon began to pour in. Lord Brougham presented one from the Corporation of London. In the spring of 1838 a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the plan. It sat throughout the Session. Uniformity of postage was carried only by the casting vote of the chairman, that earnest postal reformer, the late Mr. Wallace. A twopenny rate of postage was recommended. The Ministry still seemed indisposed to adopt the plan, but the country was now thoroughly in earnest. The Press took up the matter strongly. We ourselves warmly supported the scheme. The Post Office did, indeed, show some signs of being moved. The postage between London and Keswick was brought down from 1s. 1d. to 1s. The amount of reduction, as it was pointed out at the time, was not *to* a penny, but *by* a penny. However, in May, 1838, a deputation, in which were to be seen 150 members of Parliament, all supporters of Government, waited upon the Premier, Lord Melbourne. Daniel O'Connell said :—

"Consider, my lord, that a letter to Ireland and the answer back would cost thousands upon thousands of my poor and affectionate countrymen considerably more than a fifth of their week's wages. They are too poor to find out secondary conveyances, and if you shut the Post Office to them, which you do now, you shut out warm hearts and generous affections from home, kindred, and friends."

The Government yielded, and penny postage was carried. It came into effect on January 10, 1840—a day on which, so long as his health lasted, the great postal reformer loved to gather his friends around him.

The plan was carried, but it remained for it to be carried out. The whole postal service required a thorough and radical re-organization. Rowland Hill knew that he, and he alone, was fit for the task. The Government offered to engage him for the space of two years, in which time they thought he might well complete his task, and they offered to pay him £500 a year for his services. For this magnificent salary he was to give them the whole of his time. At the end of the two years he was to be turned adrift. The offer was indignantly declined. But he, in his turn, told the Minister that rather than see his plan spoilt he would readily work for the public without any salary at all. The Government was ashamed and offered him £1,500 a year. Nevertheless, he was to hold his post for two years only, and he was to be in the Treasury, not in the Post Office. From the Treasury he had, as best he could, to force his plan on the unwilling officials of St. Martin's-le-Grand, who, almost to a man, were convinced that it must fail and resolved that it should. His position was most trying and most painful. He had next to no power given him. He could only recommend, but not order, and yet the outside public naturally looked to him for the great reforms which they eagerly expected. Nevertheless, he managed to make some great improvements. His position seemed about to become more secure. His two years of service were at an end, but he was still retained in office. No doubt his appointment would soon have been made permanent, but the Whigs were thrown out and Sir Robert Peel came into power. He was informed that his further assistance would be dispensed with. Without reward of any kind he was dismissed from the public service. The country did not view this shameful treatment with calmness. A national testimonial was raised, and at a public dinner he was presented with a cheque for £13,000. He was not long without employment. He became first a director and then chairman of the Lon-

don and Brighton Railway. Under his chairmanship, and chiefly, we believe, on his recommendation, the first excursion train and the first express train were run. In 1846, when the Whigs returned to power, the wrong that had been done him by Government was in part remedied, and he was offered an appointment within the Post Office itself. He was, however, to be, not the Secretary to the Post Office, but the Secretary to the Postmaster-General. There was still to be a double government. The old officials were to be left with their powers undiminished, and the new reformer was to push his plans through their opposition as best he could. He hesitated, as well he might, to accept such a post, but at last he undertook it with a mind full of sore misgivings. It was not till the year 1854, 14 years after penny postage had been established, that by his appointment as sole Secretary he was really free to carry out his plans. He was for the most part fortunate in his Postmasters-General. He often spoke of the happy succession by which he served under such men as Lords Clanricarde, Canning, Colchester, Elgin, and the Duke of Argyll. Supported by them, but constantly thwarted by some of the old permanent officials, he carried out as fast as he could his great scheme of re-organization. He was greatly aided in his arduous labour by his youngest brother, Frederic, who had been transferred from the Home Office to the Post Office. Under the two brothers, working harmoniously together and admirably assisted by their staff, improvement went on at a rapid rate. Almost every branch of the service was examined and new-modelled. The Queen showed her sense of Rowland Hill's services by conferring on him the honour of a K.C.B. Unhappily for Sir Rowland, in the same year that he received this distinction, the Postmaster-General, Lord Elgin, was appointed Governor-General of India. Sir Rowland was not fortunate enough to secure the confidence of the new Postmaster-General, the late Lord Stanley of Alderley. The difference between them was chiefly on the great question of promotion by merit. Sir Rowland, with the hearty approval and support of his previous chiefs, had, to a large extent, succeeded in doing away with the system of patronage and had brought promotion by merit into full play. To carry this into effect certain rules had been established, which for some years were acted on with the utmost strictness. These rules the new Postmaster-General began steadily to set aside. The Secretary appealed to the Treasury, but appealed in vain. Finding that his advice was set at naught and his plans upset—feeling, too, that owing to his years and his failing strength he was no longer able to make a fight for it, as he would have done when in the full vigour of manhood, he sent in his resignation. Her Majesty sent a gracious message to the House of Commons, recommending the House to concur in enabling her to grant Sir Rowland Hill the sum of £20,000. Lord Palmerston moved the grant, which was carried without a division. In addition, his full salary of £2,000 per annum was awarded to him for life. He was often in after years heard to say, with a smile, that in the days of his youth he had eagerly denounced all titles and all pensions, little thinking that he should himself live to receive both one and the other. Additional honours were conferred on him. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., and but a few short weeks before his death the Corporation of the first City in the world presented him with its freedom. The old man was deeply touched by this final honour. The tears streamed down his venerable face as the gold box containing the resolution of the Court of Common Council was handed to him, and he was scarcely able to utter a word, so deeply touched was he by this last tribute from his countrymen. His answer to the deputation had to be read by his son.

It is not easy to give any clear notion of the results of his great scheme. We can state that about 106 millions of chargeable letters and newspapers were sent through the Post Office in 1839, and that 1,478 millions were sent last year. But the mind cannot grasp such numbers as these. Something more is understood when we are told that in 1839 the average number of letters per head was three and that last year it was 32. If, however, we would rightly understand all that he has done for his fellow-men, we must remember that every civilized country in the world has more or less adopted his plan; that communication has been made so certain, so rapid, and so cheap, that the distant traveller, the emigrant—nay, even the exile—feels that those whom he has left behind him in his old home are in one way still very near to him. Sir Rowland Hill has, indeed, done almost more than any other single man to bind

the nations together and to make the whole world kin. He was married in 1827 to the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Pearson, of Wolverhampton, by whom he had four children—one son and three daughters. He and his future wife had in their childhood been playfellows together. He was in his old age never weary of owning how much he owed to the tender devotion of his wife during the years of their long and happy wedded life. She survives him, comforted and supported, we trust, in her affliction by the knowledge that her husband conferred a signal benefit on mankind and will live in the grateful memory of his countrymen.

(LEADING ARTICLE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879.)

If the great body politic of humanity were as finely sensitive as the puny system of individual man, the whole civilized world would have felt a sudden shock when Sir ROWLAND HILL passed yesterday to his rest. As the world grows older and the life of man becomes more complex and involved, we are all, perhaps, too ready to believe with the poet that the individual withers. Yet in the history of the present wondrous century, which has already witnessed as momentous changes in man's estate as the most eventful of its predecessors, it is still possible to assign a large share of the progress achieved to the energy and initiative of a few exceptional men. Sir ROWLAND HILL was not the least eminent figure in the select company of those who have thus made the modern world what it is. There is no relation of life which has not felt the influence of the changes which he effected. Men of the present generation, to whom the existence of the penny post with all its pleasures and facilities, even with all its worries and embarrassments, is as natural as that of the air they breathe, can now hardly realize what the world was before it was established, less than forty years ago. There is a method of inquiry known to science which consists in suspending the operation of one or another cause among a particular assemblage of phenomena. If we were to apply this method to our social organization and endeavour to realize the effect of a momentary suspension of our postal system, we should get some measure of the extent to which Sir ROWLAND HILL'S reforms have influenced the whole course of our daily life. It is true that the Post Office existed and thought itself perfect long before Sir ROWLAND HILL took it in hand and proved to the whole world how imperfect it was. It is true that men wondered at its expedition and regularity, and did not grumble too openly at its exorbitant charges. It is true that Sir ROWLAND HILL was aided in the development of his system by the growth of railways and other means of cheap and rapid communication. It is true, perhaps, that his reforms were adopted at a moment when the natural march of events must have wrought great changes in the postal system; and it is even possible that sooner or later the Post Office would have acknowledged for itself the truth and force of the principles on which his system was based. But the fact remains that he devised the penny postage unaided before he had ever been inside a post-office; that he carried it against vehement opposition, both official and Parliamentary; that he triumphantly proved its success in spite of determined and vexatious obstruction to his plans; and that every civilized country has now more or less adopted the principles which he first laid down. Last year the number of letters and other communications passing through the English Post Office amounted to no less than 32 per head of the whole population of the British Isles; in the year before Sir ROWLAND HILL'S reforms were introduced they numbered only three per head of the existing population. No more effective evidence than these figures furnish could be offered in support of Sir ROWLAND HILL'S claim to the gratitude of mankind.

Since Sir ROWLAND HILL passed into honourable and well-earned retirement, fifteen years ago, the world which he has helped to make so busy has almost had time to forget the man to whom it owes so much. Perhaps, indeed, it never really knew what an eventful life of activity and benevolent enterprise he had led long before the natural bent of his genius prompted him, when well advanced towards middle age, to become a postal reformer. The copious and authentic account of his life which we publish this morning will supply many details hitherto unknown, or, at any rate, long ago forgotten, of his early and deeply interesting

career. It is clear that from his earliest years ROWLAND HILL was one of those men of rare force and originality whom no untoward circumstances can prevent from leaving a lasting mark on whatever their hands find to do. At an age when most boys are going to a public school for the first time, ROWLAND HILL was already assisting his father in the education of others. He was brought up under the influence of that small band of men among whom PRIESTLEY, and BENTHAM, and JAMES MILL were the leaders, and his own father was not the least remarkable of the followers; men who still held fast through the dark days of reaction to the principles which in the early days of the French Revolution had attracted the sympathies of so many generous spirits. In this bracing atmosphere of free and reasonable discussion and of liberal aspiration he early formed the noble resolution of doing something for the benefit of mankind. But this resolution was only destined to be fulfilled after long years of unselfish and exhausting toil. First as an assistant to his father and afterwards in association with his brother, MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL, whose name will long be remembered in Birmingham, he became a schoolmaster, and as years went on the school at Hazelwood became a model which attracted the attention of all who were interested in educational matters. What the nature of the model was will be seen from the account of the "Constitution" of the school which we print elsewhere. It will provoke a smile now that the schoolmaster is abroad, and we are most of us nothing if not educational; but it shows the originality of the man, his bent for organization, and his confidence in its results, and it tells in every line of the principles—crude but not ungenerous, liberal and life-giving if one-sided and imperfect—which inspired the efforts of the earlier generation of reformers. From Hazelwood ROWLAND HILL removed at the age of thirty, when already a good deal more than half of his life had been occupied in teaching, to Tottenham, where he opened a school on similar principles at Bruce Castle. Here his health broke down through incessant work, and soon after his school had been established he handed it over to a younger brother, and finally abandoned the profession of a schoolmaster. When his health was restored, however, he soon found fresh occupation. He took part in many of the social movements of the day, and became Secretary to the Commission which was appointed for the colonization of South Australia on the principles of GIBBON WAKEFIELD. For some time his practical and inventive genius hesitated before it found its true line of activity. But the question of postal reform forced itself upon him, and then he knew that his opportunity in life had come. The subject took hold of him and he of it, and he held fast to it through evil report and good report, through opposition and disappointment, through ridicule and resistance, until he had effected the changes at which the world has only ceased to wonder because their effects are now an essential part of its primary economy and organization.

It is worth while to look back to the history of Sir ROWLAND HILL'S earlier life, because it is less known than that of his later achievements, and because it illustrates the man and helps us the better to understand what he really was. They were men of no ordinary calibre, those reformers of an earlier generation under whose influence ROWLAND HILL'S life and character were formed. They had other ideals than ours, and it is not difficult now to see that they were wanting sometimes in breadth of sympathy, sometimes in elevation of aim. But their lot fell on an evil time, and the work they were called upon to do demanded just that rugged force of purpose which they brought to its accomplishment. We can trace their whole spirit and see not a little of its weakness and imperfection in the Constitution which ROWLAND HILL and his brother drew up for their school at Hazelwood. Its strength lay in its sturdy spirit of liberty and independence, in its confident appeal to the honour and public sentiment of the boys; but its weakness is not less apparent in its complex organization, in its naive confidence in constitutional methods, in its premature effort to make thoughtless boys into thinking men and ardent reformers. But, like all vigorous constitutions, its true spirit came not from its written forms, but from the character and initiative of the men who worked it. In ROWLAND HILL'S hands it succeeded, as anything to which he brought his rare powers of organization would have succeeded, because he possessed the gifts of a born ruler whether of boys or of men. It is singularly interesting thus to trace the history of a man who effected one of the greatest and most beneficent social changes which the present century has witnessed—to follow him through his

early struggles with poverty, through his relations with a race of strong men who at least left the world better and happier than they found it, though their ideals are now forgotten or despised, through his ardent sympathy with social progress in every form, and through his long and little-regarded efforts in the cause of rational education. Sir ROWLAND HILL will chiefly be remembered as the man whose efforts brought mankind into nearer and closer relations, who softened the pang of life's partings, and assuaged the bitterness of long separations. This is his lasting title to fame. But those whom his death naturally invites to consider his whole career will discern in its earlier stages the same strong character, the same powerful initiative, and the same generous enthusiasm as were afterwards triumphantly displayed in the great achievement of his life. To such a man the nation will desire to do honour as one of the chief of its benefactors. His name will long be held in grateful remembrance by Englishmen in all parts of the world; but there is still one tribute to his memory which we trust may not be withheld. To no one more fittingly than to Sir ROWLAND HILL could a place be assigned among the illustrious dead who rest within the walls of Westminster Abbey.

MR. DELANE.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1879.)

The British public has finally lost one of the oldest, most devoted, and most meritorious of those who may be called its own special servants. Mr. Delane died on Saturday evening, at his residence at Ascot, having not long completed his sixty-second year. In the summer of 1877 it became painfully evident to Mr. Delane's friends, and not less to himself, that near 40 years of incessant work had told on a vigorous constitution and powerful nerve, and that it would be well for him to seek rest while still able to enjoy it. The result showed that the determination was not arrived at too soon, and Mr. Delane has not survived more than two years his release from the continuous round of daily and nightly duties. Perhaps it is not more than public men have a right to expect. Soldiers and sailors, if on the one hand liable to be cut off in mid career, are much more generally rewarded with half a life of honourable rest and pleasant retrospection. But as a rule they who have once entered the political strife never quit it willingly or become deaf to the old challenges and familiar rallying cries. They would be ready to die in harness if they could only persuade their colleagues that the old is still better than the new.

John Thaddeus Delane was born in London, of parents who had previously resided at Bracknell, which all our readers may not know to be a pleasant spot, half town, half village, in the favoured and residential part of Berkshire, included so recently as the beginning of this century in Old Windsor Forest. While he was still in his boyhood his father, a Barrister, received from the late Mr. Walter an appointment in *The Times* Office. The conductors of this journal very early saw in young Mr. Delane the industry, the quickness of apprehension, the eagerness for information, and the accessibleness to new impressions and ideas which might qualify him for a place in its future management. He was educated, therefore, it may be said, for the purpose, and if Mr. Delane owed much to himself, few men have owed so much to favourable circumstances and to the kind and provident care of their friends. After learning about as much as boys usually learn at a private school, and perhaps more than is usually learnt at a private tutor's, in Lincolnshire, he was admitted to Magdalen Hall, in the University of Oxford, where the present Bishop of Chester was Tutor and Vice-Principal, under Dr. Macbride. Mr. Jacobson's thorough scholarship and genial temper converted not a few of his pupils, from very different schools, into attached friends, and Mr. Delane was one of them. Perhaps this and his friendship with Sir G. Dasent were the special gains of his University career which he ever most appreciated. Immediately on leaving Oxford—indeed, before taking his degree—Mr. Delane was qualifying himself for almost any profession he might finally decide on, under good direction,

with a view to the better discharge of the post eventually assigned to him. Although his natural taste inclined him to the art of medicine, and especially to operative surgery, he kept his terms at the Middle Temple, where he was called to the Bar. He reported both on Circuit and at the House of Commons, and there was no necessary training which he did not undergo with as much spirit as if his career was to begin and end there;—an example to those who imagine that important positions are to be jumped into or had for the asking, and that luck is the arbiter of eminence. When he entered the Editor's room he had the advantage of an able and accomplished chief, and of excellent instruction and advice as to the traditions and policy of this journal. As he did his work well, it grew in his hands till, by the successive deaths of two colleagues, he became in 1841 the recognized Editor of *The Times*, and so continued till the autumn of 1877.

After stating the special advantages and qualifications Mr. Delane had for his position, we shall be only adding to his merits when we allude to deficiencies which some would think insurmountable. He had not had the thoroughly classical education then to be obtained only in one of our old public schools. He was out of the "ring" which for a long time had claimed the monopoly of orthodox literature. What was more, he never was a writer; he never even attempted to write anything except what he wrote much better than most writers could do—reports and letters. These he had to do, and he did them well. He had a large staff of writers, and it was not necessary he should write except to communicate with them. This was, indeed, the greatest of his numerous advantages. He immediately started with a number of able and educated men, found for him by those who were, above all things, good judges of character. When it is considered that he was, at least in early years, younger than most of the men he had to deal with, and that while they were practised writers he was not, it is no slight testimony to his success in the discharge of his delicate office that none of these writers ever disputed the value of his criticisms, or failed to agree cordially in his revisions, alterations, and suppressions. Thousands of times, when in the heat and haste of writing expressions had been employed which the writer had some little doubt about and felt to be weak points in his composition, he has found the Editor's pen falling with sure discernment on the faulty passage and justifying the writer's own suppressed misgivings. The advantage of this process was mutual. To criticize freely and to submit to criticism is to learn and improve. The greatest writers in our language, in this and in former ages, if they have not themselves admitted that they had published much which would have been the better for a previous censure, have at least left their readers to say it in stronger language. One of the greatest of living writers has often stated that every man ought to have a reviser. It is not without its cost to the person charged with the duty. The almost exclusive practice of critical revision is not favourable to original writing, for it developes fastidiousness. When Lord Beaconsfield said that critics were unsuccessful writers, he ingeniously inverted the natural order of the fact. It is too true that if a man's life work is criticism, it is likely to take away freedom and freshness of expression, except in those familiar utterances in which he is not trammelled by the obligations of style.

The work of an Editor can only be appreciated by those who have had the fortune to have some little experience of it. The Editor of a London daily newspaper is held answerable for every word in 48, and sometimes 60, columns. The merest slip of the pen, an epithet too much, a wrong date, a name misspelt or with a wrong initial before it, a mistake as to some obscure personage only too glad to seize the opportunity of showing himself, the misinterpretation of some passage perhaps incapable of interpretation, the most trifling offence to the personal or national susceptibility of those who do not even profess to care for the feelings of others, may prove not only disagreeable, but even costly mistakes; but they are among the least of the mistakes to which an Editor is liable. As it is impossible to say what a night may bring forth, and the most important intelligence is apt to be the latest, it will often find him with none to share his responsibility, without advisers, and with colleagues either pre-engaged on other matters or no longer at hand. The Editor must be on the spot till the paper is sent to the press, and make decisions on which not only the approval of the British public, but great events, and even great causes, may hang. All the more serious part of his duties has to be discharged at the end of a long day's work, a day of interruptions and conversations, of letter-reading and letter

writing, when mind and body are not what they were 12 hours ago, and wearied Nature is putting in her gentle pleas. An Editor cannot husband his strength for the night's battle with comparative repose in the solitude of a study or the freshness of green fields. He must see the world, converse with its foremost or busiest actors, be open to information, and on guard against error. All this ought to be borne in mind by those who complain that journalism is not infallibly accurate, just, and agreeable. Their complaints are like those of the Court lord who found fault with the disagreeable necessities of warfare.

Since Mr. Delane became Editor of *The Times* there have been 13 Administrations, all founded necessarily on some new concurrence of circumstances. At the beginning of this period Lord Melbourne was in power. Since his time Sir R. Peel was in power once, Lord Russell twice, Lord Derby three times, Lord Aberdeen once, Lord Palmerston twice, Lord Beaconsfield twice, and Mr. Gladstone once. Every one of these 13 Governments has been typical of some new phase of opinion, some new policy, or some new idea, and in every instance a new mass of particulars, amounting, as it were, to a new volume of political history, had to be accurately mastered, justly appreciated, and carefully kept in view. An Editor, it has often been said, sometimes not very seriously, must know everything. He must, at least, never be found at fault, and must be always equal to the occasion as to the personal characteristics, the concerns, the acts and utterances of those who are charged with the government of this great Empire. But this is only one of many points, some even more difficult, because more special and more apt to lie for a time out of the scope of ordinary vigilance. Since the year 1841 the world has seen unprecedented improvements in naval and military material and tactics, not slowly making their way as curiosities that might take their time, but forced into notice by frequent reminders of their necessity. Europe has seen not only two or three, but many revolutions; wars unexampled for their dimensions, their costs, and their results; many dynasties overthrown, an Empire rise and fall, another all but finally dismembered amid a scramble over the spoil, and several re-unifications effected beyond even the hopes of former times. Scientific discovery in every department of knowledge has been more than ever active, and that in the practical bearings which claim the notice of the public from day to day. Never before have the earth and the sea so freely revealed their resources and their treasures. Continents supposed to be protected from intrusive curiosity by intolerable heat, by untameable savagery, or by national jealousy, have been traversed in all directions by explorers whose volumes have been as familiar as our Continental Handbooks. Within this period have been the gold discoveries and the new communities founded on them. It is commonly said that the English never really learn geography or history till forced upon their acquaintance by wars or other disasters This shows how much has to be learnt if any one has to keep pace with events. The American Civil War, our own Indian Mutiny, and the occupation of France by the German armies are events which the future student of history may find comprised in a few paragraphs, but the record and explanation of them day by day for many months involved particulars sufficient to fill many bulky volumes. With a large class of critics, a small mistake counts as much as a large one, but everybody is liable to make mistakes, and an Editor labours under the additional danger of too readily accepting the words of writers, some of whom will always be too full of their ideas to pay needful attention to such matters. These are days of Blue-books, of enormous correspondence, of tabular returns, of statistics twisted into every possible form, of averages and differences always on supposition to be carefully remembered, of numerical comparisons everybody challenges if they are not in his own favour, and of statements that if they possess the least novelty or other interest are sure to be picked to pieces. Reference has been made to the severe conditions under which all this work has to be done. It frequently happens that a long night's work has to be thrown away, including many carefully revised columns of printed matter, to make room for an over-grown Parliamentary debate, a budget of important despatches, or a speech made in the provinces by some one, may be, who did not love this paper, and to whom it owed nothing but public duty. Often has it been said at 2 o'clock in the morning that a very good paper has been printed and destroyed to make way for a paper that very few will read—none, perhaps, except a few Parliamentary gentlemen looking out for passages which, if they don't read well, must have been incorrectly reported.

As an instance of what may happen to an Editor, the Quarterly Return of the Revenue once came with an enormous error, an addition instead of subtraction, or *vice-versa*. The writer who had to comment on it jotted down the principal figures and the totals, which were unexpected, and returned the original for the printers. It was not till an hour after midnight that, on a sight of the Return in print, the error was perceived and corrected, without a word of remark, by the paper. Of course, the comments had to be re-written and carefully secured from error.

It is not in man not to have a bias, personal as well as political, and this bias is even more inevitable where there is a considerable acquaintance with the subject or the person concerned. As with the Editor, so with his indispensable informants, subordinates, and other colleagues. Great as is the audacity of inner consciousness in these days, its place is not in an Editor's room. For the materials, and, to a great extent, for the use made of them, he has to depend on others, and very often upon persons at a great distance, surrounded by influences amounting sometimes to a sort of compulsion. At high heat, the most honourable combatants or controversialists are conscious of nothing but their own case, and can tolerate no other. Partisanship has to be reduced to impartiality, rancour to fairness, and one-sided statements to approximate truth, in the Editor's room. This delicate process has often to be performed after midnight, as a mere episode in the continual press of ordinary, but still exigent matters. How far "The man who worked *The Times*," as Mr. Delane would sometimes describe himself, for near 40 years has done this successfully is a point on which people will claim opinions of their own. It cannot be pretended, however, that any other person can be put in competition with him, as having had an equal task, as having been so long at it, and as having achieved such a preponderance of success. What is the measure and proof of that success? It is not far to seek. He is the best general, the Great Duke said, who makes the fewest mistakes. For the long period of time named above the British public took up what may be called their favourite "broad-sheet" every morning, not expecting, or intending, or even wishing to agree constantly with what they found in it, yet with the utmost confidence that they would find the great questions of the day fairly and fully stated, that nothing would be added or left out from malice or carelessness, and that they were at least furnished with all the materials for forming opinions of their own. The great work in which Mr. Delane has borne the chief administrative part has not been done in a corner. It has been before the whole world. The course of *The Times* has been the course of this nation and of the world. If that course be a failure, if England is but the wreck of what it was 40 years ago, if it has lost wealth, happiness, grandness, and whatever else constitutions, governments, statesmen, patriots, and soldiers are made of, then Mr. Delane has assisted to lead public opinion the downward road of decline and decay. If, like most Englishmen, we believe the course of public affairs to have been upwards rather than downwards, we must credit our departed friend with a long and victorious service in a cause vastly more important than that of ordinary conquerors.

Mr. Delane had in a remarkable degree several qualities which are indispensable to success in all business of importance. He was capable of long application and concentrated attention. After hours of work, under harassing and perplexing circumstances, he had ample reserve of strength for those critical emergencies which make the greatest demand on the powers of apprehension and judgment. He could always seize on the main point at issue, and lay his hand on that upon which all the rest depended. It seemed a kind of intuition that enabled him to foresee at once the impending fate of a cause or the result of a campaign, but it was a practical and methodical power. He could distinguish between the relevant and the irrelevant in the calculation of probabilities as well as in the conduct of an argument. In a continual experience of mistakes and disappointments—for, as we have said, the nightly birth of the broadsheet is not without its agonies and mishaps—he maintained more equanimity and command of temper than most people do under the petty harasses of private life. Compelled as he was occasionally to be decisive even to abruptness, and to sacrifice the convenience of contributors and subordinates to the paramount interest of the public, he never lost the respect or affection of those who could sympathize with him in his work, make due allowance for his difficulties, and think less of themselves than of the great issues at stake. In these days a great man is expected to master a bulky report in one day and deliver it in flowing sentences the next: but

the former process is performed in the quiet of a study, and the latter with the comfortable feeling that so long as the orator is on his legs he has possession of the audience. If he is not clear, he can be diffuse; if he misses the point himself, he can take care that his hearers miss it too; he can at least lead his foes a dance as well as his friends and admirers. Mr. Delane could always, at a moment's call, give a succinct epitome, in terse, telling English, of any speech or debate, any book, any correspondence he had read or listened to; and many a writer and speaker might have been thankful to learn from him, for the first time, the real purport and drift of all the sentences or facts they had been stringing together. He did this without being either tedious or slapdash, if we may use the word, for his was an honest attempt to do justice even to those with whom he did not agree. The facility with which he did this, and the sometimes marvellous manner in which he would present the real substance of addresses beyond the patience of ordinary hearers or readers, made him most welcome, almost too welcome, in every society in this country. The self-denying ordinance Mr. Delane had to submit to is not to be estimated simply by the usual repugnance to put business before pleasure, work before play, or by the natural and universal preference shown by educated men for what is called good society. There were features in Mr. Delane's character which made the sacrifice specially painful. He had the instincts of family affection almost to excess, for in no one was more exemplified the old saying that blood is stronger than water. A warm and, in this matter, almost impulsive nature found vent in friendships which lasted many years, and passed, in many instances, from the parents to the children, and embraced a widening circle. It cost no small management, as well as self-denial, to divide days and hours, body and soul, between friends and a country equally unwilling to take a denial. It is the ordinary martyrdom of public men in this country, but of even our best and greatest men few can estimate what it was for Mr. Delane to withdraw as unobservedly and as early as he could from the assembled guests, "before they had joined the ladies," to spend many hours selecting materials, pruning redundant paragraphs, fining down tedious narratives, deciphering manuscripts, correcting proofs, harmonizing discordant intelligence, discovering the sense of telegraphic riddles, and often finishing by sacrificing the editorial labour of many hours to make room for some bulky and important, but very late arrival, that must be published at whatever cost. It is curiously said that most Englishmen accept the glorious phenomenon of sunrise on the authority of the poets who describe it and the astronomers who prove it, for they have never seen it themselves, except now and then on the walls of the Royal Academy. For nearly half the year Mr. Delane saw it every morning, not after what it is a mockery to call his night's rest, but before it.

The most jealous rival would not venture to dispute that Mr. Delane did honour to his singular position as the chief of English journalists. He held his own amid temptations, solicitations, and interferences of a less gentle kind, and, though an affectionate friend and a pleasant companion, could deny the unreasonable requests incessantly made, in one form or other, to all who are believed to have anything to do with public opinion. As is universal with British statesmen and politicians, his one idea of dignified happiness was that of a country gentleman. For many years his delight was to go down to Ascot on the Saturday and bury himself for a few hours in a rather dull cottage, and feel himself once more at home. Some 20 years since he bought one of two pieces of barren heath near Ascot that an enthusiastic freetrader had bequeathed to Mr. Cobden. Here he eventually built a mansion and reclaimed the surrounding sands with the usual economical results. A stranger who might see Mr. Delane here, surrounded by his relatives, and ready to enter into any question that might afford a topic of common interest and unite friends in pleasant companionship, would little suppose that he had been credited for years with a power as great as that of Governments and Legislatures. However that might be, he had borne his honours meekly and could easily bear to resign a burden of which none had known more than he the weight and anxiety. At Ascot-heath, surrounded by home associations, amid the fir plantations and evergreens that redeem the otherwise sterile waste, he looked back on 40 years of incessant toil, not without a sense of shortcomings and failures, and desiring no other record of him than that he had done his best.

MR. ROEBUCK.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1879.)

Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, senior member for Sheffield, died on Sunday morning at his residence in London. He had been unwell for some time, but a visit to the seaside had recruited his health, and he intended addressing his constituents early in the new year. A few days ago he caught a fresh cold, and while coughing burst a small blood vessel. It is believed, however, that the cause of his death was heart disease.

Mr. Roebuck was born at Madras in 1801. He was the son of Ebenezer Roebuck, third son of Dr. Roebuck, of Sheffield, who was employed in the Civil Service at Madras. Dr. Roebuck was a physician and natural philosopher of considerable repute, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the author of several political pamphlets. Maternally, Mr. Roebuck was related to Tickell, the poet, the intimate friend of Addison. In connexion with the boyhood of Mr. Roebuck there is little of importance to record. He came from India as a child in 1807, but soon afterwards, on a second marriage, his mother settled in Canada, where he passed most of his boyhood. Electing to follow the law as a profession, he came to this country in 1824, and having passed through the ordinary curriculum and duly kept his terms, was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple in 1832, and was eventually made a Bencher. For some time he went the Northern Circuit, taking silk in 1843.

It soon became apparent, however, that he was more fitted for political life than for the Bar. He soon appeared before the public as a prominent Radical reformer. In 1832 he took the preliminary step in his Parliamentary career, becoming a candidate for the suffrages of the electors of Bath, for which city he was returned to the first Reformed Parliament in conjunction with General Palmer, one of the Ministerial nominees. Mr. Roebuck was in the habit at a later period, in his speeches to his constituents at Sheffield, of referring to the care with which he trained himself for his Parliamentary career. In acknowledging a presentation of 1,100 guineas made to him on the 3d of September, 1866, in recognition of his great national services and in memorial of his work as a Liberal, patriotic, and distinguished statesman, he said :—

"I ask myself what it is that has given me the present occasion of returning you my thanks. It is not talent ; it is not name ; it is not rank ; it is not wealth. What is it, then ? It is steadfastness to the path which I marked out for myself in the beginning. I am proud to say that in the year 1832 I published a programme of the opinions I then held. I had prepared myself for a public life. I had then formed my opinions ; I consigned them to paper ; I printed them ; and to them I now adhere. That which I said in 1832 I now say, and it is my thorough and steadfast adherence to the opinions which I then expressed that has won for me the approbation of my countrymen. Going into Parliament unknown, unsupported, only recommended by that tried friend of the people, the late Joseph Hume, I determined not to ally myself with either of the great parties which then divided the House of Commons and the kingdom. I was neither Whig nor Tory, and I went into the House of Commons determined to advocate that which I believed to be for the interests of the people without regard to party considerations. To that rule I have adhered through life."

On the 5th of February, 1833, the Reformed Parliament met for the first time, and Mr. Roebuck duly took the oaths and his seat with the *status* of a Radical Reformer, and distinctly committed to support any further and yet more decisive steps that might be proposed. He gave a general support to Lord Grey's Government, but the moment he saw what he deemed to be hesitation to advance he took his own course, even though it brought him into collision with the Government itself. This result happened in his first brief Parliamentary campaign. The Session in which he entered the House witnessed some great debates, in which he took a prominent part. The great Irish question in one of its most important phases was then ripe, and on the opening of the Parliament it was declared in the Royal Speech "that a spirit of insubordination and violence had risen there to a most fearful height," and should be promptly and effectually repressed. As might naturally be imagined, the Minis-

terial policy was violently opposed by Mr. O'Connell, who moved as an amendment that the whole House should go into Committee upon the subject. The charges brought against the Government were indignantly denied by Mr. Stanley (afterwards the Earl of Derby), who was then Irish Secretary. Feeling far from satisfied with the explanations then afforded, and greatly distrustful of the intentions of the Ministry in reference to the affairs of the sister kingdom, Mr. Roebuck, in his maiden speech on the 5th of February, gave strong expression to his Radical views. Beyond the interest which attached to it as his first Parliamentary effort, the speech of Mr. Roebuck had in it some very striking points, and was clear and earnest. The debate lasted four nights, two amendments being brought before the House—one by O'Connell for a Committee of the whole House on the Address, for which only 40 members voted, and the other, submitted by Mr. Tennyson, the member for Lambeth, to the effect that the House, while intrusting His Majesty with additional powers, would feel it necessary to investigate the cause of discontent, and to receive the petitions of the people of Ireland with respect to legislative union. For the latter motion Mr. Roebuck was one of the members who constituted the minority. On the 14th of February Mr. Hume's motion that sinecure offices and offices held by deputy in the army and navy should be abolished, and the opportunity be thus afforded to the Ministers of reducing the taxes, furnished Mr. Roebuck with an occasion for another attack on the Government. Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had stated that he agreed with the first part of the resolution proposed by Mr. Hume, as to economy, but that he dissented from the second, which was that the existence of sinecure offices and offices executed by deputy in the army and navy departments was unnecessary and inexpedient as a means of remunerating public services. Mr. Roebuck exclaimed,—

"Then am I to understand that the noble lord, one of the principal Ministers of His Majesty's Whig Administration, an Administration professing reform and retrenchment, does not wish to do away with sinecures? What would the people think when they found that Administration giving the whole force of their powerful opposition to the first attempt at economy of a reformed Parliament?"

Mr. Roebuck gave notice of a motion as to election of representatives to serve in Parliament; but on being told that its being placed on the orders of the House might give rise to the supposition that something extraordinary had arisen to induce the House to take such a step he withdrew it, intimating that the only way to get rid of a very possible abuse which might be caused by the interference of Ministers was to establish the vote by ballot. Throughout the whole of the protracted debate upon the suppression of disturbances in Ireland Mr. Roebuck opposed its progress. It was a marked feature in his character that he was ready to take up the cause of those to whom injustice, in his opinion, had been done. For instance, in connexion with the famous affray in Coldbath-fields he charged the Government—first, with having created a riot instead of preventing one; secondly, with bringing into disrepute a useful body of men; and thirdly, with pursuing an illegal line of conduct in what they might term the administration of justice. The debate lasted two nights, and a petition he introduced was ordered to lie on the table. Mr. Roebuck also brought before the House the great question of national education, but in after years he failed to keep such hold of the question as to make himself in an especial degree its champion, though he proposed a motion in 1843 in favour of secular education. Towards the close of the Session of 1837 Mr. Roebuck introduced his celebrated amendment that the House should, instead of proceeding to the second reading of the Irish Tithe Bill, resolve itself into a committee for considering the state of the nation. His attack upon the Ministry was fierce and decided, and the views which he expressed were pre-eminently Radical. The motion—scarcely any one being found to support it—was rejected without going to a division. Shortly after this the death of the King and the accession of the Queen rendered a general election inevitable. Mr. Roebuck, owing to his violent opposition to the Ministry, lost his seat, polling only 910 votes. Although thus excluded from Parliament, Mr. Roebuck appeared at the bar of the House by special permission, to be heard as the agent of the Lower House of Assembly prior to the passing of the Bill by which the Constitution of Lower Canada was suspended till November, 1840. In the general election of 1841 he regained his seat for Bath. Throughout the entire duration of this Parliament, which was dissolved in August, 1846, Mr. Roebuck took a part in every debate of importance. His efforts were un-

ceasing, and, though in a condition of health that was far from robust, an indication of which was found in the thinness and weakness of his voice, he seldom permitted his place to be vacant. In his earlier years, we should state, Mr. Roebuck had fought a duel with Mr. Black, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and another of less note.

Mr. Roebuck was defeated at the general election in 1847, and a testimonial of £600 was presented to him. In 1849 he was returned without opposition for Sheffield. He spoke in defence of the war with Russia, declaring its object to be "to stop the Emperor in his career of spoliation." In the debate on that war. Mr. Roebuck had his greatest party triumph. At the time Parliament assembled the campaign had been opened nine months, and the country had been horrified and enraged by news of the state of the army before Sebastopol. It was everywhere admitted that the moment Parliament should meet the whole subject must be brought under its consideration. This was done in the House of Commons by Mr. Roebuck, who moved for a committee of inquiry into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it had been to minister to the wants of that army. The speech of Mr. Roebuck was exceedingly brief, owing to the physical weakness under which he was labouring. The question being put, the number of Ayes was 305, and the Noes 140. By this blow the coalition Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen fell. Mr. Roebuck had no place in the new Cabinet, but became chairman of the Committee appointed as the result of the division. In 1857 came a sudden and peculiar election. Lord Palmerston having suffered a defeat by a coalition of the Tories and of the Radicals on what was called the Chinese Lorcha Question, dissolved Parliament. His conduct was so popular in the country that in the elections his opponents were utterly routed. During the next few years Mr. Roebuck showed a growing divergence from his chief Liberal supporters. In 1862 Mr. Roebuck gave great offence to the working classes by repeating at Salisbury a description he had previously given of the working men of our northern towns. They earned great wages, but they spent them all; they beat their wives and caressed their bulldogs. He embarked with great impetuosity in the cause of the Southern States of America, then at war with the North. At the election of 1865, however, he was returned at the head of the poll. The action taken by Mr. Roebuck as a member of the Commission on Trade Unions, and the course taken by him in respect to the Irish Church question, further alienated many of his friends in Sheffield, and at the general election in 1868 he lost his seat. From 1868 to 1874 Mr. Roebuck was not in the House, but at the last general election he was returned at the head of the poll. The state of his health after that time did not admit of his taking a very active part in politics, and only on very rare occasions was he present in the House. He attended during some of the debates on the Eastern Question and supported the policy of the Government. Mr. Roebuck paid his last visit to Sheffield in July, when he opened the new block of asylum buildings erected by the Sheffield Licensed Victuallers' Association.

(LEADING ARTICLE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1879.)

The news of Mr. ROEBUCK'S death, which we announce to-day, will be received with very general feelings of regret. His long public career began forty-seven years ago, when he was elected for Bath as a member of the first Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill. During the course of this time he experienced something more than the ordinary vicissitudes of English public life. Prominent he always was; popular he has been, too, but certainly not always. His Parliamentary seat, his Parliamentary position, his friends and his enemies, his own political views and sympathies, were none of them preserved unchanged from first to last. Yet his career has been, in a certain sense, a consistent one. Whatever opinions he formed he never failed to give expression to without fear and without regard to consequences personal to himself. He cared nothing if he offended his own party and alienated his own constituents. He would accept the penalty in either case; and, so far from shrinking from it, was, perhaps, a little too forward in contriving opportunities for deserving it. Mr. ROEBUCK entered Parliament as a Liberal, but as an independent Liberal. His Liberalism has been sometimes questioned; his independence was preserved intact. For the com-

mon objects of ambition, for power or place or popular favour, he professed to care, and perhaps did care, nothing. He would always say what he chose to say, and would vote as he thought right. Some of his most conspicuous Parliamentary passages at arms were against his own party. His strongest denunciations were poured forth against the conduct of the very men upon whose goodwill his seat was shortly to depend. He was a special type which we can ill afford to lose. Able, fearless, outspoken, and at the same time utterly impracticable, he has done some service to his country, but always in his own way, and in a way unlike that of any one else. He has left behind him many friends, whom he made and kept almost in his own despite. Enemies he could not help making, being such as he was, with many qualities to provoke dislike, and with little wish to keep clear of it. A tribute of respect he can fairly claim from all, and it will be given, we believe, by his enemies scarcely less readily than by his friends.

Mr. ROEBUCK's Parliamentary life, though always that of a private member, was far from uneventful. He was elected in 1832, as an advanced Reformer, to a Parliament of advanced Reformers. Before five years were over he had completely quarrelled with the then dominant Whig party. At the election of 1837 he lost his seat, gained it again in 1841, and lost it again in 1847. In 1849 he came in once more as member for Sheffield, and kept his seat for twenty years. In the course of these, in 1855, he drove the Aberdeen Ministry from office by his successful motion for an inquiry into the state of the English army before Sebastopol. There can be no question of the importance of the service he thus rendered. It is true, indeed, that with the then feeling of Parliament and of the country a change of Ministry could not long have been avoided. The blow must have been dealt by somebody, and dealt soon. ROEBUCK dealt it, and deserves credit for it. Seldom, perhaps, has a public duty been discharged more efficiently and at the same time more gladly than on this occasion. That it was a Liberal Ministry which fell before his patriotic zeal could only have added zest to the delight of this very candid friend of the Liberals. But Mr. ROEBUCK's Liberalism need not be questioned thus far. His sympathies were soon to be at real variance with those of the Liberal party on several important points. As a strong advocate of Austrian rule in Italy, as a defender of the Galway Packet job, as a champion of the cause of the Confederates against the Northern States of the Union, and as a denouncer of the inaction of England in the Danish war, he went wholly contrary to the advanced Liberal views which he had been supposed to represent. But if he had been thus for some time earning the disfavour of his constituents at Sheffield, his rejection by them in 1869 was finally assured by conduct on his part which can be open to no such question as the rest. He had denounced Trades Unionism at Sheffield, and Sheffield was at that time the very nest and chief centre of Trades Unionism in its most flagrant form. The liberty of speech and of action which Mr. ROEBUCK always held as the most inalienable right of Englishmen, and which he always claimed very fully for himself, could scarcely co-exist with the proceedings for which Mr. BROADHEAD and Mr. CROOK had been making themselves notorious. These men and these doings Mr. ROEBUCK spoke of as they had deserved to be spoken of, and he lost his seat, as he must have expected to lose it. Five years afterwards, in 1874, at the election of the present Parliament, Mr. ROEBUCK came forward once more, retracting nothing and apologizing for nothing, but asking simply for a return of the old confidence which, in the opinion of honest men, he had done nothing to forfeit. Sheffield, to its credit, listened to him and returned him at the head of the poll. His support of the present Ministry in their Eastern policy has been just lately the most prominent part of his public conduct, and not the least criticized. But though in this matter he declined to vote with his own party, he kept his old seat on the Opposition benches, quitting it for one night only, when he found his usual place occupied, and when two Conservative members were forward in making room for him on their side of the House. Whether he would have sat again for Sheffield we cannot say, but he would certainly not have been returned unopposed. All that is certain is that the prospect would not have alarmed him into giving one dishonest vote, or into softening down one obnoxious word that he might have thought it right to utter.

With a career so checkered as Mr. ROEBUCK's has been, so unsuccessful in the common sense of the word, and so inconsistent in every sense of the word but one, it is interesting to know what was as the view he himself took of it. Few men

there are who can look back without regret to some portion of their lives, or who would choose to go through the whole of them over again if the chance were offered them. Few men, we may add, would choose to go through Mr. ROEBUCK'S life on any terms. He was himself not thus dissatisfied with it. He would gladly, he declared, repeat over again his own past experience from first to last, and say, and do, and suffer just what he had said, and done, and suffered up to the moment when he was speaking. His countrymen will indulge in the more attainable hope that the special type he represented has not passed away with him. That it should become the common type in or out of Parliament we will not profess to desire. But there is at least room for one such man as Mr. ROEBUCK has shown himself, and it is with the sense of a real loss that we receive the news that he has departed from among us.

M. CHEVALIER.

(OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1879.)

M. Michel Chevalier, whose chair at the Collége de France had for some time been provisionally filled by his son-in-law, M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, died on Friday at Lodève, at the age of 63. The son of a tradesman at Limoges, he studied at the Polytechnic School and the School of Mines, and became civil engineer to the Department of the Nord. Ardently embracing the doctrines of Fourier and St. Simon, he was for two years editor of the *Globe*, the organ of the sect, on the schism in which he adhered to Enfantin. The circular announcing the death of Madame Enfantin, mother of "Notre Père Suprême," was signed "Michel Chevalier, Apôtre." He was a Cardinal in Enfantin's Sacred College, contributed to the "Livre Nouveau," and was condemned in 1835, as manager of the *Globe*, to 12 months' imprisonment. M. Thiers procured his release at the end of six months and his despatch to the United States to study railway and water communications, his book on which was praised by Humboldt. In 1837 he was sent to England to report on the commercial crisis, and returned with a scheme of railway, canal, and other public works. He succeeded Rossi in 1840 as Professor of Political Economy at the Collége de France, became in 1845 a Conservative Deputy, and in 1847 joined Bastiat in attempting a free trade league. In 1848 he wrote against Socialism; he accepted the Empire in 1852, and was appointed a Councillor of State, the Protectionists, however, preventing his readmission to the Supreme Council of Commerce. He defended free trade and took a leading part in negotiating the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty, after which he was elevated to the Senate, where, in 1869, he condemned excessive armaments and constant loans. He presided over the French juries at the South Kensington Exhibition of 1862, and edited the reports on the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Since the fall of the Empire he had taken no part in politics, which, indeed, with him were always subordinate to political economy. At the time of the Californian and Australian gold discoveries he advocated a silver standard, but of late years he was an opponent of Cernuschi's campaign for bimetallism. In 1875 M. Chevalier paid a visit to England. His death will be regretted as that of the stanchest upholder of free trade and the most eminent French representative of the old school of political economy.

(LEADING ARTICLE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1879.)

When we hear of the death of a man of a well-known name, the mind naturally travels backwards to recall the memory of all that he has done. What has been the secret of his success? In what way did he become distinguished from his fellows? M. MICHEL CHEVALIER has passed away; he has gone over to the majority; a life of strange contrasts and diverse elements has come to a close. We knew him, or thought we knew him, here in England, almost as well as he was known in France, and few Englishmen will confess to any difficulty in rehearsing his titles to fame. Did he not come often among us, and always as a welcome guest?

We received him not merely as a friend, but as one of ourselves. He was more than a visitor; for the time being he was an Englishman. No stranger coming to claim the hospitality always due to strangers, he crossed the Channel to occupy posts commonly reserved for those who have the privileges and the responsibilities of citizenship. He took a part, and often a leading part, in social and economical discussions; on one occasion he filled the chair, as he was often an honoured *convive*, at the annual dinner of the Cobden Club. All this was natural and intelligible. M. CHEVALIER was an eminent political economist, and Englishmen used to believe that political economy taught us some lessons that had been beneficial, and were destined to be yet again beneficial, to the condition of man. This faith may have grown obscure in recent years, but it appears destined to revive, and, indeed, the fact that it was once cherished is enough to account for the friendly reception of M. CHEVALIER among us. But he was more than a political economist. The speculations of his intellect led to the eminently practical result of a steady, prolonged, and successful endeavour to promote free trade between the great countries of Western Europe. He inspired M. ROUHER. The EMPEROR had learnt something from him in those days of troublous apprenticeship, when Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON was despised as a dreamy conspirator—a mixture of the ideologist and the charlatan. M. CHEVALIER brought Mr. COBDEN and the French Government together, and, when the French Treaty was concluded, his share in it was attested in the shop-windows, where his portrait appeared between those of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT to prove to England who were the three men that had done most for free trade in their generation. We have said enough to explain M. CHEVALIER'S fame, and yet we have not mentioned what may, perhaps, longest serve to keep his name alive among men. Economists come and go; there were teachers of the science before M. CHEVALIER, who did more to advance it than he, and even among his contemporaries in his own country his supremacy may be contested. His services to the State, great as they were, were those of a subordinate whose personality must always be hidden behind the prime actors on the scene. But what separates him from the rest is and must be his romantic and passionate youth. It was a blunder; but our PRIME MINISTER has told us that youth is always a blunder. M. CHEVALIER started in life as a disciple—nay, as an apostle—of a new faith that was to regenerate the world. He was even a cardinal of its hierarchy, a prince of this church of the future. He was something more; he became its martyr to the extent of the modified martyrdom which the wary Government of LOUIS PHILIPPE imposed upon its leading spirits. When M. ENFANTIN and his immediate associates in the propagation of the doctrines of ST. SIMON were put on their trial on charges of attempting to upset the State and dissolve the bonds of social order, M. CHEVALIER, who was credited with being the writer of the "New Book" setting forth the principles of the faith, stood among them. They attempted to argue with the President of the Court and to convert the jury, but the latter found them guilty and the former condemned them to terms of imprisonment. Six months sufficed to convince M. CHEVALIER that the world must be taught otherwise than he had intended; but it is still true that the economic propagandism of the Conservative Deputy and Senator was but his earliest faith slightly transformed, and when his writings shall have been consigned to the dust of libraries a tradition of his life will survive as that of the student who was educated through St. Simonianism to be a political economist.

Few are now the survivors of the church of ST. SIMON. M. ISAAC PÉREIRE remains to mingle mysticism with the operations of finance, but he remains almost alone, and his last *brochure* shows a devotion to LEO XIII., marking a wide departure from his early faith. But, though the school is dissolved and those who live and were of it have renounced its doctrines, its memory deserves an occasional revival, and will certainly receive it, partly because of the strange number of men of later distinction who were among its disciples, and partly as evidence of the fervour and passion that stirred up the life of France half a century ago. We are tempted to think of the age of LOUIS PHILIPPE as rather a dull time. He was a Citizen King, supported by the *bourgeoisie*, whose virtues and failings he shared, and it is difficult to be enthusiastic over the pursuit of economy and the domestic virtues. Yet the commencement of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE was a *Renaissance* of fire. In literature, in art, in social philosophy, and in politi[illegible] an iconoclastic spirit sprang forth, threate[illegible]

ing with destruction all the old standards of life and action.* The romanticism of Victor Hugo and Gautier, of Eugène Delacroix and George Sand, bore down the barriers of conventionalism with irresistible force. Promises of a new society were proclaimed, attracting young and ardent thinkers. The romantic figure and contrasted fortunes of the Comte de St. Simon—born in affluence, an officer under Washington before he was 20, and living to promulgate with unwavering faith and unfailing dignity, in spite of the direst penury, doctrines that were to lift the poor out of the mire—probably helped to establish his church; but the time was a time of ferment, and the seething forces of new France were ready to fill all channels of action. There are epochs in the lives of nations when all that is energetic turns to rebellion. Rather less than a hundred years ago it was so with us. Who could be more decorous in his later life than Dr. Southey? Who could denounce the movements of change with more earnestness than the Laureated Wordsworth? Mr. Coleridge lived to create a new school of Conservatism that is scarcely yet extinct. Yet these three men, and not they alone, shared the impulse and the passion of the revolutionary æra. A similar tide passed over France fifty years since, and the school of St. Simon was the focus that gathered to itself the unrest of the time. The proof is found in the multitude of names enrolled within it that have since become distinguished in practical life. M. de Lesseps was one of them, who, having cut asunder the isthmus between Africa and Asia, is now in America, prosecuting that Panama Canal a project of which was submitted by St. Simon as a youth of 20 to the Court of Spain. Père Enfantin was another, who lived to organize such an industrial undertaking as the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway. We have already mentioned M. Isaac Pereire, with whom his brother must be associated. M. Aimé Dupont, the head of the silk trade of Lyons, remained till his recent death a disciple of the faith of his youth. M. Félicien David first revealed his genius as the composer of the chants used by the neophytes of Ménilmontant in their liturgies. M. Auguste Comte was one of those who stood around the deathbed of St. Simon, and he derived the principles of his own arid philosophy from the richer nature of the master. The power of M. Armand Carrel, too early lost to the world, was first developed on the staff of the *Globe*. And M. Chevalier, whom we remember as the austere and reserved economist of later years, was drawn from the stricter studies of the Ecole Polytechnique to compose a new Genesis of labour made bright with dithyrambic promises of a restoration of Eden through the development of inter-continental traffic. He was the poet and seer of canals and of railways when as yet the mighty works of both were dreams of the future; and, if the careful Government of Louis Philippe thought it necessary to look up this dangerous dreamer for a season, it quickly released him, to send him on a special mission to North America to report on the means of communication in existence or immediately contemplated in the United States. His incarceration was, perhaps, a necessity. We cannot throw ourselves back seven-and-forty years to feel the tremors and doubts of that time, and Liberal Governments in France in our own day are often led to propitiate the anxieties of the timorous by sternly repressing movements that might be neglected as evanescent. Certain it is that M. Chevalier soon passed away, and for ever, from the organization with which he had been associated. The freedom of commerce remained his ideal, to be pursued with unrelenting devotion; but he no longer felt it necessary to chant a [illegible] hymn over the wedding of Europe and Africa in the Mediterranean, nor to celebrate [illegible] prophecy the flow of commerce and civilisation through the isthmus of Panama and among the Antilles.

M. Chevalier never was a very recondite thinker as a political economist. His first lesson and his last was the excellence of free trade, and it may be surmised that his lectures at the Collège de France were mainly devoted to this thesis. In the height of the excitement occasioned by the gold discoveries of Australia he published a book on their economic effect, which Mr. Cobden translated; but experience has since shown that his investigation of the problem was incomplete. More recently he has done good work in combating the bi-metallic movement originated by M. Cernuschi in Paris, and sustained, for reasons easily understood, by a powerful party in the United States. The influence of M. Chevalier in France during the last thirty years has been steadily used on the side of common sense. He fought side by side with Bastiat against the anarchical theories of the rights of labour countenanced by

some members of the Provisional Government of 1848, and he endeavoured, in conjunction with the same ardent thinker, to establish a league of free trade in France as a counterpart of the Anti-Corn Law League of our own country. That attempt failed, but M. CHEVALIER would have been much astonished if any one had told him that the cause of free trade had not advanced on the Continent. Looking back to what was, and comparing it with what is, he would have smiled at the audacious ignorance of the suggestion. He did not live to see the realization of his dream; he had to confess that the movement upon which his heart was set now slackened and now quickened; but he had the confidence of the astronomer in its secular advance and his faith was equally warranted by the testimony of facts.

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